

THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *William Shakespear.*

VOLUME *the* EIGHTH.



LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand.*
MDCCXIV.



V

P
L
T
S
T
A
L

VOLUME *the* EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

PERICLES *Prince of* TYRE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

THOMAS *Lord* CROMWELL.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The PURITAN.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

LOCRINE.

VOLUME 18 EIGHTH

CONTAINING

THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LEGISLATIVE

ASSEMBLY

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

FOR THE

SESSION

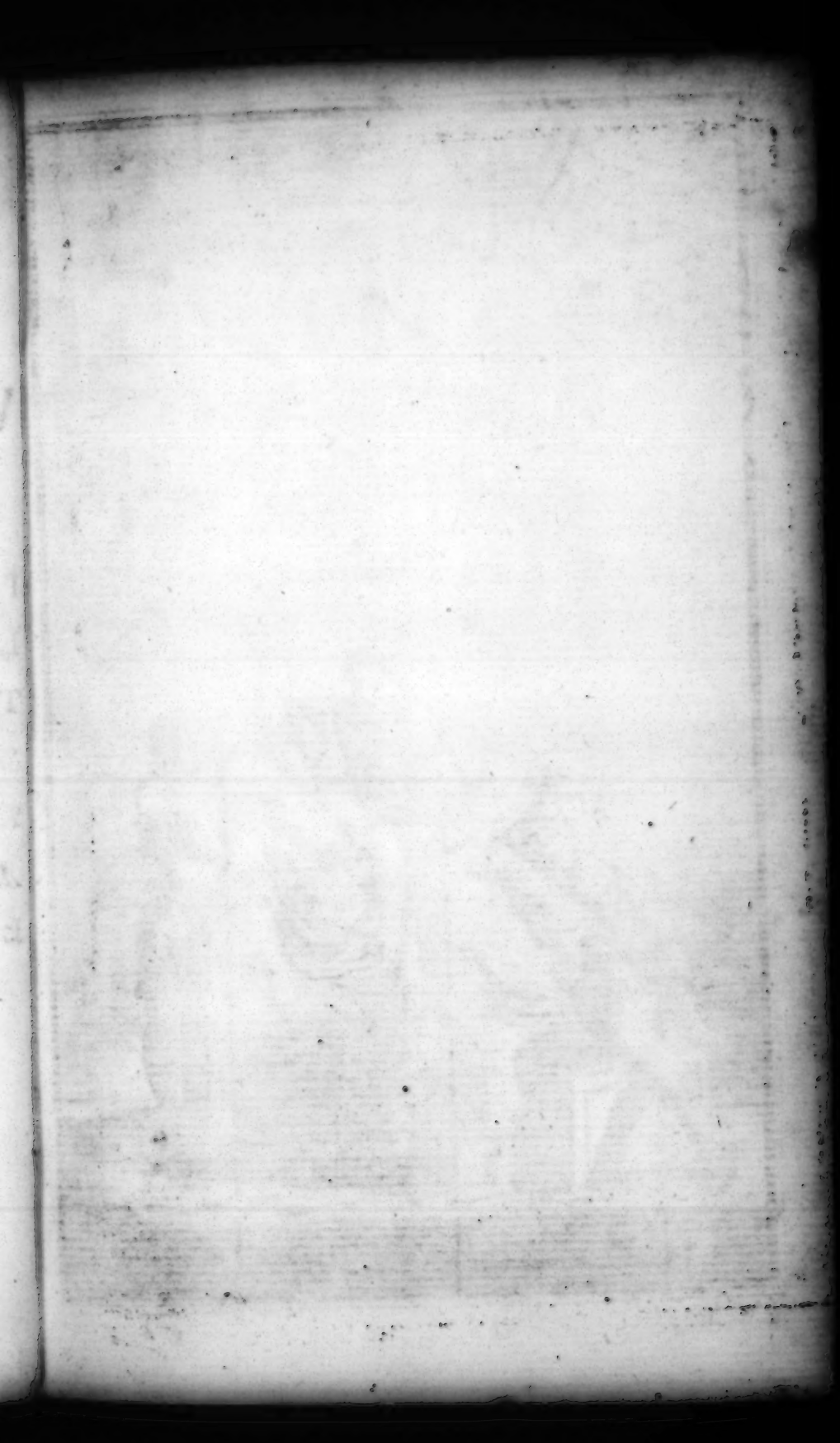
OF 1881

AND

1882

ALBANY

1882



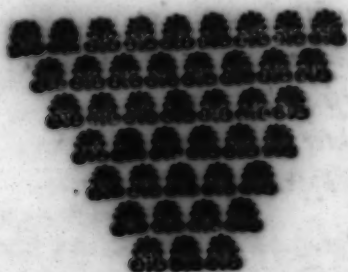


P E R I C L E S,

P R I N C E

O F

T Y R E.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Antiochus, *a Tyrant of Greece.*

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Hellicanus, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
Escanes, }

Symonides, *King of Pentapolis.*

Cleon, *Governor of Tharsus.*

Lyfimachus, *Governor of Metaline.*

Cerimon, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

Thaliard, *Servant to Antiochus.*

Leonine, *a Murtherer, Servant to Dionysia.*

Gower.

Lords, &c.

Knights tilting in Honour of Thaisa.

Hesperides, *Daughter of Antiochus.*

Dionysia, *Wife to Cleon.*

Thaisa, *Daughter to Symonides.*

Marina, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.*

Philoten, *Daughter to Cleon.*

Diana, *a Goddess appearing to Pericles.*

Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

PERI-



PERICLES,

Prince of Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.



*O sing a Song that old was sung,
From Ashes ancient Gower is come.
Assuming Man's Infirmities,
To glad your Ear, and please your Eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Days.
And Lords and Ladies in their Lives,*

Have read it for restoratives.

The purchase is to make Men glorious.

Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times,

When Wit's more ripe, accept my Rhimes;

And that to hear an old Man sing,

May to your Wishes Pleasure bring:

I Life would wish, and that I might

Waste it for you like Taper-light.

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great,

Built up this City for his chiefest Seat;

The fairest in all Syria.

I tell you what mine Authors say:

VOL. VIII.

A 4

This

8 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

*This King unto him took a Pear,
Who died, and left a Female Heir,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of Face,
As Heav'n had lent her all his Grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to Incest did provoke.
Bad Child, worse Father, to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none:
But custom, what they did begin,
Was with long use, counted no Sin.
The Beauty of this sinful Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seek her as a Bed-fellow,
In Marriage pleasures, Play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her still, and Men in awe,
That who so askt her for his Wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his Life:
So for her many a Wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testifie.
What ensues to the judgment of your Eye,
I give my cause, who best can testifie.*

[Exit.]

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and Followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, *Antiochus*, and with a Soul emboldned
With the glory of her Praise, think Death no Hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musick, bring in our Daughter, cloth'd like a Bride
For Embracements, even of *Jove* himself;
At whose conception, 'till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her Presence,
The Senate House of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best Perfections.

Enter Hesperides.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men.

Her .

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 9

Her Face the Book of Praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious Pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy Wrath
 Could never be her mild Companion.
 You Gods that made me Man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire within my Breast,
 To taste the Fruit of yon celestial Tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am Son and Servant to your Will,
 To compass such a boundless Happinels.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*.

Per. That would be Son to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides*,
 With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless Glory, which Desert must gain:
 And which without Desert, because thine Eye
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die:
 Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy self
 Drawn by report, adventrous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless Tongues, and Semblance pale,
 That without covering save yon Field of Stars,
 Here they stand Martyrs slain in *Cupid's* Wars:
 And with dead Cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on Death's Net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail Mortality to know it self,
 And by those fearful Objects to prepare
 This Body, like to them, to what I must:
 For Death remembred, should be like a Mirror;
 Who tells us, Life's but Breath, to trust in Error:
 I'll make my Will then, and as sick Men do.
 Who know the World, see Heav'n, but feeling Woe,
 Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erst they did.
 So I bequeath a happy Peace to you
 And all good Men, as every Prince should do,
 My Riches to the Earth from whence they came:
 But my unspotted fire of Love to you. [*To Hesperides.*]
 Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,

10 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

I wait the sharpest blow, *Antiochus*,
Scorning advice. Read the Conclusion then.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As these before so thou thy self shalt bleed.

Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness. [*Ex. Hesperides.*]

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Lists,
Nor ask advice of any other Thought,
But Faithfulness, and Courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which Labour,
I found that kindness in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp Physick is the last! but O you Powers!
That gives Heav'n countless Eyes to view Mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair Glass of Light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with Ill:
But I must tell you, now my Thoughts revolt;
For he's no Man on whom Perfections wait,
That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate:
You're a fair Viol, and your Sense the Strings,
Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Musick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a Chime:
Good sooth I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your Sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,

'Twould

'Twould braid your self too near for me to tell it:
 Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn:
 For Vice repeated, is like the wandering Wind,
 Blows Dust in others Eyes, to spread it self;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The Breath is gone, and the sore Eyes see clear.
 To stop the Air would hurt them, the blind Mole casts
 Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd
 By Man's Oppression, and the poor Worm doth die for't.
 Kings are Earth's Gods: In Vice their Law's their Will,
 And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill?
 It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
 What being more known, grows worse to smother it.
 All love the Womb that there being bred,
 Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning,
 But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
 Though by the Tenour of our strict Edict,
 Your Exposition mis-interpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel off your Days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a Tree,
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty Days longer we do respite you,
 If by which time our Secret be undone,
 This Mercy shews, we'll joy in such a Son:
 And until then, your entertain shall be
 As doth besit our Honour, and your Worth.

[Exit

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How Courtesie would seem to cover Sin,
 When what is done is like a Hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight;
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain you were not so bad,
 As with foul Incest to abuse your Soul:
 Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
 By your untimely clasplings with your Child,
 (Which Pleasure fits an Husband, not a Father,)
 And she an Eater of her Mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her Parent's Bed,

And

12 ' Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poison breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wisdom sees, those Men
Blush not in Actions blacker than the Night,
Will shew no Course to keep them from the Light:
One Sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to Lust, as Flame to Smoak.
Poison and Treason are the Hands of Sin,
Ay, and the Targets to put off the Shame:
Then lest my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the Danger which I fear.

[Exit]

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head:
He must not live to trumpet forth my Infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sin
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
And by his Fall my Honour must keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highness call?

Ant. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our Mind partakes her private Actions
To your Secresie; and for your Faithfulness
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
Behold, here's Poison and here's Gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the Reason why:
Because we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your Breath cool your self, telling
your haste.

Mes. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an Arrow, shot
from a well experient Archer, hits the Mark his Eye doth
level at: So do thou never return, unless thou say, Prince
Pericles is dead.

Thal.

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 13

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: So farewell to your Highness. [Exit.]

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, 'till *Pericles* be dead,
My Heart can lend no succour to my Head. [Exit.]

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:

Why should this change of Thoughts,
The sad Companion dull-cy'd Melancholly,
By me so us'd, a Guest as not an Hour,
In the Days glorious walk or peaceful Night,
The Tomb where Grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here Pleasures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes shun them,
And Danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whose Arm seems far too short to hit me here.
Yet neither Pleasures Art can joy my Spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that Passions of the Mind,
That have their first Conception by mis-dread,
Have after Nourishment and Life by Care;
And what was first by fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so 'tis with me. The great *Antiochus*,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his Will his Act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile Forces he'll o'er-spread the Land,
And with the stint of War will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive Courage from the State:
Our Men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And Subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought Offence;
Which care of them, not pity of my self,
Who once no more but as the tops of Trees,
Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make not my Body pine, and Soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

[Lord.]

14 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all Comfort in your sacred Breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your Mind 'till ye return to us
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace peace, and give experience Tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellows blows up Sin,
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a Spark,
To which that Spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
Whereas Reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err:
When Signior *Sooth* here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your Cares o'er-look
What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Helicanus*, thou hast
Mov'd us: what seest thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry Brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a Dart in Princes Frowns,
How durst thy Tongue move Anger to our Face?

Hell. How dare the Planets look up unto Heav'n,
From whence they have their Nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have Power to take thy Life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the Ax my self,
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no Flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and Heav'n forbid
That Kings should let their Ears hear their Faults hid.
Fit Counsellor, and Servant for a Prince,
Who by thy Wisdom makes a Prince thy Servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hell. To bear with patience such Grievs,
As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Helicanus*,
That ministers a Potion unto me.
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy self.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou know'st, (against the Face of Death)
I sought the Purchase of a glorious Beauty,

From

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 15

From whence an Issue I might propagate,
 Are Arms to Princes, and bring Joys to Subjects.
 Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
 The rest (hark in thine Ear) as black as Incest,
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful Father,
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful Night,
 Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;
 I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the Years:
 And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening Air,
 How many worthy Princes Blood were shed,
 To keep his Bed of blackness unlaid ope,
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with Arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel Wars blow, who fears not Innocence:
 Which love to all, for which thy self art one,
 Who now reproved'st me for it.

Hell. Alas, Sir.

Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks,
 Musings into my Mind, with a thousand doubts
 How I might stop their Tempest ere it came,
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to speak
 Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant.
 Who either by publick War or private Treason,
 Will take away your Life.

Therefore, my Lord, go Travel for a while,
 'Till that his Rage and Anger be forgot;
 Or 'till the Destinies do cut the Thread of his Life:
 Your Rule direct to any, if to me,
 Day serves not Light more faithful, than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith,

But

16 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

But should he wrong my Liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our Bloods together in the Earth,
From whence we had our Being and our Birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self:
The care I had and have of Subjects good
On thee I lay, whose Wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our Orbs we live so round and safe,
That time of both this Truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou shewest a Subject's shine, I a true Prince. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the Court, here must
I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be
hang'd at home: It is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise Fellow, and had good discretion,
that being bid to ask what he would of the King,
desir'd he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I see
he had some reason for it: For if a King bid a Man be a Villain,
he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Husht, here come the Lords of Tyre.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my Fellow-Peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your King's departure.
His seal'd Commission left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to Travel.

Thal. How, the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)
He would depart? I'll give some light unto you.
Being at *Antioch* —

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:
And doubting that he had erred or sinned,
To shew his Sorrow, he would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the Shipman's toyl,
With whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal.

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 17

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; but since he's gone, the King's Seas must please: he 'scap'd the Land, to perish at the Sea: I'll present my self. Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With Message unto Princely *Pericles*;
But since my Landing I have understood,
Your Lord hath betook himself to unknown Travels;
My Message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our Master, not to us;
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As Friends to *Antioch*, we may Feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, the Governor of Tharsus, with Dionysia, and others.

Cle. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,
'And by relating Tales of others Griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our Griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with Mischiefs Eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Cle. O *Dionysia*,
Who wanteth Food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his Hunger, 'till he famish?
Our Tongues and Sorrows do sound deep:
Our Woes into the Air, our Eyes to weep,
'Till Tongues fetch Breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n slumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our Woes felt several Years,
And wanting Breath to speak, help me with Tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This *Tharsus*, o'er which I've the Government,
'A City, on whom Plenty held full Hand,
For Riches strew'd her self even in the Streets,

Whose

18 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Whose Towers bore heads so high, they kist the Clouds,
And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose Men and Dames so jett'd and adorn'd,
Like one anothers Glasse to trim them by;
Their Tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight,
All Poverty was scorn'd, and Pride so great,
The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh 'tis true.

Cle. But see what Heav'n can do by this our Change:
These Mouths, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their Creatures in abundance;
As Houses are desil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of Exercise;
Those Pallats, who, not yet to savers younger,
Must have Inventions to delight the Taste,
Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it;
These Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little Darlings whom they lov'd,
So sharp are hungers Teeth, that Man and Wife
Draw Lots who first shall dye to lengthen Life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce Strength left to give them Burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
And her Prosperities so largely tast,
With their superfluous Riots hear these Tears;
The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here, speak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'st
in haste, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our Neighbouring Shore,
A portly sail of Ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,

That

That may succeed as his Inheritor:
And so in ours: Some neighbouring Nation,
Taking Advantage of our Misery,
Hath stufft the hollow Vessels with their Pow'r,
To beat us down, the which are down already.
And make a Conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least Fear,
For by the semblance of their Flags displaid,
They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers,
Not as Foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest Shew, means most Deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the Ground's the lowest,
And we are half way there:
Go tell their General we attend him here:
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cle. Welcome his Peace, if he on Peace consist;
If Wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our Men
Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes,
We've heard your Miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the Desolation of your Streets:
Nor come we to add Sorrow to your Tears,
But to release them of their heavy load,
And these our Ships, you happily may think
As like the Trojan Horse, was stufft within,
With bloody Veins expecting Overthrow,
Are stor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
And give them Life, whom Hunger starv'd half dead.

Ommes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you arise;
We do not look for Reverence, but for Love,
And harbourage for our self, our Ships, and Men.

Cle.

20 *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*

Cle. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with Unthankfulness in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,
The Curse of Heav'n and Men succeed their Evils:
'Till when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, Feast here a while,
Until our Stars that frown, lend us a Smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. **H**ERE have you seen a mighty King,
His Child, I wis, to Incest bring:
A better Prince and benign Lord,
That will prove awful both in Deed and Word.
Be quiet then, as Men should be,
Till he hath past Necessity:
I'll shew you those in Troubles Reign,
Losing a Mite, a Mountain gain:
The Good in Conversation,
To whom I give my Benizon,
It still at Tharsus, where each Man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But Tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t' your Eyes, what need speak I.

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door Pericles talking with Cleon all the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the Letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a Reward, and Knights him.

[Exit Pericles at one Door, and Cleon at another.]

*Good Hellican that staid at home,
Not to eat Honey like a Drone,*

From

Pericles, Prince of Tyre 21

*From others Labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive:
 And to fulfil his Prince's Desire,
 Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with Sin,
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in Tharsus was not best,
 Longer for him to make his Rest:
 He doing so, put forth to Seas,
 Where when Men bin, there's seldom Ease,
 For now the Wind begins to blow
 Thunder above, and Deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the Ship
 Should House him safe, is wrackt and split,
 And he, good Prince, having all lost,
 By Waves, from Coast to Coast is tost:
 All Perishen of Man, of Pelf,
 Ne ought escapen'd but himself;
 'Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore to give him glad:
 And here he comes; what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text:*

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your Ire, your angry Stars of Heav'n,
 Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man
 Is but a Substance that must yield to you:
 And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the Sea hath cast me on the Rocks,
 Washt me from Shore to Shore, and left my Breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing Death;
 Let it suffice the greatness of your Powers,
 To have bereft a Prince of all his Fortunes,
 And having thrown him from your watry Grave,
 Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

- 1 *Fish.* What, to pelch?
- 2 *Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
- 1 *Fish.* What patch Breech, I say.
- 3 *Fish.* What say you, Master?

1 *Fish.*

22 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now,
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.

2 *Fish.* Faith, Master, I am thinking of the poor Men
That were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor Souls, it griev'd my Heart to hear
What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them,
When, well-a-day, we could scarcely help our selves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, said not I as much,
When I saw the *Porpus* how he bounc'd and tumbled?
They say, they are half Fish, half Flesh;
A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washt.
Master, I marvel how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1 *Fish.* Why, as Men do at Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a Mouthful.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th' Land,
Who never leave gaping 'till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3 *Fish.* But, Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.

2 *Fish.* Why, Man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too:
And when I had been in his Belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the Bells,
That he should never have left,
'Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again.
But if the good King *Symonides* were of my Mind.

Per. *Symonides*?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her Honey.

Per. How from the fenny subject of the Sea
These Fishers tell the Infirmities of Men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honest Fishermen.

2 *Fish.*

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 23

2 *Fish.* Honest, good Fellow, what's that, if it be a Day
fits you,

Search out of the Kalender, and no Body look after it?

Per. Y'may see the Sea hath cast me upon your Coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A Man whom both the Waters and the Wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, Friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Get more with Begging, than we can do with Working:

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's no-
thing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, Want teaches me to think on;
A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Veins are chill,
And have no more of Life, than may suffice
To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a Man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die ko tha, now Gods forbid, I have a Gown here;
come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a hand-
some Fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have
Flesh for all Day, Fish for fasting Days and more; or Pud-
dings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my Friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn Craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 *Fish.* Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your
Beggars were whipt, I would wish no better Office, than
to be Beadle. But, Master, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest Mirth becomes their Labour?

1 *Fish.* Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

24 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. I tell you, this is called *Pentapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, Sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable Reign, and good Government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from
His Subjects, the name of Good, by his Government:
How far is his Court distant from this Shore?

1 Fish. Marry, Sir, half a day's Journey; and I'll tell
you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to morrow is her Birth-
day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts
of the World, to Just and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Desires,
I could wish to make one there.

2 Fish. Oh Sir, things must be as they may; and what a
Man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his Wife's Soul.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, Master, help, here's a Fish hangs in the Net,
like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out.
Habots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me see it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair my self;
And though it was mine own, part of mine Heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict Charge, even as he left his Life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayse;
For that it sav'd me; keep it in like necessity;
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
'Till the rough Seas, that spares not any Man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

1 Fish. What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly,

And

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 25

And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Sovereign's Court,
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman;
And if that ever my low Fortune's better,
I'll pay your Bounties; 'till then rest your Debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll shew the vertue I have born in Arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 *Fish.* But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up
this Garment through the rough Seams of the Waters; there
are certain Condolements, certain Vails; I hope, Sir, if
you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will;

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in Steel,
And spight of all the rapture of the Sea,
This Jewel holds his building on my Arm;
Unto thy value I will mount my self
Upon a Courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the Gazer joy to see him tread:
Only, my Friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of Bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
My best Gown to make thee a pair;
And I'll bring thee to the Court my self.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
This Day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

Enter Symonides with Attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and itay your coming,
To present themselves.

King. Return them, we are ready; and our Daughter
In Honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are, [here,
Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,
For Men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal Father, to express
My Commendations great, whose Merit's less.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A Model which Heav'n makes of it self:
As Jewels lose their Glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain

26 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine Honour, I'll perform.

[The first Knight passes by.]

King. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A Knight of Sparta, my renowned Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.

[The second Knight.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A Prince of Macedon, my Royal Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady,
The Motto thus in Spanish, *Pue Por dolcera chi por forza*.

[The third Knight.]

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his Device
A wreath of Chivalry; the word, *Me Pompei provexit apex*.

[The fourth Knight.]

King. What is the Fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit*.

King. Which shews that Beauty hath his Power and
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (Will,

[The fifth Knight.]

Thai. The fifth, an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone try'd:
The Motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth Knight.]

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the
Knight himself with such a graceful Courtesie deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a Stranger, but his Present is
A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top:
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

King. A pretty Moral;
From the dejected State wherein he is,
He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward Shew
Can any way speak in his just commend:

For,

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 27

For, by his rusty Outside, he appears
To've practis'd more the Whipstock than the Lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd Triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Until this Day, to scour it in the Dust.

King. Opinion's but a Fool, that makes us scan
The outward Habit by the inward Man.

But stay, the Knights are coming.

We will withdraw into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*]

[*Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*]

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the Volumn of your Deeds,

As in a Title Page, your worth in Arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every Worth in shew commends it self;

Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feast.

You are Princes, and my Guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and Guest,

To whom this wreath of Victory I give,

And Crown you King of this Day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the Day is yours,

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed,

And you her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o'th' Feast,

For, Daughter, so you are, here take your place:

Martial the rest, as they deserve thy grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your Presence glads our Days, Honour we love,

For who hates Honour, hates the Gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your Place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,

That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes,

Envy the Great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit.

28 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

By *Jove*. I wonder, that is King of Thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By *Juno*, that is the Queen of Marriage,
All Viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my Meat; sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a Country Gentleman; has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or so; let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glass.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes sat like Stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser Lights,
Did vail their Crowns to his Supremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darknes, none in Light;
Whereby I see that Time's the King of Men,
For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Presence?

King. Here, with a Cup that's stirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Mistress Lips,
We drink this Health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while.

Yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the Entertainment in our Court
Had not a shew might countervail his Worth.
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like Gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing Bowl of Wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my Father, it befits not me,

Unto

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 29

Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my Prosser take for an Offence,
Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.

King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the Gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside.*]

King. And furthermore tell him,
We desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.

Thai. The King my Father, Sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much Blood unto your Life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.

Per. A Gentleman of Tyre, my Name *Pericles*,
My Education been in Arts and Arms,
Who looking for Adventures in the World,
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and Men,
And after Shipwrack, driv'n upon this Shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*.
A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the Seas,
Bereft of Ships and Men, cast on the Shore.

King. Now by the Gods, I pity his Misfortune,
And will awake him from his Melancholy.
Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on Trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other Revels.
Ev'n in your Armors, as you are addrest,
Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying that
Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies Heads,
Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds. [*They dance.*]
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I have heard, you Knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their Measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Lord.

King. O that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair Courtesie, unclasp, unclasp. [*They dance.*]

Thanks

30 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Thanks Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their several Lodgings,
Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of Love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his Rest,
To Morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from Incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that
They had in store, due to his heinous
Capital Offence; even in the height and Pride
Of all his Glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable Value, and his Daughter
With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and shrivel'd
Up those Bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk
That all those Eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their Hand should give them Burial.

Esea. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but Justice;
For though this King were great,
His Greatness was no guard to bar Heav'n's shaft,
But Sin had his Reward.

Esea. 'Tis very true,

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a Man in private Conference,
Or Counsel, hath respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellican* a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day, my Lords!

1 *Lord.* Know that our Grievs are risen to the top,
And new at length they over-flow their Banks.

Hell. Your Grievs, for what? wrong not your Prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,

But

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what Ground's made happy by his Breath:
If in the World he live, we'll seek him out;
If in the Grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, gives Cause to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdom is without a Head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to Ruin: Your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto our Sovereign.

Omn. Live, noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try Honours Cause; forbear your Suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear:
(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a Minutes ease,)
A twelve Month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your King:
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged Patience bear your Yoke:
But if I cannot win you to this Love,
Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous Worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.

1 *Lord.* To Wisdom, he's a Fool that would not yield;
And since Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,
We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp Hands;
When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the
Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Symonides*,
King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve Month, she'll not undertake
A married Life: Her Reason to her self is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my Lord?

32 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

King. Faith, by no means, she hath so strictly
Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Diana's* Livery:
This by the Eye of *Cynthia* hath she vow'd,
And on her Virgin Honour will not break.

3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [Exe,

King. So, they are well dispatch'd.

Now to my Daughter's Letter; she tells me here,
She'll wed the stranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.
'Tis well, Mistress, your Choice agrees with mine,
I like that well; nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delay'd: Soft, here he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good *Symonides*.

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet Musick this last Night:
I do protest, my Ears were never fed
With such delightful pleasing Harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's Pleasure to commend,
Not my Desert.

King. Sir, you are Musick's Master.

Per. The worst of all her Scholars, my good Lord.

King. Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?

Per. A most virtuous Princess.

King. And she's fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair Day in Summer: Wondrous Fair.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her School-master.

King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else:

Per. What's here, a Letter,

That she loves the Knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's Subtility to have my Life:

Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,

A Stranger and distressed Gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,
But bent all Offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitch'd my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the Gods I have not;
Never did Thought of mine levy Offence;
Nor never did my Actions yet commence
A Deed might gain her Love, or your Displeasure,

King. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

King. Ay. Traitor.

Per. Even in his Throat, unless it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the Lie.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.

Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base Descent:
I came unto the Court for Honour's Cause,
And not to be a Rebel to her State:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This Sword shall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous, as Fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my Tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my Hand subscribe
To any Syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my Heart.

[*Aside.*

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my Consent,

Bestow your Love and your Affections

Upon a Stranger? — who, for ought I know,

[*Aside.*

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in Blood as I my self. —

Therefore hear you, Mistress, either frame

Your Will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you —

34 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Man and Wife; nay, come, your Hands
And Lips must seal it too: And being join'd,
I'll thus your Hopes destroy, and for further Grief,
God give you Joy; what, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to Bed.

Enter Gower.

*Now ysleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snoars about the House,
Made louder by the o'er-see Beast,
Of this most pompous Marriage Feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning Coal,
Now couches from the Mouses hole:
And Crickets sing at th' Ovens Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to Bed,
Where, by the Loss of Maidenhead,
A Babe is moulded, by attend,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine Fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in Shew, I'll plain with Speech.*

Enter Pericles and Symonides at one Door with Attendants, a
Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter,
Pericles shews it Symonides, the Lords kneel to him;
Then enter Thaisa with Child, with Lychorida a Nurse,
the King shews her the Letter, she rejoices: She and Pericles
take leave of her Father, and depart.

*By many a dearn and painful Peach
Of Pericles, the careful Search,
By the four opposing Coignes,
Which the World together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That Horse and Sail, and high Expence,*

Can steed the quest; at last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange Enquire,
 To th' Court of King Symonides,
 Are Letters brought, the tenour these.
 Antiochus and his Daughter's dead,
 The Men of Tyrus, on the Head
 Of Hellicanus would set on
 The Crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The Mutiny he there hastes t' oppress,
 Says to them, if King Pericles
 Come not home in twice six Moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the Crown: The sum of this
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Irony shed the Regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 Our Heir apparent is a King:
 Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,
 His Queen with Child, makes her desire,
 Which who shall cross, along to go,
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
 Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
 And so to Sea; then Vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow, half the Flood
 Hath their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd,
 Varies again, the grisly North
 Disgorges such a Tempest forth,
 That as a Duck for Life that dives,
 So up and down the poor Ship drives:
 The Lady shrieks, and well-a-near,
 Doth fall in travel with her fear:
 And what ensues in this self Storm,
 Shall for it self, it self perform:
 I will relate, Action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not? what by me is told,
 In your Imagination hold:
 This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck
 The Sea-soft Pericles appears to speak.

Enter

56 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Enter Pericles on Shipboard.

Per. Thou God of this great Vast, rebuke these Surges
Which wash both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that hast
Upon the Winds command, bind them in Brasse,
Having call'd them from the Deep; O still
Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble sulphurous Flashes: O how, *Lychorida*,
How does my Queen? then storm venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thy self? the Seaman's whistle
Is a whisper in the Ears of Death,
Unheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh —
Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle
To those that cry by Night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the Pangs
Of my Queen's Travels. Now, *Lychorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do;
Take in your Arms this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How? how, *Lychorida*?

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not assist the Storm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you Gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We here below, recal not what we give,
And we therein may use Honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now mild may be thy Life,

For a more blustrous Birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy Conditions;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this World,
That ever was Prince's Child; happy that follows,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make
To harold thee from the Womb:
Ev'n at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy Portage quit, with all thou canst find here:

Now

Now the good Gods throw their best Eyes upon it.

Enter two Sailers.

1 *Sail.* What Courage, Sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: Yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou
blow and split thy self?

2 *Sail.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Billow
kiss the Moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your Queen must over-board,
The Sea works high, the Wind is loud,
And will not lye 'till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your Superstition.

[*serv'd,*

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it still hath been ob-
And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.

Per. As you think meet, for she must o'er-board straight,
Most wretched Queen.

Lyc. Here she lyes, Sir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had, my Dear;
No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely Coffin'd, in oar,
Where for a Monument upon thy Bones,
The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must o'erwhelm thy Corps
Lying with simple Shells: Oh, *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nessor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: Lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A Priestly farewell to her: Suddenly, Woman.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the Hatches,
Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariner, say, what Coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near *Tharsus*.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: when canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail,*

38 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

2 Sail. By break of Day, if the Wind cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,

There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; There I'll leave it
At careful Nursing: Go thy ways, good Mariner,
I'll bring the Body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. *Philemon*, oh!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for these poor Men,
It hath been a turbulent and stormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a Night as this,
'Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you return.
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recover him: Give this to th' Pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good Morrow.

2 Gent. Good Morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir, our Lodging standing bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the Earth did quake:

The very Principles did seem to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the House.

2 Gent. That is the Cause we trouble you so early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your Lordship
Having rich Attire about you, should at these early Hours
Shake off the golden Slumber of Repose; 'tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.
Were Endowments greater, than Nobleness and Riches;
Careless Heirs may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:
'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,

Through

Through which secret Art, by turning o'er Authority,
I have together with my Practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the best Infusions that dwell
In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can speak of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her Cures;
Which doth give me a more content
In course of true Delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my Pleasure up in silken Bags,
To please the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your Honour hath through *Ephesus*
Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your Creatures; who by you have been restor'd,
And not your Knowledge, your personal Pain,
But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Ceryman*
Such strong Renown, as never shall decay:

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toss up upon our Shore
This Chest; 'tis of some wrack.

Ser. Set it down, let us look upon it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.

Cer. What ere it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open straight:

If the Sea's Stomach be o'er-charg'd with Go'd,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea
cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a Billow, Sir, as tost it upon
Shore.

Cer. Wrench it open: it smells most sweetly in my Sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my Nostril; so, up with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Coarse?

1 *Gent.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloath of State, balm'd and entreaured
With full Bags of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*.
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here

40 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

*Here I give to understand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost:
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Besides this Treasure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.*

If thou livest Pericles, thou hast a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.

2 Gent. Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to Night.

For look how fresh she looks!

They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurp on Nature many Hours,
And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'er-prest Spirits,
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine Hours been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the Fire and Cloaths,
The rough and woful Musick that we have,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Vial once more; how thou stirrest, thou Block?
The Musick there; I pray you give her Air;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how she 'gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

1 Gent. The Heav'ns, thro' you, encrease our Wonder,
And set up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye lids,
Cates to those heav'nly Jewels which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their Fringes of bright Gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised Water doth appear,
To make the World twice rich, live, and make us weep
To hear your Fate, fair Creature, rare as you seem to be.

[She moves.]

Thai. O dear Diana, where am I? where's my Lord?
What World is this?

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands,
To the next Chamber bear her. get Linnen;
Now this matter must be look'd to, for the Relapse
Is mortal: Come, come, and, *Esculapius*, guide us.

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionysia.

Per. MOST honour'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulness. The Gods make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shakes of Fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!

That the strict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,
To have blest mine Eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs above us;
Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea she lyes in,
Yet the end must be as 'tis: My gentle Babe, *Marina*,
Whom, for she was born at Sea, I have nam'd so,
Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her
The Infant of your Care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn, for which
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, must in your Child
Be thought on; if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation.

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodness
Teach me to't without your Vows; 'till she be married,
Madam,

42 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unfixt shall this Heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't; So I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me blessed, in your Care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one my self, who shall not be more dear
To my respect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks, and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore,
then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest
Winds of Heav'n.

Per. I will embrace your Offer. Come, dearest Madam:
O, no Tears, *Lychorida*, no Tears; look to your little Mi-
stress, on whose Grace you may depend hereafter: Come,
my Lord. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer,
Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lord's; that I was ship'd at Sea,
I well remember, ev'n on my caning time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly say; but since King *Pericles*,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's Temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide 'till your date expire;
Moreover if you please, a Neice of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good Will is great, though the Gift small.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire;
His woful Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto *Diana*, there's a Votress.

Non

Now to Marina bend your Mind,
 Whom our fast growing Scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In Musick: Letters, who hath gain'd
 Of Education all the Grace,
 Which makes high both the Art and Place
 Of general Wonder: But alack,
 That Monster Envy, oft the Wrack
 Of earned Praise. Marina's Life
 Seeks to take off by Treason's Knife,
 And in this kind, our Cleon hath
 One Daughter and a full grown Wench,
 Even ripe for Marriage sight: This Maid
 Hight Philoten: And it is said
 For certain in our Story, she
 Would ever with Marina be,
 Be't when they weav'd the fledded Silk,
 With Fingers long, small, white as Milk,
 Or when she would with sharp Needle wound
 The Cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
 She Sung, and made the Night Bed mute
 That still records within one, or when
 She would with rich and constant Pen,
 Vail to her Mistress Dion still,
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: So
 The Dove of Paphos might with the Crow
 Vy Feathers white. Marina gets
 All Praises, which are paid as Debts,
 And not as given; this so darks
 In Philoten all graceful Marks,
 That Cleon's Wife with Envy rare,
 A present Murderer do's prepare
 For good Marina, that her Daughter
 Might stand Peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile Thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
 And cursed Dionysia hath
 The pregnant Instrument of Wrath

44 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

*Preſt for this blow, the unborn Event
I do commend to your Content,
Only I carried winged Time
Poſt, on the lame Feet of my Rhime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your Thoughts went on my Way.
Dionyſia doth appear,
With Leonine a Murderer.*

[Exit.

Enter Dionyſia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou haſt ſworn to do it,
'Tis but a Blow, which never ſhall be known.
Thou canſt not do a thing in the World ſo ſoon,
To yield thee ſo much Profit; let not Conſcience
Which is but cold, enflaming thy love Boſom,
Enſlave too nicely; nor let Pity, which
Even Women have caſt off, melt thee,
But be a Soldier to thy Purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet ſhe is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould have her.
Here ſhe comes weeping for her only Miſtreſs Death:
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob gay *Tellus* of her Weed,
To ſrew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blews,
The purple Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
While Summer Days doth laſt. Ay me, poor Maid,
Born in a Tempeſt, when my Mother dy'd:
This World to me is like a laſting Storm,
Hurrying me from my Friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina*? why do'ye weep alone?
How chance my Daughter is not with you?
Do not conſume your Blood with ſorrowing.
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord! your Favour's
Chang'd, with this unprofitable Woe:
Come give me your Flowers, e'er the Sea mar it,
Walk with *Leonine*, the Air is quick there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the Stomach:

Come,

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 45

Come, *Leonine*, take her by the Arm, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you,
I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come ;
I love the King your Father, and your self,
With more than foreign Heart ; we every Day
Expect him here when he shall come and find
Our Paragon, to all Reports thus blasted.
He will repent the Breadth of his great Voyage,
Blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best Courses. Go I pray you,
Walk and be chearful once again ; reserve
That excellent Complexion, which did steal
The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me,
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go,
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you ;
Walk half an Hour, *Leonine*, at the least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while ;
Pray walk softly, do not hear your Blood :
What, I must have a care of you. [Exit.

Mar. My Thanks, sweet Madam. Is the Wind Westerly
that blows ?

Leon. South-West.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear,
But cryed, good Seamen to the Sailors, galling
His Kingly Hlands,
Hailing the Ropes, and clasping to the Mast,
Endur'd a Sea that almost burst the Deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born,
Never was Waves nor Wind more violent,
And from the Ladder-Tackle, washes off
A Canvas Climber : Ha, saith one, wilt out !
And with a dropping Industry they skip

From

46 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

From Stern to Stern:

The Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls
And trebles their Confusion.

Leon. Come say your Prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for Prayer,
I grant it; pray, but be not tedious,
For the Gods are quick of Ear,
And I am sworn to do my Work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my Lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can
Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her
In all my Life, I never spake bad word,
Nor did ill turn to any living Creature;
Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouse,
Nor hurt a Fly. I trode upon a Worm once
Against my Will, but I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my Death might yield her any profit,
Or my Life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission

Is not to reason of the Deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope:
You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-shew
You have a very gentle Heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it shewed well in you, do so now,
Your Lady seeks my Life, come you between,
And save poor Me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pirat.* Hold, Villain.

2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, Mates, half part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing Thieves serve the great Pirate *Va'des*.
And they have seized *Marina*, let her go,
There's no Hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the Sea; But I'll see further,

Perhaps

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 47

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard; if she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.
Enter Pander, Boult and Dawd.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of Gallants, we lost too much Money this Mart, by being too Wencheless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of Creatures, we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual Action, are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e'er we pay for them, if there be not a Conscience to be us'd in every Trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor Bastards, as I think, I brought some eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But shall I search the Market?

Bawd. What else, Man? The Stuff we have, a strong Wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholsome in Conscience, the poor *Transilvanian* is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poup'd him, she made him Roast-Meat for Worms, but I'll go search the Market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickens were as pretty a Proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our Credit comes not in like the Commodity, nor the Commodity wages not with the Danger: Therefore, if in our Youths we could pick up some pretty Estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our Door hatch'd; besides the fore Terms we stand upon with the Gods, will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our Profession any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes *Boult*.
Enter

48 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Boulst with Pirates, and Marina.

Boulst. Come your Ways, my Masters, you say she's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boulst. Master, I have gone through for this Piece you see, if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my Earnest.

Bawd. Boulst, has she any Qualities?

Boulst. She has a good Face, speaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther necessity of Qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her Price, Boulst?

Boulst. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand Pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Masters, you shall have your Mony presently: Wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her Entertainment.

Bawd. Boulst, take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginity, and Cry: He that will give most shall have her first. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boulst. Performance shall follow.

[Exit.

Mar. Alack, that *Leonine* was so slack, so slow: He should have struck not spoke; Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, Had o'er-board thrown me, for to seek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their Part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my Hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'scape his Hands, Where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in Pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all Fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all Complexions: what, d'ye stop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd.

Bowd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honest Woman, or not a Woman.

Bowd. Marry whip thee, Gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, y'are a young foolish Sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bowd. If it please the Gods defend you by Men, then Men must comfort you, Men must feed you, Men must stir you up: *Boul's* return'd.

Enter Boul.

Now, Sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boul. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her Hairs. I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bowd. And prithee tell me, how dost thou find the Inclination of the People, especially of the younger sort?

Boul. Faith they listned to me, as they would have hearken'd to their Father's Testament. There was a Spaniard's Mouth so watered, that he went to Bed to her very Description.

Bowd. We shall have him here to Morrow with his best Ruff on.

Boul. To Night, to Night. But, Mistress, do you know the French Knight that cowers i'th' Hams?

Bowd. Who, Monsieur Verollus?

Boul. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and swore he would see her to Morrow.

Bowd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Disease hither, here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our Shadow, to scatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we should lodge them with this Sign.

Bowd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; despise Profit, where you have most Gain; to weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your Lovers seldom, but that pity begets you a good Opinion, and that Opinion a meer Profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

50 *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*

Bault. O take her home, Mistress, take her home, these Blushes of hers must be quencht with some present Practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true i' faith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Bault. Faith some do, and some do not; but Mistress, if I have bargain'd for the Joynt.

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a Morfel off the Spit.

Bault. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it.

Come young one, I like the manner of your Garments well.

Bault. Ay, by my Faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. *Bault*, spend thou that in the Town, report what a Sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by Custom. When Nature fram'd this Piece, she meant thee a good Turn, therefore say what a Paragon she is, and thou hast the Harvest out of thine own Report.

Bault. I warrant you Mistress, Thunder shall not so awake the Beds of Fels, as my giving out of her Beauty stirs up the Lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to Night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Fires be hot, Knives sharp, or Waters deep, Unty'd I still my Virgin-knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleon and Dionysia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionysia*, such a piece of Slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious World, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in Blood than Virtue, yet a Princess to equal any single Crown of the Earth, in the justice of compare: O Villain, *Leonine*, whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy Face; what can'st thou say, when noble *Pericles* shall demand his Child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve; she dy'd at Night, I'll say so.

who can cross it, unless you play the Innocent? and for an honest Attribute, cry out, she dy'd by foul Play.

Cle. O go to, well, well, of all the Faults beneath the Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty Wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do shame to think of what a noble Strain you are, and of how coward a Spirit

Cle. To such proceeding, whoever but his Approbation added, though not his whole Consent, he did not flow from honourable Courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain my Child, and stood between her and her Fortunes: None would look on her, but cast their Gages on *Marina's* Face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough, and though you call my Course unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindness perform'd to your sole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? We wept after her Hearse, and yet we mourn: Her Monument almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden Characters, express A general Praise to her, and Care in us, At whose Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie, Which to betray, dost with thy Angel's Face, Seize with thine Eagle's Talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to th'Gods, that Winter kills the Flies, But yet I know, you'll do as I advise.

[Exit Dion.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

THU S Time we waste, and longest Leagues make short,
 Sail Seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't,
 Making to take our Imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.
 By you being pard'ned, we commit no Crime,
 To use one Language, in each several Clime,
 Where our Scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you
 The Stages of our Story, Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward Seas;
 (Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
 To see his Daughter, all his Life's Delight,
 Old Hellicanus goes along behind,
 Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind
 Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high Estate.
 Well sailing Ships, and boisterous Winds have brought
 This King to Tharsus, think this Pilate thought,
 So with his Steerage, shall your Thoughts grone
 To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone;
 Like Motes and Shadows see them move a while,
 Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one Door with all his Train, Cleon and
 Dionysia at the other: Cleon shews Pericles the Tomb,
 whereat Pericles makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth,
 and in a mighty Passion departs.

Gower. See how Belief may suffer by foul show,
 This borrow'd Passion stands for true old Woe:
 And Pericles in Sorrow all devour'd,
 With Sighs shot through, and biggest Tears o'er-shower'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again imbarks, he swears
 Never to wash his Face, nor cut his Hairs,
 He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea he bears,
 A Tempest which his mortal Vessel tears,

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 53

*And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, write by Dionysia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her Spring of Year:
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her Birth,
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th' Earth:
There'ore the Earth fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath *Thetis* Birth-child on the Heav'ns bestow'd.
Wherefore she does and swears she'll never flint,
Make raging Battry upon Shores of Flint.

*No Vixor does become black Villany,
So well as soft and tender Flattery.
Let Pericles believe his Daughter's dead,
And bear his Courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our fear must Play
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy Service: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.*

[Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,
she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you
ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no; come, I am for no more Bawdy-houses,
shall we go hear the Vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is Virtuous, but I
am out of the road of Rutting for ever. [Exeunt.

Enter the three Bawds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her
she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to freeze the God
Priapus, and undo a whole Generation, we must either get
her Ravisht, or be rid of her; when she should do for
Clyents her fitment, and do me the kindness of our Professi-
on, she has me her Quirks, her Reasons, her Master-reasons
her

54 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

her Prayers, her Knees, that she would make a Puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen a Kiss of her.

Boult. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the Pox upon her Green-sickness for me.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguis'd.

Boult. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the peevish Baggage would but give way to Customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyf. How now, how a dozen of Virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods bless your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good Health.

Lyf. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your Resorts stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholesome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defy the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if she would —
But there never came her like in *Metoline*.

Lyf. If she'd do the Deeds of Darkneſs, thou would'st ſay.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to ſay well enough.

Lyf. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Fleſh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but —

Lyf. What pritheſe?

Boult. O Sir, I can be Modeſt.

Lyf. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no leſs than it gives a good Report to a number to be Chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a fair Creature?

Lyf. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long Voyage at Sea!
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your Honour give me leave a Word,
And I'll have done preſently.

Lyf. I beſeech you do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man.

Mar.

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 55

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a Man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lyf. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some Pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [Exit Bawd.]

Lyf. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lyf. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade, Please you to name it.

Lyf. How long have you been of this Profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lyf. Did you go to't so young, were you a Gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lyf. Why the House you dwell in, proclaims you to be a Creature of Sale

Mar. Do you know this House to be a Place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this place,

Lyf. Why? hath your Principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lyf. Why your Herb-woman, she that sets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard something of my Power, and so stand aloof for more serious Wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my Authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private Place, come, come.

56 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Mar. If you were born to Honour, shew it now;
If put upon you, make the Judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this; how's this? some more, be sage—

Mar. For me that am a Maid, though most ungentle
Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie,
Where since I came, Diseases have been sold
Dearer than Physick; O that the Gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd Place,
Though they did change me to the meanest Bird
That flies i' th' purer Air.

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne'er dream'd thou
could'st;
Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind
Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee,
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,
And the Gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preserve you.

Lys. For my part, I came with no ill Intent, for to me
The very Doors and Windows favour vilely.
Fare thee well,

Thou art a piece of Virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been noble;
Hold, here's more Gold for thee;
A Curse upon him, die he like a Thief
That robs thee of thy Goodness; if thou dost hear from me,
It shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one Piece for me.

Lys. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper,
Your House, but for this Virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

Boult. How's this? We must take another Course with
you? if your peevish Chastity, which is not worth a Break-
fast in the cheapest Country under the coop, shall undo a
whole Household, let me be gelded like a Spaniel; come
your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your Maidenhead taken off, or the
common Hangman shall execute it; come your way, we'll
have no more Gentlemen driv'n away: come your ways, I say.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, Mistress, she hath here spoken holy Words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. She makes our Profession as it were to sink before the Face of the Gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball; saying his Prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, use her at thy Pleasure, crack the Glass of her Virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. And if she were a thornier Piece of Ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my Doors, marry hang you. she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Women-kind? Marry come up my Dish of Chastity, with Rosemary and Bays. [*Exit.*]

Boult. Come, Mistress, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their Command; Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st Fiend In Hell would not in Reputation change: [comes Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cushman that Enquiring for his Tib. To the chokrick Fisting of every Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is such [Rogue As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may serve seven Years for the loss of a Leg, and have not Mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

58 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost,
Empty old Receptacles, or common-shores of Filth;
Serve by Indenture to the common Hangman,
Any of these ways are yet beter than this:
For what thou profess'st, a Baboon, could he speak,
Would own a Name too dear:

Oh, that the Gods would safely deliver me from this Place;
Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by
Proclaim that I can Sing, Weave Sow, and Dance, [me,
With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
And I will undertake all these to teach. [lars.

I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scho-
Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest Groom
That doth frequent your House.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can
place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them;
but since my Master and Mistress have bought you, there's
no going but by their consent: Therefore I will make them
acquainted with your Purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what
I can, come your ways. [Exit.

Enter Gower.

*Marina thus the Brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest House, our Story says:
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As Goddess-like to her admired Laies:
Deep Clerks she dumbs, and with her Needle composes
Natures own Shape, of Bud, Bird, Branch or Berry,
That even her Art sisters the natural Roses,
Her Incle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That Pupils lacks she none of noble Race,
Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain
She gives the cursed Bawd. Leave me her place,
And to her Father turn our Thoughts again,*

Where

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 59

*Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and tost,
And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd
Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coast
Suppose him now at Anchor: The City stir'd
God Neptune's annual Feast to keep, from whence
Lyfimachus our Tyrian Ship espies,
His Banners sable trim'd with rich Expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hies,
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Our heavy Pericles, think this his Bark.
Where what is done in Action, more of might
Shall be discover'd, please you sit and bark.*

[Exit:]

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Where is the Lord Hellicanus? he can resolve you.
O here he is. Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metelime*,
and in it is *Lyfimachus* the Governour, who craves to come
aboard; what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his — call up some Gentlemen,

2 *Sail.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lyfimachus.

1 *Sail.* Sir, this is the Man that can, in ought you would,
resolve you.

Lyf. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I
would do.

Lyf. You wish me will;

Being on Shore, honouring of *Neptune's* Triumphs,
Seeing this goodly Vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your Place?

Lyf. I am the Governor of this Place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our Vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King,
A Man, who for this three Months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken Sustainance,
But to prolong his Grief.

Lyf.

60 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Lys. Upon what ground is his Distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main Grief springs from the loss of a beloved Daughter, and a Wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight, he will not speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my Wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly Person, 'till the Disaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preserve you, hail Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some Words from him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought, she questionless with her sweet Harmony, and other chosen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery through his defended Parts, which now are mid-way stopt; she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy shelter that abuts against the Island side.

Hell. Sure all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit that bears recoveries Name. But since your Kindness we have stretcht thus far, let us beseech you, that for our Gold we may have Provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a Courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every Graff would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the Cause of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O here's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly present?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd,
Came of a gentle Kind, and noble Stock,
I'd wish no better Choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair, and all Goodness that consists in Beauty,

Expect

Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificial Fate
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physick shall receive such Pay,
As thy Desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her prosperous. [*The Song.*

Lys. Mark'd he your Musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend Ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: She speaks, my Lord, that, may be, hath endured a Grief might equal yours, if both were justly weighed; though wayward Fortune did maligne my State, my Derivation was from Ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my Parentage, and to the World and aukward Casualties bound me in servitude; I will desist, but there is something glows upon my Check, and whispers in mine Ear, *Go not 'till he speak.*

Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal mine: was it not thus! what say you?

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know my Parentage, you would not do me Violence.

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Country-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver weeping: My dearest Wife was like this Maid, and such a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's square Brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like straight, as Silver voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another

June.

62 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Juno. Who starves the Ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger, from the Deck you may discern the Place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how atchiev'd you these Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my History, it would seem like Lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak; Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a *Pallas* for the crowned Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee, and make my Senses credit thy Relation, to Points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back: Which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good Descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst been tost from Wrong to Injury, and that thou thought'st thy Grievs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy Story, if thine considered prove the thousand Part of my Endurance, thou art a Man, and I have suffered like a Girl; yet thou dost look like Patience, gazing on Kings Graves, and smiling Extremity out of act. What were thy Friends? how lost thou thy Name, my most kind Virgin? recount I do beseech thee, come sit by me.

Mar. My Name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by some incensed God sent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thyself *Marina*.

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had some Power, my Father and a King,

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 63

Per. How, a King's a Daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Flesh and Blood?

Have you a working Pulse, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well, speak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest Dream
That ere dull Sleep did mock sad Fools withal:
This cannot be my Daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your Story, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the Syllable of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how, came you in these Parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in *Tharsus* leave me,
'Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked Wife,
Did seek to murder me: And having woo'd a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and rescu'd me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.

But, good Sir, whither will you have me? why do you weep? It may be you think me an Impostor, no, good faith. I am the Daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Ho, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in general, tell me, if thou canst, what this Maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Metaland*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys.

64 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Lyf. She never would tell her Parentage.
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me, honoured Sir, give me a gash, put me to present Pain, lest this great Sea of Joys rushing upon me, o'er-bear the Shores of my Mortality, and drown me with their Sweetness: O come hither. Thou that beger'st him that did thee beget, Thou that wast born at Sea, buried at *Tharsus*, And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*, Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud As Thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*. What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that, For Truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though Doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of Tyre; but tell me now my Drown'd Queen's Name, as in the rest you said, Thou hast been God like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms, And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to say, my Mother's Name is *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my Mother, who did end the Minute I began.

Per. Now Blessing on thee, rise, thou art my Child, Give me fresh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have been by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel and justify in Knowledge, she is thy very Princess. Who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your Melancholly, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes; I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n blefs my Girl. But hark, what Musick's this, *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*, Tell him o'er Point by Point, for yet he seems to doat, How sure you are my Daughter; but where's this Musick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Musick of the Sphere, list, my *Marina*.

Lyf. It is not good to cross him, give him way.

Per. Rarest Sounds, do ye not hear?

Lyf. Musick, my Lord, I hear.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 65

Per. Most heav'nly Musick,
It nips me unto listning, and thick Slumber
Hangs upon mine Eyes; let me rest.

Lis. A Pillow for his Head, so leave him all.
Well my Companion Friends, if this but answer to my just
belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Diana appearing to Pericles asleep.

Dia. **M**Y Temple stands in *Ephesus*, hie thee thither,
And do upon mine Altar Sacrifice.
There, when my Maiden Priests are met together,
Before all the People reveal
How thou at Sea didst lose thy Wife
To mourn thy Crosses with thy Daughters call,
And give them Repetition to the like:
Or perform my Bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do't, and happy by my Silver Bow;
Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celestial *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*,
I will obey thee. *Helicanus.*

Enter Lyfimachus.

Per. My Purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other Service first,
Toward *Ephesus* turn our blown Sails,
Eftsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your
Shore, and give you Gold for such Provision as our Intent
will need?

Lyf. Sir, with all my Heart, and when you come ashore,
I have another slight.

Per. You shall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter,
for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lyf. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

66 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

Now our Sands are almost run,
More a little, and then done:
This my last boon give me,
For such kindness must relieve me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,
To greet the King; so he thirv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina, but in no wise,
'Till he had done his Sacrifice.
As Dian bad; whereto being bound,
The interim pray you all confound.
In feather'd briefness Sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus the Temple see,
Our King, and all his Company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your Fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.]

Enter Pericles, Lyfimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, Thaisa,
Cerymon, and others.

Per. Hail Dian, to perform thy just Command,
I here confess my self the King of Tyre,
Who frighted from my Country, did wed
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa,
At Sea in Child-bed died she, but brought forth
A Maid Child called Marina; who, O Goddess,
Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at Tharsus
Was Nurst with Cleon, who at fourteen Years
He sought to Murder, but her better Stars
Brought her to Metaline, 'gainst whose Shore riding,
Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us,
Where by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known her self my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! You are, you are, O Royal
Pericles.

[She faints away.]

Per.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 67

Per. What means the Woman? she dies! help, Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Dianna's* Altar true,
This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board
with these very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this
Shore: I open'd the Coffin, found these rich Jewels, re-
cover'd her, and placed her here in *Dianna's* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my House,
whither I invite you; look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look; if he be none of mine,
My Sanctity will to my Sense bend no licentious Ear,
But curb it spight of seeing:

O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*?

Like him you speak, like him you are:

Did you not name a Tempest. a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better,
When we with Tears parted *Pentapolis*,
The King, my Father, gave you such a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods,
Your present Kindness makes my past Miseries Sport:
You shall do well, that on the touching of her Lips
I may melt, and no more be seen;
O come, be buried a second time within these Arms.

Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Bosom.

Per. Look who kneels here, Flesh of thy Flesh, *Thaisa*,
Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen.

Thai.

68 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fly from *Tyre*,
I left behind an ancient Substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the Man?
I have nam'd him oft,

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still Confirmation,
Embrace him dear *Thaisa*, this is he;
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the Gods, for this great Miracle.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon*, my Lord, this Man, through whom
The Gods have shewn their Power, that can from first
To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,
The Gods can have no mortal Officer
More like a God than you,
Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord; beseech you first go with me
Unto my House, where shall be shewn you all
Was found with her;
How she came plac'd here in the Temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian*! bless thee for thy Vision,
I will offer Night Oblations to thee.

Thaisa, this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,
Shall marry at *Pentapolis*,

And now this Ornament that makes me look dismal,
Will I clip to form,

And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd,
To grace thy Marriage Day, I'll beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon* hath Letters of good Credit,
Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heav'n's make a Star of him; yet here, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves
Will in that Kingdom spend our following Days;
Our Son and Daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerymon*, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way. [*Ex. omnes.*]

Enter

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 69

Enter Gower.

In Antiochus and his Daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous Lust, the due and just Reward:
In Pericles, his Queen and Daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with Fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue prefer'd from fell Destruction's blast,
Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at last.
In Hellicanus may you well descry,
A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty:
In reverend Cerymon there well appears.
The worth that learned Charity eye wears,
For wicked Cleon and his Wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed Deed and honour'd Name,
Of Pericles, to rage the City turn,
That him and his, they in his Palace burn.
The Gods for Murder seemed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patiences ever more attending,
New Joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.



THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR 1900

CHICAGO, ILL., 1901

Published by the American Medical Association

535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance

Single copies, 15 cents

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 2, 1896

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1896

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Authorized by Act of October 3, 1917

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1896

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Authorized by Act of October 3, 1917

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1896

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Authorized by Act of October 3, 1917

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1896

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Authorized by Act of October 3, 1917

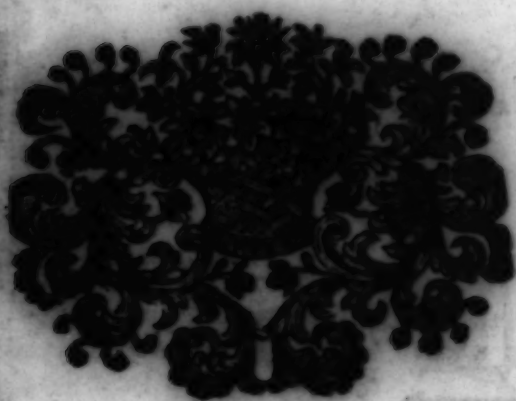
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1896

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917





THE
LONDON
PRODIGAL,
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at Venice.*
Matthew Flowerdale, *his Prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of Lewsome in Kent,*

Sir Arthur Greenshodd, *a Commander,* } *In Love*
Oliver, *a Cornish Clothier,* } *with Luce.*

Weathercock, *a Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock,*

Tom Civet, *in Love with Frances.*

Daffidil, }
Artichock, } *Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Dick and Ralph, *two Cheating Gamesters.*

Ruffin, *a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.*

Frances, }
Luce, } *Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.

S C E N E *London, and the*
Parts adjacent.

T H E

THE

London Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

FATHER.

BROTHER, from *Venice*, being thus
disguis'd,
I come to prove the Humours of my
Son:
How hath he born himself since my
departure,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Unc. I faith, Brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't Brother? What, doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more; why, your
Exhibition is nothing; he hath spent that, and since hath
borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to wring
Mony from me, by the Love I bore his Father, by the For-
tunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his Wants: That
done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend and Friends
Bond; although I know that he spends is yours, yet it
grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness that reigns over
him.

VOL. VIII.

D

Fath.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner his Life? how is the Name of his Offences? if they do not relish altogether of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness: I my self ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost 'till forty; well, you see how I am: For Vice once looked into with the Eyes of Discretion, and well ballanced with the weights of Reason, the Course past, seems so abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himself in the Earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all these Vices, and left 'em, than those that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die most Virtuous, have in their Youth liv'd most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the Course of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay, by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings a Man or Child more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Fath. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all the small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never your Son.

Fath.

The London Prodigal. 75

Fath. No more would the Sea, neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I see you rather like these Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I flur them over now, as things slight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[*Flowerdale knocks within.*]

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Mony.

Fath. For God's sake give it out I am dead, See how he'll take it.

Say I have brought you News from his Father.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my self, Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle?

[*Within.*]

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from *Venice*, and my Name is *Christopher*.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of Truth. A couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me for my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this Light, I should ride to *Croydon Fair*, to meet Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*, I should have his Daughter *Lucy*, and for scurvy ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Uncle. 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond, Uncle, *Tom. White's*, *James Brock's*, or *Nick Hall's*; as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in *England*; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn our selves for ten Pound. A pox of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall; if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Cousin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the *Katers* Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News. What, is't in the Pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have six Pieces of Velvet sent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus said the Letter, a Piece of Ash-colour, a three pil'd black, a colour'd Derooy, a Crimson, a sad Green, and a Purple: Yes i'faith.

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with Commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my return I will see amply satisfied; amply, I remember was the very word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me see, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday*: Let me see, a *Tuesday*, my Calamanka, a *Wednesday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thursday* my Vellure, a *Friday* my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me see, a *Saturday*, for in those Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didissimo tersios Septembris*, no, no, *tridissimo tertio Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc.

The London Prodigal. 77

Unc. *Dicissimo tertios Octobris* : And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June* : How say you, *Kesler*?

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, these Hands of mine help to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how should my Father come dead?

Fath. I faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cryed, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory; marry some two or three Days hence I shall weep without any stintance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and set down every thing in good order, and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talkt of, I came over in; and I saw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talk of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I assure you, then there's Knavery a-broad.

Fath. I'll be sworn of that : there's Knavery abroad, altho' there was never a piece of Velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate.

Fath. To the report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the presence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Cousin, now God hath blessed you with Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reason, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I deny'd you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old Phrase hold: Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, in the Name of God, *Amen*.

78 *The London Prodigal.*

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three Hundred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two Bail of false Dice, *videlicet*, high Men and low Men, Fullomes, stop Cater Traics, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin,

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, Let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest Woman, for the other will keep her self. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his Beds feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to sop off his Posterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this Ten Pound, imagine you have lost it, or robb'd of it, or misreckon'd your self so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my self have an Estate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he saith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of some Sense, this: Come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Cousin, come to me an Hour hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay I'll come my self.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your Worship's Man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou say'st thou hast twenty Pound, go into *Birchin-Lane*, put thy self

self into Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to Croydon Fair.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flew. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flew. What's thy name, *Kester*?

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flew. Well, provide thy self: Uncle farewell 'till anon.

[Exit Flowerdale.]

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,

Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:

The one must be tamed with an Iron bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,

Such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Counsel still is Folly's deadly Foe.

I'll serve his Youth, for Youth must have his course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse:

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Madness tam'd. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidil,

Artichoak, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichoak*, get you home before;

And as you prov'd your self a Calf in buying,

Drive home your fellow-Calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forsooth, shall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Art. *Daffidil*, farewell, good fellow *Daffidil*.

You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the halves,

Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I must turn away this *Daffidil*,

He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was so since I had him:

Before he was wise enough for a Foolish Serving-Man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward

Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,

O she's a Stranger in her course of Life,

She hath refused you, Master *Weathercock*.

80 *The London Prodigal.*

Weath. Ay by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that she hath, but had she try'd me, she should have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay be not angry, Sir, at her denial, she hath refus'd seven of the worshipfull'st, and worthiest House-keepers this day in *Kent*: Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir *Lancelot*, But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well, That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go: But who shall marry with Mistress *Frances*?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me, Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:

Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress, You have a Wit, and it were your Alabaster.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more,

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suiter yet; Alas, God help her, silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool; But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl, She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three; Sir *Arthur Greenshield* one, a gallant Knight, A vallant Soldier, but his Power but poor. Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire* Lad, A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit, And rich by the Rood; but there's a third all Air, Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind: Young *Flowerdale*.

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed: Bar him your House.

Lanc. Fie, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot*: For there's an old saying, Be he rich, or be he poor,

Be he high, or be he low :

Be he born in Barn or Hall,

'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weathercock*.

Enter Monsieur Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay I know 'tis she now, for she treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn? We are past it, *Daffidil*.

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.

I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir?

Daf. Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proserpine* that : I would be loth to be ridled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is Master *Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good Master *Civet*.

[*Exit Civet.*]

Lanc. A, have we spy'd you stout *St. George*?
For all your Dragon, you had best sell's good Wine,
That needs no Ivy-bush : well we'll not sit by it,

The London Prodigal.

As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve :
 Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men ;
 For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best.
 A Pint of Sack; no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Print. *Daffidil*,
 Call for Wine to make your selves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of small Beer, and a Cake, good
Daffidil.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, sit in the open Room, now good
 Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worshipful Master *Weathercock*. What at your Pint ? a Quart for shame.

Lanc. Nay Royster, by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's some Musick, we'll go Dance,
 Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too ?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all Fairs, then I'll
 not dance; a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath spoil'd me a
 Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if
 ever the Rascal serve me such another Trick, I'll give
 him leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calender of Fools,
 and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Master *Weathercock*,
 my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*,
 a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou should'st a had it
 for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for
 Orient Pearl: but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night,
 Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, hefe is one that hath sent you a Pottle of
 Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me ?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and desires his more
 Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me ? what's he that proves so kind ?

Daf. I have a trick to know his Name, Sir, he hath
 a Month's Mind here to Mistress *Frances*, his Name is
 Master *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flow.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonable rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Corn-mongers, these Mony-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal; if it please you, Sir, I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: please you to come to *Lewsome*, to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. P'faith you do us wrong,

But we shall live to make amends ere long:

Master Flowerdale, is that your Man?

Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wife,

Now you take such a Servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away,

'Tis scarce two Hours to the end of Day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Greenhood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships, There let them have their Coats, at their arrival They shall have pay; farewell, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you used a zutch a Fashion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths, I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Oli. Bin you a Preffer, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli.

Oli. Sfoot, Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander, Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid a gone, so shud.

Arth. Content your self, Man, my Authority will stretch to press so good a Man as you.

Oli. Press me? I devy, press Scoundrels, and thy Messels; Press me, chee scorns thee i'faith: For seest thee, here's a worshipful Knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my Troth: What's the matter Man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why Man he would press me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, press him?

He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles, The golden Ruddocks be.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars:

And were he not in favour

With your Worships, he should see,

That I have power to press so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

Flow. Ay marry shall he, press Cloth and Karfy, White-Pot and drowfen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you see vlouten Cloth and Karfy, chee a z'en zutch a Karfy-Coat wear out the Town sick a zikken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well sed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What doest think cham aveard of thy Zikken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your Name Master *Oliver*, I pray you.

Oli. What tit and be rit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have a foolish Plot out of Master *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow.

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrha, Zyrha, if it were not for shame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiffer poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand; stand aside.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friends sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'st thou tell me of my vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Master *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And Maiden, here in the sight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer to the hard Bargain of yo'r Marriage Bed; shall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis best.

Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you, I do confels you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man: But Honesty maintains a *French-hood*, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my side, why Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwise, O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed: Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust. And your good Father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise, And lest me to cut a Caper against Care.

Luce look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth, I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there:
Look on this *Devonshire* Lad!

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threescore pack of Karfay, and Blacken Hall, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as anothers, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Arth. Thanks, fairest.

Flow. What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howsoever I prefer this *Devonshire* Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter shall have her liberty to chuse whom she likes best.

In your Love-suit proceed:

Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Mistress, here's one would speak with you, my fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His name is *Monsieur Civet*.

Art. The same, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come, My foolish Daughter will be fitted too:

But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale.*]

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.

[*Exit Oliver.*]

Flow. What if he should come now? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him,
But presently we'll go and draw a Will;
Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw,
And we will have it of so large a Sum,
Sir Lancelot shall intreat you take his Daughter:

This

This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*.
And make Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter Heir of all:
And make him swear never to shew the Will
To any one, until that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changeling *Weathercock*
Will straight Discourse unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The Form and Tenor of your Testament.

Nor stand to pause of it, be rul'd by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, sweet *Kit*,
Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy Wit. [Exeunt.]

Enter Daffidil and Luce.

Daf. Mistress, still froward?

No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away my foolish Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me:
My Heart is thine, this is my true Love's Fee.

Luce. I'll have your Coat stript o'er your Ear for this,
You sawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, Maid, what is the News with you?

Luce. Your Man is something sawcy. [Exit *Luce*.]

Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horse, I trow;

I know my Strength, then no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I saw him
the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*.

I'faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a cup
of Wine,

That ere I part with Master *Weathercock*,

We may drink down our farewell in French Wine.

Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight;
I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-foot I will;

In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me some Wine:
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?

My

My Daughter *Luce's* Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same;
Ha to you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honest Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my leave, good Night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Lanc. Thanks, Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewell. [*Exit Weath.*]

Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my Livery too. Have I care to see my Daughter match'd with Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? Go, Sirrah, from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery, This is a Servingman's reward, what care I, I have means to trust to, I scorn Service, I. [*Exit Daffidil.*]

Lanc. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right:
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be some that bear a Soldier's Form,
That swear by him they never think upon,
Go swaggering up and down from House to House,
Crying, God pays: And———

Arth. I faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the name and shape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutish humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair:

Their

Their mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timelefs Graves.

Luce. Both for your self, and for your form of Life,
If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure your self,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One Day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing
Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your Assurance
made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatcht, we
will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by to
Morrow.

Lanc. To Morrow be it then, let's meet at the King's
Head in *Fish street*.

Oli. No, fie Man, no, let's meet at the *Rose* at *Temple-
Bar*, that will be nearer your Counsellor and mine.

Lanc. At the *Rose* be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes last forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Master, here is a Man would speak with Master
Oliver; he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll surely see
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him
his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Welcome, honest Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends :
There is the length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper shall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffian, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call
Me Cut. Where is't, Sirrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known
For a base Rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and
sent after an Errant, chid give thee something, but chud
be no Mony : But hold thee, for I see thou art some-
what testorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring
thy Master a veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look
thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his
dancing Tressels, chil use him, he was ne'er so used since
his Dam bound his Head, chil make him for capering a-
ny more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a Man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, Sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

Lanc. Thy Master is an Unthrift, you a Knave,
And I'll attach you first, next clap him up :
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I woud you were a Sprite if you do him any harm
for this : And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of
yours, while chil have Eyes open : What do you think,
chil be abaffelled up and down the Town for a messel,
and a scoundrel, no chy bor you : Zirrah chil come, zay
no more, chil come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I desie him.

[Exit.

Lanc.

The London Prodigal.

95

Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick.

But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo : chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worfe.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love? Venture your State and hers for a loose brawl?

Oli. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.

What, Man, we shall meet to Morrow. [Exit.

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so desperate. Come forth my honest Servant *Artichok*.

Enter Artichok.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright scower'd, thy Buckler mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave, turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lusty *Daffidil*.

Arti. Why there 'tis now : our Years Wages and our Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, Man, get Weapons ready, and be at *London* ere the break of Day; watch near the Lodging of the *Devonshire* Youth, but be unseen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*: Take thou the part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffidil*.

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a Knave.
That *Daffidil* is a most notorious Knave.

[Exit *Arti*.]

Enter Weathercock.

Master *Weathercock*, (you come in a happy time; the desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son O-liver?

Weath. Marry I am forry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red-lip'd *Lucy*.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry. God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Passion of me, what a Wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Lucy* he loves so dear. Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you'all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the Straits, and homeward bound;

Two Lordships of two hundred Pound a Year;

The one in *Wales*, the other *Gloucester shire*:

Debts and Accounts are thirty thousand Pound;

Plate, Mony, Jewels, sixteen thousand more:

Two Houses furnish'd well in *Coleman street*;

Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,

Being of great Demeans and Wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight? How like you this?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends, The *Devonshire* Man shall whistle for a Wife. He marry *Luce*! *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promising your Daughter to the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need, We'll cross to *Dedford strand*, and take a Boat. Where be these Knaves? what *Artichok*? what *Fop*?

Enter Artichok.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rust, I'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will save Charges, Master *Weathercock*.

Art. Well, we will do it, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my Heart's desire: Sister *Delia*, now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath frank and freely given me his Daughter *Frank*.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Del. Why, Sister, now you have your Wish.

Civ. You say very true, Sister *Delia*, and I prithee call me nothing but *Tom*; and I'll call thee sweet Heart, and *Frank*. Will it not do well, Sister *Delia*?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen in a garded Gown, and a *French Hood*.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed.

Del.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate,
Apparel you your self like to your Father :
And let her go like to your ancient Mother;
He sparing got his Wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest indeed; why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Ruff, and a white Cap; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements; besides twenty Mark a Year at Cuckolds Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind;
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing
Is scarce three seven Years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wist?

Civ. You say well, Sister *Delia*, you say well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French Hood*, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds Haven.

Civ. By my Troth well remembered, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points; alas the Day,
Fools shall have Wealth, though all the World say nay:
Come, Brother, will you in. Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank.

The London Prodigal.

95

Frank. Ay, by my Troth, *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank*; no Sister, Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with foils in their Hands.

Flow. Sirrah, *Kit*, tarry you there, I have spied Sir *Lancelot* and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master *Flowerdale*?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within,

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the *Devonshire* Man, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such thing to him; I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Master, or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Devonshire* Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O, And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. [Exit Father.

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I see this matter is hotly carried.
But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot.

Good morrow, Master Weathercock;

By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over
Nick Machiavel; I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent human Fellow, I have made

Certain Annotations of him such as they be;

And how is't, Sir Lancelot? ha? how is't?

A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Master Flowerdale. I do understand there is some
Jar between the *Devonshire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as
can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a ge-
nerous silence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir,
such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing, Sir Lancelot, at my reputation, as
I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all
is one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something be-
tween you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir Lancelot, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty saying, *Questo?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation (him.
It hold thus, thou hast a Friend, keep him; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat be-
tween you,

And before God I could wish it otherwise.

Flow.

Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd:
Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow,
 That way which I must ride, no Man must deny
 Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
 Be denied common and general Passage. If any one
 Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way;
 My answer is, I must either on or return:
 But return is not my Word, I must on:
 If I cannot then make my way, Nature
 Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue,
 And two Ears; Nature in her Building,
 Is a most curious Work-master.

Flow. That is as much as to say, a Man should hear more
 Than he should speak.

Lanc. You say true, and indeed I have heard more,
 Than at this time I will speak.

Flow. You say well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master
Flowerdale, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You say true, what do you call him
 Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it!

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you,
 That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of
 Goodness toward you.

Flow. I'Faith, Sir, I am sure I never did you harm:
 Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
 I am sure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know ought of
 Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd. (my Will?)

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know;
 And know you thus much out of my Knowledge,
 That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
 She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better
 Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation set aside, go with
 me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battle,
 you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour, 'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it?

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting, So fare you well for ever. (never)

Flow. Stay; fall out, what my fall, my Love Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and so fare you well.

[Exit Sir *Lancelot*.

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true; now help *Kit*, The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride, We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour : As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,

It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in.

[Exit,

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living, Forsaking God, himself to the Devil giving ; But that I knew his Mother firm and chaste, My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd : Else would I swear, he never was my Son, But her fair Mind so foul a deed did shun.

Enter young *Flowerdale's Uncle*.

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedless as a Libertine, Ev'n grown a Master in the School of Vice, One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit ; For all the Day he humours up and down,

How

How he the next Day might deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the present time :
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling ;
But then the Lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of Youth,
Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate :
But such mad Strains as he's possess'd withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me ;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurecock's* Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible ?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him ;
This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him ;
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in Mischief, chain'd to a Life,
That will encrease his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his wedding Day ?
That were unchristian, and an unhuman part :
How many Couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchast seven Years Sorrow afterward ?
Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day.
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but observe the Course that he will take,
Upon my life he will forswear the Debt :
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound :
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do :
And how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost :
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham assured thick be the Place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo : if a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he would make a Coystrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Poyst him, and give it him too and again, zo chud :
Who a been there, Sir *Arthur*? chil stay aside.

Enter Sir Arthur

Arth. I have dog'd the *Devonshire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him :
I had an incling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this Morning.
Though of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd —
Good Morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Arth. What, Master *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus arm'd,
You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take
his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not.
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war assure of that, ched avese him
in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, ay me.
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress *Luce*,
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale*? 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, Man? che hope thou dost but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Master
● li r.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*. I pray tellen
us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married? *Arth.*

Arth. Mr. Oliver, call him what you will, but he is married to Sir Lancelot's Daughter here.

Unc. Sir Arthur, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her: Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Musick plays; they are coming from the Church. Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me, I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do, I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, Sir Lancelot, look you, who here is? Mr. Flowerdale.

Lanc. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is she i'faith: Master Under-Sheriff, Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, Kit.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the Matter, Mr. Flowerdale?

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrifit here Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me In several Sums three thousand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me, And if you be not staid, you'll prove A cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt Ten thousand Pound, his State to me appears, To be at least three thousand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot, How that he went about to cozen you: And form'd a Will, and sent it to your good

Friend there, Master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not such Lordships,
Lands, and Ships?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,
And dispos'd to do me wrong.

But here's my Man an honest Fellow

By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lie; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You studied where to quote your Lands might lye.

Weath. And I prithee where be thy honest Friends?

Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'st Child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,
They slander me, by this Light, they slander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Usurer, and would undo me,
But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no
more:

You Brother *Civet*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Mony
Paid me, and we'll ride down,

And there your own Eyes shall see

How my poor Tenants there will welcome me,

You shall but bail me, you shall do no more,

And you, greedy Gnat, their bail will serve.

Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor my Son *Civet*'s, I'll not be cheated. I.

Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him:

Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones,

I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd and wrong'd!

Come, Girl, though it be late, it falls out well,

Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luca. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth know,
With what unwillingness I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:

The holy Church-man pronounc'd these Words but now,
I must not leave my Husband in distress:

Now I must comfort him, not go with you,

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caus'd me on your Curse to take
him :

Do not, I pray, my griev'd Soul oppress;
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his distress.

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,

I must confess I forc'd her to this match,
Led with Opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Vir-
gin's state.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late,

Lanc. And on her Knees she begg'd and did intreat,
If she must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenshield's* Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half
my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Laws,

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Sister, in this Passion do not run headlong to
Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Sister, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone,
I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in *Hucksters* handling for run-
ning away.

Lanc. Hufwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redress it yet you may:

But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,

For all the Portion I will this day give
Unto thy Sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*?
I shall have a good deal.
Besides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be sorry to see thy Sister
cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppress'd.

Lanc. For ever fly my sight: Come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.
Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her,
Base Baggage, in such haste to Beggary?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your charge.

Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding day.

[*Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his Father,
Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*]

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good Master Sheriff,
If not for him, for my sake pity him:
Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, she kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve, sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth.
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth lose his due;
O pity him as God shall pity you.

Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Misery it self to chain him with.

Luca. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?

Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being answer'd, I have done.
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff, take your Prisoner; Maiden, fare thee well,

Luca. O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale*:

Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.

Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.

Luca. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:

I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,

His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.

All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,

Shall be for you: O do not turn away:

Methinks within a Face so reverend,

So well experienc'd in this tottering World,

Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief:

For my sake, his Father's and your Brother's sake,

Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,

Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.

Unc. Fair Maid, stand up; not in regard of him,

But in pity of thy hapless Choice,

I do release him: Master Sheriff, I thank you:

And Officers, there is for you to drink.

Here, Maid, take this Mony, there is a hundred Angels;

And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,

Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,

But let not her have any want at all.

Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament

For him, whose Life hath been in Riot spent:

If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,

If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

[Exit Uncle.]

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator:

Come, *Kit*, the Mony, come, honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? give me the Mony,
you old Rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart.

Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood she shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?
Go, get you gone to the greasie Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forsook her Father, and all her
Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part
with one Angel, hang me at a Post. I'll rather throw
them at a cast of Dice, as I have done a thousand of their
Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been asham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain:
What, are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father:
Go hang, beg, starve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'st after despair and hang thy self.

Luce. O do not curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the Livery

Over your Ears, because you paid for it:

But do not use my Name, Sirrah,

Do you hear? Look you do not

Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,

And for Security I'll give thee none.

Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I shall slit your Nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then:

[Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have despis'd me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to see her Tears
Thus stain the Crimson Roses of her Cheeks:

Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little living in this Town,

The which I think comes to a hundred Pound,

All that and more shall be at your dispose;

I'll strait go help you to some strange disguise,

And place you in a Service in this Town:

Where you shall know all, yet your self unknown:

Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,

Weep not for him, that is more worle than bad.

Luce. I thank you, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Lancelot, Master Weathercock and the rest.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a sluttish Trick,
But such a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a sarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You see how I am press'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckless Girl, your Sister *Luce*.

But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beside,
They are most unhappy, that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis ev'n fall'n out so,
But what remedy? set Hand to your Heart, and let it pass,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was; tho' she had the prick
And praise for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouse, you'll come?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Master *Oliver*?

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this yeast, chill see if a gan Make a better yeast there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Arth. Ay, Sir, although my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Frank*, are you ready?

Frank. Jeshue, how hasty these Husbands are? I pray,
Father, pray to God to bless me.

Lanc. God bless thee, and I do; God make thee wise,
Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But, Father, shall not my Sister *Delia* go along
with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and such
things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
but fail us not, good Sister, give order to Cooks and o-
thers, for I would not have my sweet *Frank* to foil her
Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlemoman, and a
married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks,
and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet Heart,
thou seest I do not go about it; well, farewell too: You
Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we shall have your Company
too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you,
Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister,
God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be
with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Master
Oliver, how now, Man?

Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lanc. Must? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock*? I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good, By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away As pretty a dowssabel, as am chould chance to see In a Summer's Day; chill tell you what chall do, Chill go spy up and down the Town, and see if I Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her, And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham Assured, heel but bring her to the spoil, And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son *Civet's*:

Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Arth. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest Blood, So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [*Exeunt Ambo*]

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*, What hap had I, to force my Daughter From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight, To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. I'll luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy. Young *Flowerdale* is sure a Prisoner.

Weath. Sure? nothing more sure.

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.

Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lanc. Well it he be in Prison, I'll have Warrants To tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tried, For I will sue him upon Couzenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scoft, And sentence past with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants, In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one:

You will help to serve them, Master *Weathercock*?

[*Exeunt*]

Enter

110 *The London Prodigal.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:
A pox of come a five, what shall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purse,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it,
Gods lid my Sister *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

Del. I prithee, *Artichoak*, go not so fast,
The Weather is hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, *Mistress Delia*, I'll not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit Artichoak.*]

Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady, your Purse.

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time,
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father;
But Sister, come, your Mony, come:
What the World must find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banisht from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse;
I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Mony would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, *Mistress Delia*.
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, *Master Oliver*, 'tis *Master Flowerdale*, he did
but jest with me.

Oli.

The London Prodigal. III

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well, vane thee that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same Mony.

Flow. I thank you, Sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it my self.

Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort, Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you, Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough From twenty such Scoundrels as thick an one is: Farewel and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou Wilt be shortly: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but Flowerdale*;

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karfie Rascal; This *Devonshire* Man I think is made all of Pork, His Hands made only for to heave up Packs: His Heart as fat and big as his Face, As differing far from all brave gallant Minds, As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds, As I am very near now; well what remedy, When Mony, Means, and Friends, do grow so small, Then farewel Life, and there's an end of all. [Exit.

Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet and his Wife Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher* I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, torsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me fall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fash.

Fath. A Dutch Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is Outlandish, is she not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Lucs. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears, why, Mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed; *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Kester*, 'tis such as they wear a their Heads. I prithee, *Kis*, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir; come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buffed me to day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kiss afore Folks. God save my *Franch*.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

See yonder, my Sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good Sister.

Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well, Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had Not been here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To pepper'd us, but for Master *Oliver* we had been robb'd;

Del. Peace, sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd for your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither; would *Flowerdale* he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i' Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and speak no more of this.

Art.

Art. Not I, not a word, now do I smell Knavery:
In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new *Dutch* Maid,
And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give
directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce.*]

Hark you, *Dutch* Frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this same Habit can disguise your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret;
This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep my self a space unknown
Both from my Father and my nearest Friends;
Untill I see how time will bring to pass,
The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse than bad, I prithee leave him,
And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a Thought;
Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought;
Yet one good time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate,
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind,
I'll not disclose you, that are wilful blind.

Luce. *Delia*, I thank you. I now must please her Eyes;
My Sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flowerdale Solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since yesterday two a Clock, of a

Spice;

Spice cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
 I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
 Will bear out a Man, if he have no Mony indeed;
 I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
 Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
 The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
 I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What Mr. Richard, how do you?
 How dost thou Ralph? By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
 Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
 Me an Angel between you both, you know you
 Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not
 every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethee lend me so much as will pay for my Supper;
 I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
 I wonder at it, Mr. Flowerdale,
 You will so carelessly undo your self;
 Why you will lose more Mony in an Hour,
 Than any Honest Man spends in a Year;
 For Shame betake you to some honest Trade,
 And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

[*Exeunt.*]

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:
 They gave me Counsel that first cozen'd me;
 Those Devils first brought me to this I am,
 And being thus, the first that do me wrong.
 Well, yet I have one Friend left in store.
 Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,
 One that I first put in a Sattin Gown,
 And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
 But stands me at the least in twenty Pound:
 Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone,
 And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
 What ho, is Mistress Apricock within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What sawcy Rascal is that which knocks so bold?
 O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?
 One that is turned Cozener about the Town:

My

My Mistress saw you, and sends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you shall have such a Greeting sent you straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [Exit.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, since thy damned Crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Man;
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant
they seem to be: but if I might crave of you some little
Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest
thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesie.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends. [Exit Cit.]

Flow. Worser ends: Nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a sixpenny Purse escape me:
By the Mass here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bless you, fair Mistress.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into
the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I
doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one
that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny,
nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander*, now by my Troth a very
proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's
all the Mony I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and
God bless thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, sweet Lady; if you have
any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a
poor

poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brass Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[*He gives it her.*]

Now out upon thee, Rascal: secret Service! what dost thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Mony again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? on, good *Alexander*.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. This is villanous luck, I perceive Dishonesty Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me, Sir *Arthur* and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll speak to them. God save you, Sir *Arthur*: God save you, Mr. *Oliver*.

Oli. Been you there, zirrah, come will you taken your selves to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter: By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel? Whore is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, sick, very sick; And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick; tell me true itch' vife thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaist thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this seven year, look to it.

Arth. P'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli,

oli. Well, farewell zirrah; come, Sir *Arthur.*

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent.

Five golden Angels compast in an Hour.

If this Trade hold, I'll never seek a new.

Welcome, sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the House.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Kester*?

By the Mass 'tis they.

How do you Uncle, how dost thou, *Kester*?

By my troth, Uncle, you must needs lend

Me some Mony, the poor Gentlewoman

My Wife, so Gad help me, is very sick.

I was robb'd of the hundred Angels

You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Kester*, away?

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear. good Uncle?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,
Come, leave him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'st best
Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascal,
So you are.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the matter, Vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this Light a Dutch Frow, they say they are
called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not speak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman
that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the
bounty of your Purse.

Enter young Flowerdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, Sweet Heart, I know not what you
mean by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce.

118 *The London Prodigal.*

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vore been your Vife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, vere be your Vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me:
Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my Nose to
brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England*
could be better used than I did her; I could but Coach
her; her Diet stood me in forty pound a Month, but she
is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not icone.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to Master *Civet* here, dost thou
not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
If I had such a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, so she had any Stock.

[*They call within.*]

O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by a-
gain.

Flow. By this Hand this *Dutch* Wench is in love with me,
Were it not admirable to make her steal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O Master *Flowerdale*,
Have you no fear of God, nor Conscience;
What do you mean, by this vile course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this sort, fie upon the course,
Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in England, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice, There is none that lends to you, but know they gain: And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang ye now, did not her Heart Take pity of you for her Sister's sake.

Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you stay,
You fall into their Hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the Dutch Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [Exit Father.]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Mr. Weathercock, and Artichoke.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not past it, *Artichoke*?

Art. By the Mass here's one.

I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?

What, are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way
To Mr *Civer's* House? what, will you not speak?

O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. O wonderful, is this lewd Villain here?

O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher;

What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?

A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will,

Take on him that strict Habit, very that:

When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace,

I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:

Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?

Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:

And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with

His forg'd Will, and Master *Weathercock*,

To make my grounded Resolution;

Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentleman:

Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.

Enter

110 *The London Prodigal.*

Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:

Welcome Gentlemen, welcome all:

Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, & Murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is missing,
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, snick-up? I owe you nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go seek your Daughter, what do lay to my Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come Uncle, I know you'll Bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife,

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Hufwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you leave him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily:

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prison! why Tom, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, she is no Vagrant:
She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the
Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son Civet, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some stragling Counterfeit profer'd to you:

No

No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Prison, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow;
Nor he, nor I shall to the Prison go:
Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you.
And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness.

Lanc. Bastard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not stopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Æthiops*,
No wanton *Cressid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy Loss.
What turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among hapless Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, wonder among Wives!
Thy Chastity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame.
For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him? — by the hopes of after Bliss,
I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I desie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were so well ydousf'd as was ever
white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me
weep.

Fash. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my troth I must weep, I cannot chuse.

Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse.

Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,

I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change,
As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting up; what be not ashamed, vang it Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wife: And you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will Instruēt you in my ablest Power:

But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me no restorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:

Zouth chil devie *London* else: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Mony? che
have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spo-
tation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my
examplas.

Unc. You have gueſt right of me, if he leave off this
course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he shall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honest Gentleman,

That pass'd the fearful danger of the Sea,
To get him living, and maintain him brave,

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then:

And toward my Master's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends,

Flow.

Flow. No, *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee
What thou in love gives, I in love restore. [more,

Fran. Ha, ha. Sister, there you plaid bo-peep with us:
Tom, what shall I give her toward Household?

Sister Delia, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a
longer handle.

Fran. A ruffet one, *Tom*.

Civ. Ay with ruffet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Household, to
keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, Sister.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce*'s Stock,
here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more,
I'll give her, marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have you
Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man,
It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond,
To make her Joynture better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London*, tho' I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrif's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosie.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him:
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath sent to thee to save thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome from Death, good Mr. *Flowerdale*.

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the course as Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, all is well.

Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest Man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care
Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oli. Nay zoft you a while, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which an's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will, get hers.

Oli. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.

But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother; but I pray you shew us
Some Zamples or Reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a Wife,

The London Prodigal.

125

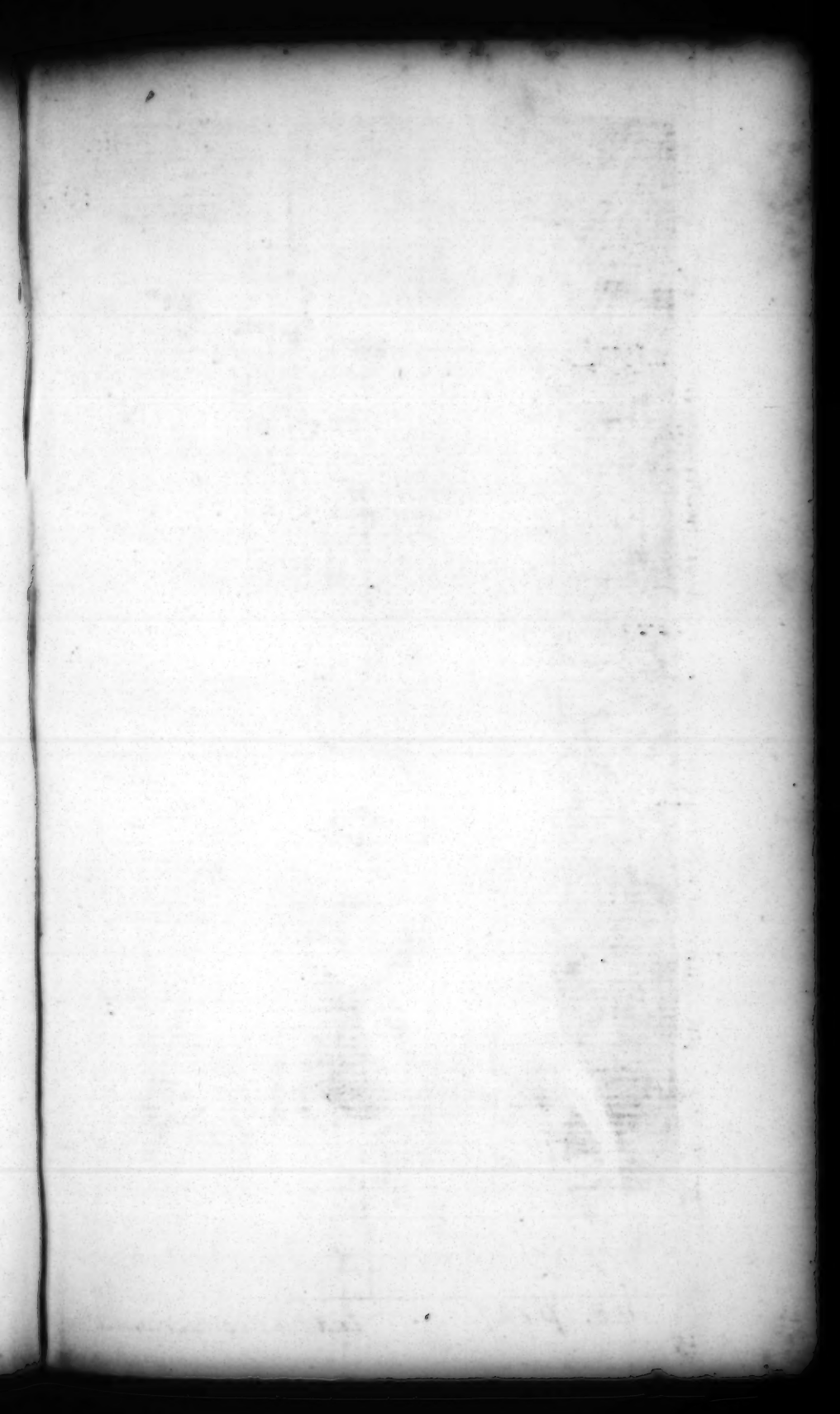
The trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig
By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-lane*:
To Night we'll frolick in *Mr. Civer's House*,
And to each Health drink down a full *Cârouse*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





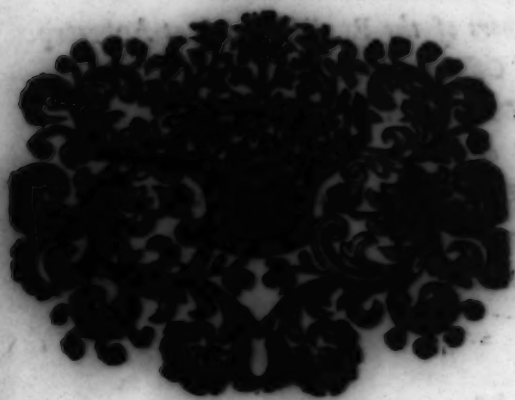


28. p. 127.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE
L I F E
AND
D E A T H
O F

Thomas Lord Cromwell.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Bedford and his Host.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Gardner, Bishop of Winchester.

Sir Thomas Moor.

Sir Christopher Hales.

Sir Ralph Sadler.

Old Cromwell, a Blacksmith of Putney.

Young Thomas Cromwell, his Son.

Master Bowser, a Merchant.

Banister, a broken Merchant, and his Wife.

Bagot, a cruel covetous Broker.

Friskiball, a Florentine Merchant.

The Governors of the English House at Antwerp.

States and Officers of Bononia.

Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Hodge, Will and Tom, old Cromwell's Servants.

Two Citizens.

Two Merchants.

A Post.

Messengers.

Ushers, and Servants.



THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
Thomas Lord Cromwell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, and two other Smiths, Servants to old Cromwell.

H O D G E.



OME, Masters, I think it be past five a Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

1 Smith. I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoons Nap, for my young Master *Thomas*, he keeps such a coil in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

F. 5

Hodge.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars?
 There's Goodman *Car of Fulham*,
 He that carried us to the strong Ale, where *Goody Trundel*
 Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,
 He'll tickle you *Charles's Wain* in nine Degrees:
 That same Man will tell *Goody Trundel*
 When her Ale shall miscarry, only by the Stars.

2 Smith. Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think *Thomas*
 Be no Body in comparison to him.

1 Smith. Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers?
Hodge. Ay, content; first let's take our Mornings
 Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 Smith. Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* [Exeunt.]
Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do salute thy brightness,
 The Night seems tedious to my troubled Soul:
 Whose black Obscurity binds in my Mind
 A thousand sundry Cogitations:
 And now *Aurora* with a lively die,
 Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high.
 Too high indeed, my state being so mean:
 My Study like a mineral of Gold,
 Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;
 My Books are all the Wealth I do possess,
 And unto them I have ingag'd my Heart;
 O, Learning, how divine thou seem'st to me!
 Within whose Arms is all Felicity.

Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there,
 [Here within they beat with their Hammer.]
 You do disturb my Study and my Rest;
 Leave off, I say, you mad me with the Noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men.

Hodge. Why, how now, Master *Thomas*, how now;
 Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noise.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll
 Fret your Father's Purse if you let us from Working.

2 Smith. Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
 Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well i'faith;
 But here comes my old Master now.

Enter

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves, what are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to do?
What not a Heat among your work to day?

Hodge Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why Knave I say, have I thus cark'd and car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And dost thou let my Servants at their work;
That sweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.

Old Crom. Out of my Doors Knave, if thou lik'st it not;
I cry you Mercy, are your Ears so fine?
I tell thee, Knave, these get when I do sleep;
I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's Mony, Father, I will pay your Men.

[He throws Mony among them.]

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my Cost,
In hope that one Day thou would'st relieve my Age,
And art thou now so lavish of thy Coin,
To scatter it among these idle Knaves?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your self,
The time will come I shall hold Gold as trash:
And here I speak with a presaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage stands,
As fine as is King *Henry's* House at *Sheen*. *(Beggar;*

Old Crom. You build a House? you Knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but cast away
That is bestow'd upon this thriftless Lad:
Well, had I bound him to some honest Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To send him to the University:
How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he shall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well said *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence faucy Boy.

[Exeunt all but young Cromwell.]

Crom. Why should my Birth keep down my mounting Spirit?

Are

132 *The Life and Death of*

Are not all Creatures subject unto time?
 To time, who doth abuse the World,
 And fills it full of hodge-podge Bastardy;
 There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
 That their Original did spring from Kings;
 And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were
 The riff-raff of their Age; for Time and Fortune
 Wears out a noble train to Beggary;
 And from the Dunghil Minions do advance
 To State; and mark, in this admiring World
 This is but Course, which in the name of Fate
 Is seen as often as it whirls about:
 The River *Thames* that by our Door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow,
 Yet keeping on his Course grows to a Sea.
 And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our Age,
 His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
 Now who within this Land a greater Man?
 Then *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
 That thou may'st live to flourish and controul.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom *Cromwell*, what Tom I say.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Master *Bowser* come to know if you
 have dispatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Counsel,
 CR NO.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, Tom, a good Lad, Tom.

Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Master *Cromwell*, have you dispatch'd this
 Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water.
 And, Master *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
 May do you good, and if you like of it.
 Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
 And the Merchants there have sent to me,
 For to provide a Man fit for the place:
 Now I do know none fitter than your self,
 If with your liking it stand, Master *Cromwell*,

Crom.

Thomas Lord Cromwell. 133

Crom. With all my Heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
In Love and Duty for your Kindness shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
Make haste, lest some Body
Get between thee and home, *Tom*.
I thank you, good Master *Bowser*,
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, Sir:
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need, Sir: Master *Cromwell*, will you
go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bless thee, *Tom*.
God speed thee, good *Tom*. [Exit.

Enter Bagot, a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
And by their loss must *Bagot* seek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Master *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand Pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whose Father was my Master.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
And this Morning have I got him arrested
At the Suit of Master *Friskibal*,
And by this means shall I be sure of Coin,
For doing this same good to him unknown:
And in good time, see where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal.

Good morrow to kind Master *Friskibal*.

Frisk. Good morrow to your self, good Master *Bagot*,
And what's the News you are so early stirring?
It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you see your Debtor *Banister*?

Frisk. I promise you, I have not seen the Man
This two Months day, his Poverty is such,
As I do think he shames to see his Friends.

Bag. Why then assure your self to see him straight:
For at your Suit I have arrested him,

And

106 *The Life and Death of*

And here they will be with him presently.

Fris. Arrest him at my Suit? you were to blame,
I know the Man's misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it so,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister*:
Why, such as he will break for Fashion sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand Pound,
Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him:

I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindness that I bear to you.

Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity:
But here is Master *Banister* himself,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Ban. O Master *Friskibal*, you have undone me:
My state was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-cast by your meanr.

Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*, pity my Husband's case,
He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
'Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fris. Mistress *Banister*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I have ofen from my Trencher fed:
Ingrateful Villain for to use me thus.

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but Truth.

Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an envious
A Carnibal that doth eat Men alive: (Heart.
But here upon my Knee believe me, Sir,

And

And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
We scarce have Meat to feed our little Babes:
Most of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,
Which had we Mony to defray our Debts,
O think, we would not bide that Penury:
Be merciful, kind Master *Friskibal*,
My Husband, Children, and my self will eat
But one Meal a day, the other will we keep and sell.

Fris. Go to, I see thou art an envious Man.
Good Mistress *Banister*, kneel not to me,
I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thousand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me: but if still your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:
I never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my self may fall.

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeserv'd
Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Ne'er may ought prosper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and day,
For your good Fortune and Success shall pray.

Fris. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within these three Days, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home:
Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drink,
Although you ill deserv'd it by your merit:
Give not such cruel scope unto your Heart;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I say, *Bagot*, farewell.
Come, Master *Banister*, you shall with me,
My Fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but Bagot.*]

Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your last,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confusion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns,

Doth

136 *The Life and Death of*

Doth he now foist me with a Portague?
 Well, I will be revenged upon this *Banister*.
 I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
 As seeming that I do it for good will,
 I am sure to have them at an easie rate;
 And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not;
 But I'll make his Heart t'ake with sorrow.
 And if that *Banister* becomes my Debtor,
 By Heav'n and Earth, I'll make his Plague the greater.
 [Exit Bagot,

Enter *Chorus*.

Cho. Now, Gentlemen, imagine
 That Young Cromwell is in Antwerp,
 Ledger for the English Merchants:
 And *Banister*, to shun this Bagot's Hate,
 Hearing that he hath got some of his Debts,
 Is fled to Antwerp, with his Wife and Children;
 Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them:
 And thither sends his Bills of Debt before,
 To be reveng'd on wretched *Banister*:
 What doth fall out, with Patience sit and see,
 A just Requital of false Treachery. [Exit.

Enter Cromwell in his Study, with Bags of Money before
 him, casting of Account.

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and ev'n,
 But, Cromwell, this same plodding fits not thee;
 Thy Mind is altogether set on Travel,
 And not to live thus cloyster'd, like a Nun:
 It is not this same trash, that I regard,
 Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, Sir, are you ready to dispatch me?

Crom. Yes, here's those Sums of Money you must carry:
 You go so far as Frankford, do you not?

Post. I do, Sir.

Crom. Well, prithee make all the haste thou canst,
 For there be certain English Gentlemen
 Are bound for Venice, and may happily want,

And

And if that you should linger by the way :
But in hope that you will make good speed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.

Post. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of Pow'r to make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistrefs Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves so much?
It seems she doth address her self to me.

Mrs. Ban. God save you, Sir, pray is your Name Master
Cromwell?

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come
to *Antwerp*?

Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Against one *Banister*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch :
I am the Wife to woful *Banister*,
And by that bloody Villain am pursu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp* :

My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;
Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,
Be merciful to a distressed Soul,
And God no doubt will treble bless your Gain.

Crom. Good Mistrefs *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my pow'r.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to *Bagot*, that same wicked Wretch;
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear ?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two Hours since.

Crom. Well, Mistrefs *Banister*, assure your self,
I'll speak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pity that I can :
Mean time, to comfort you, in your distress,
Receive these Angels to relieve your need,
And be assur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief and smart.

[*Exit Mistress Banister.*]

Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r:
It grieves my Soul to see her misery,
But we that live under the Work of Fate,
May hope the best, yet know not to what state
Our Stars and Destinies have us assign'd,
Fiekle is Fortune, and her Face is blind.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Bagot Solus.

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Banister, he is with the Governor :
And shortly shall have Gyves upon his Heels.
It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave:
I hope to have his Body rot in a Prison,
And after here, his Wife to hang her self,
And all his Children die for want of Food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*
Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand Pound,
Which scarcely stood me in three hundred Pound;
I bought them at an easie kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
And lest they should be stole, as sure they are,
I thought it meet to sell them here in *Antwerp*,
And so have left them in the Governor's Hand,
Who offers me within two hundred Pound
Of all my Price : but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
That if the Wind should keep me on the Sea,
He might arrest him here before I came :
And in good time, see where he is : God save you, Sir.

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
The Man that sent to you the Bills of Debt.

Crom. O, the Man that pursues *Banister*,
Here are the Bills of Debt you sent to me :

Thomas *Lord Cromwell.* III

As for the Man, you know best where he is ;
 It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
 A Mind that will not stoop to any Pity ;
 An Eye that knows not how to shed a Tear,
 A Hand that's always open for Reward.
 But, Master *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me,
 You should turn all these to the contrary ;
 Your Heart should still have feeling of remorse.
 Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
 To those that stand in need, and in distress ;
 Your Hand to help them that do stand in want,
 Rather than with your Poise to hold them down,
 For every ill turn show your self more kind,
 Thus should I do ; pardon, I speak my Mind.

Bag. I, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
 But you must live, I know, as well as I :
 I know this Place to be Extortion.
 And 'tis not for a Man to keep safe here,
 But he must lye, cog, with his dearest Friend ;
 And as for Pity, scorn it, hate all Conscience :
 But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
 To make a show of what I hope you are not,
 But I commend you, and it is well done :
 This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain ? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
 And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life,
 Before I'd live so base a Slave as thou,
 I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
 Of seeming Virtue, and a Devil within ?
 No *Bagot*, if thy Conscience were as clear,
 Poor *Banister* ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir ;
 I know full well that you are no such Man,
 But if your Conscience were as white as Snow,
 It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwise ?
 Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd ;
 Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith misconster'd ?

Answer, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
 I will not tarry here full two Hours longer :

As good luck serves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll straight unto the Treasurer:

Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to Travel,
To see the fruitful Parts of *Italy*;

And as you ever bore a Christian Mind,
Let *Banister* some Favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, Sir, I'll help him all I can;
To starve his Heart out ere he gets a Groat;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the Governor. [Exit *Bagot*.

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I said.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er so base,
To live by Falshood, or by Brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, his Father's Man.

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomas*; I had thought it had been no such matter to a gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Parish* Garden for two Pence, sit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were scarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rising in my Guts: At last, one of the Sailors spying of me, be a good cheer, says he, set down thy Victuals, and up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At last we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness, for I in kindness told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch Town*, he might put some *English* Beer into my Belly.

Crom.

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my Father's Man, by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at Home?

Hodge. Master *Thomas*, O God, Master *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to Understanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Bess Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Will* and *Tom* hath between them sent you a dozen of Points, and *Goodman Tell*, of the Goat, a pair of Mittons, my self came in Person, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me,

But in as ill a Time thou comest as may be;

For I am travelling into *Italy*,

What say'st thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me Company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee Company, *Tom*? what tell'st me of *Italy*? were it to the farthest Part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to Command; what, *Tom*, I have pass'd the rigorous Waves of *Neptune's* Blasts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in Danger of the Floods, and when I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my Knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because, as this same Fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?

Hodge. *Thomas*, to speak the Truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou shalt have Cheer good store: And farewell, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter the Governor of the English House, Bagot,
Baniſſer, his Wife, and two Officers.

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? say you, Mr. *Bagot*.
What dislike, I pray? what was the Cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own;
Such Youth as they cannot see when they are well:

He

114 *The Life and Death of*

He is all bent to Travel, that's his reason,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone,
We hardly shall find such a Man as he,
To fit our turns, his Dealings were so honest.
But now, Sir, for the Jewels that I have,
What do you say? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O, Sir you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man,
What's that in Payment of five thousand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got so much it made me sweat.

Gov. Well, Master *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You see this Merchant, Master *Banister*,
Is going now to Prison at your Suit:
His Substance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never dishonest Dealing, but such Mishaps
Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred Pound between us,
We will divide the same, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free:
His state is nothing, that you see your self,
And where nought is, the King must lose his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you speak out of your Love,
'Tis foolish Love, Sir, sure to pity him:
Therefore content your self, this is my Mind,
To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, though thou dost no good,
A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou base Wretch, whom we have foster'd,
Even as a Serpent for to poison us,
If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
To that same God I bend and bow my Heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy Head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas! fond Woman, I prethee pray thy worst,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter

Thomas Lord Cromwell. 115

Enter Master Bowser a Merchant.

Gov. Master Bowser! you're welcome, Sir, from England,
What's the best News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you;
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I must take my leave,
My Haste and Business doth require so.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?

Bow. I'faith unless I hear some News in Town,
I must away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Master Bowser, what is your Business, may I know it?

Bow. You may, Sir, and so shall all the City.
The King of late hath had his Treasury robb'd,
And of the choicest Jewels that he had:
The value of them was seven thousand Pounds,
The Fellow that did steal these Jewels is hang'd,
And did confess that for three hundred Pound,
He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London:
Now Bagot's fled, and as we hear, to Antwerp,
And hither am I come to seek him out,
And they that first can tell me of his News,
Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the Innocent!

Gov. Master Bowser, you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain Bagot that you seek,
And all those Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The Devil ought me a shame, and now he hath
paid it.

Bow. Is this that Bagot? Fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now stand for his Reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
In England, where his Villanies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my self,
Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, stop the Slave's Mouth.

[They carry him away.]

Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.

Gov. I heard this Bagot was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were seiz'd,
Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate within his House,
Was found the value of five thousand Pound,
His Furniture fully worth half so much,
Which being all strain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous Mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot's* Wealth to set him up again,
And keep it for him, his Name is *Banister*.

Gov. Master *Bowser*, with this happy News,
You have reviv'd twø from the Gates of Death,
This is that *Banister*, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is so good,
To bring such Tidings as may Comfort you.

Ban. You have giv'n Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
For by these News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign
King;
And last to you, that these good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I must receive, as due,
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master *Banister*, if so you please,
I'll bear you Company, when you cross the Seas.

Ban. If it please you, Sir, my Company is but mean;
Stands in your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all Things do accord so well :
Come, Master *Bowser*, let us to Dinner :
And, Mistress *Banister*, be merry Woman,
Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you Merit.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and without
Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this seeing Fashions ?
Marry would I had staid at *Putney* still.
O, Master *Thomas*, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-shod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shoe to my Feet, for my Hofs, they scorn'd them with their Heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me, and unlac'd me, and took away my Cloaths, and so disgrac'd me.

Crom. Well *Hodge*, what Remedy?
What shift shall we make now?

Hodge. Nay I know not, for Begging I am naught, for Stealing worse; by my Troth, I must even fall to my old Trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again; but now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the Humour of the Horses in this Country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no; for when I have one Leg in my Hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge*, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O, Master *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many time and often said, *Tom*, or Master *Thomas*, learn to make a Horse-shoe, it will be your own another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

Crom. The *Bandetti*.

Hodge. The *Bandetti*, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am sure we call them plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, Man, here set up these two Bills,
And let us keep our Standing on the Bridge:
The Fashion of this Country is such,
If any Stranger be oppress'd with Want,
To write the manner of his Misery,
And such as are dispos'd to succour him,
Will do it. What, hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay they're up, God send some to read them,
And not only to read them, but also to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[One stands at one end, and one at t'other.]

Enter Friskibal the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Fris. What's here? two *Englishmen* robb'd by the *Bandetti*.

One of them seems to be a Gentleman:

'Tis pity that his Fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate Hands of Thieves.

I'll question him, of what Estate he is.

God save you, Sir, are you an *Englishman*?

Crom. I am, Sir, a distressed *Englishman*.

Fris. And what are you, my Friend?

Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my self, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of Putney, that's my Master, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd for his sake, Sir.

Fris. I see you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But *Friskibal*, why dost thou question them
Of their Estate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's sixteen Duckets for to Cloath your selves,
There's sixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's sixteen to pay for your Horse-hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you see, my Purse possesses;
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can do,
My Name is *Friskibal*, a *Florence Merchant*:
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.

Crom. This unexpected Favour at your Hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but Thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from Despair;
Your Name shall still be in my hearty Prayer.

Fris. It is not worth such Thanks, come to my House,
Your want shall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice
To bear my Charges to *Banonia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much distress'd:
An *Englishman*. *Russel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the *French King* sold unto his Death,

It may fall out, that I may do him good :
To save his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood :
Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal Gift,
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.

Frisk. I'll be no hinderer to so good an Act,
Heav'n prosper you, in that you go about :
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you; so I take my leave,
All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath. [*Exit Friskib.*

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your Head,
There's few such Men within our Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you what, Master *Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,
Let's keep our Standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here; with begging in one Day,
Than I shall with making Horse-shoes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford* :
Where if I fail not in my Policy,
I shall deceive their subtle Treachery.

Hodg. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from thie-
ving *Bandetti* again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford and his Host.

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By such base Slaves, in such a place as this?
Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I overpass'd,
And made the *French* stir, when they heard my Name :
And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood;
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name,
By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Host. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course,
They have begirt you, round about the House;
Their meaning is to take you Prisoner,

And so to send your Body unto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
Before alive they send me unto *France* :
I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve,
And die as *Heclor*, 'gainst the *Mermydons*,
Ere *France* shall boast, *Bedford's* their Prisoner,
Treachurous *France*, that 'gainst the Law of Arms,
Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
But be assur'd, my Blood shall be reveng'd
Upon the best Lives that remain in *France*.
Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*.
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them.
Without the shedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands safe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him.

Bed. A *Neapolitan*? bid him come in. [Exit Servant.]
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous Man of *Rome*,
His Words would be as Chaff against the Wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Ulysses*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conquest.

Enter Cromwell like a Neapolitan, and Hodge with him.

Crom. Sir, are you the Master of the House?

Hof. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this same Token you must leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peasant here to tend on us.

Hof. With all my Heart, God grant you do some good.

[Exit Hof. Cromwell shuts the Door.]

Bed. Now, Sir, what's your Will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your self?

Bed. No, good-man Goose, not while my Sword doth last;
Is this your Eloquence for to perswade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to save you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Englishman*.

Bed.

Bed. How? *Cromwell?* not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The same, Sir, and am come to succour you.

Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am *Hodge* your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the Men of *Mantua*,

And these *Bononians*, are at deadly strife,

And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;

Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,

Then were you safe, despite of all their Force.

Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'st of things impossible;

Dost thou not see, that we are round beset,

How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy:

Put on the Apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear;

And give him yours; the States they know you not,

For, as I think, they never saw your Face,

And at a Watch-word must I call them in,

And will desire, that we two safe may pass

To *Mantua*, where I'll say my Business lyes;

How doth your Honour like of this Advice?

Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge?*

Hodge. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing I can;

And do agree, to set thee free; do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel streight.

Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haste, lest they chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.

[*Exeunt Earl and Hodge*]

Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Success,

And that the Earl may safely scape away.

And yet it grieves me for this simple Wretch,

For fear they should offer him Violence;

But of two Evils 'tis best to shun the greatest,

And better is it that he live in thrall,

Than such a noble Earl as He should fall.

Their stubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;

Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.

My Lord, have you dispatch'd?

150 *The Life and Death of*

Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his Cloak and his Hat.

Bed. How dost thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how dost feel thy self?

Hodge. How do I feel my self? why, as a Noble Man should do.

O how I feel Honour come creeping en,

My Nobility is wonderful Melancholy:

Is it not most Gentleman-like to be Melancholy?

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go sit down in thy Study, And take State upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

Bed. No, trust me, *Hodge*.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Pasture; 'tis a strange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.

[*Hodge sits in the Study, and Cromwell calls in the States.* All is done, enter and if you please.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you, and the quiet Earl Doth yield himself to be dispos'd by you.

Gov. Give him the Mony that we promis'd him: So let him go, whither he please himself.

Crom. My Business, Sir, lyes unto *Mantua*; Please you to give me safe Conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port, And see him safe delivered presently.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Bedford.*

Go draw the Curtains, let us see the Earl:

O, he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord; I am at this present writing, among the *Polonian Castles*. I do commend my Lordship to *Ralph* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy*, and so to all the Youth of *Putney*.

Gov.

Thomas Lord Cromwell 151

Gov. Sure these are the Names of *English* Noblemen,
Some of his special Friends, to whom he writes:
But stay, he doth address himself to sing.

[Here he sings a Song.]

My Lord, I am glad you are so Frolick and so Blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to sudden Sorrow.

Hodge. I change my merry Vein? no, thou *Bononian*, no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defie thee and thy *Casiges*:

Therefore stand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jestings cannot serve your turn.

Hodge. Dost think, thou black *Bononian* Beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest?
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's sound?

[A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.]

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What would you with us, speak thou Man
Mantua?

Mes. Men of *Bononia*, this my Message is,
To let you know the Noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is safe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you send the Peasant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation;
Or else the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
They will recall the Truce that they have made;
And not a Man shall stir from forth your Town,
That shall return, unless you send him back.

Gov. O this Misfortune, how it mads my Heart?
The *Neapolitan* hath beguil'd us all.

Hence with this Fool, what shall we do with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.

Hodge. No I'll assure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One Hodge, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir;

One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.

Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.

Mes. Farewel, *Bononians*. Come, Friend, along with me.

152 *The Life and Death of*

Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordship will follow thee
[Exit.

Gov. Well, *Mantua* since by thee the Earl is lost.
Within few Days I hope to see thee crost. [Exeunt,

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far you see how Cromwell's Fortune pass'd.
The Earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's Company into France,
To make requital for his Courtesie:
But Cromwell doth deny the Earl his Suit,
And tells him that those Parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the Land,
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The Earl to France, and so they both do part.
Now let your Thoughts as swift as is the Wind,
Skip some few Years that Cromwell spent in Travel;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Master of the Roll:
Where in short time he there began to flourish.

An Hour shall show you what few Years did cherish. [Exit.

The Musick plays, they bring out the Banquet. *Enter Sir Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Master's Credit;
And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure
Of common Entertainment, so do you,
With Looks as free as is your Master's Soul,
Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,
That shall receive the Cardinal's Followers,
And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my Care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,
And by how much thy Spirit is rankt 'bove these,
In rules of Art, by so much it shines brighter by travel,
Whose Observance pleads his Merit,
In a most learn'd, yet unassuming Spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, cast an Eye of fair Regard
'Bout all my House, and what this ruder Flesh,
Through Ignorance, or Wine, do miscreate,
Salve thou with Courtesie; if Welcome want,
Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will seem scant.

Crom.

Crom. Sir, whatsoever lies in me,
Assure you I will shew my utmost Duty. [*Exit Crom.*]

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here:
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute
The Service of the State than of my House:
I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one Day will prefer thy Destiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend us,

And look you all things be in perfect readiness.

The Musick Plays Enter Cardinal Wolfey, Sir Thomas Moore and Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir *Christopher*, you are too liberal: What, a Banquet too?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could show the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prater: but I now must deal like a feast Politician with your Lordships, defer your Welcome 'till the Banquet end, that it may then salve our defect of Fare:

Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolls.

Come and sit down, sit down Sir *Thomas Moore*:
'Tis strange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner,
And they are Men of active Disposition:
This I gather, that by their sparing Meat,
Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars:
And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws,
Being us'd to fast, it breeds less Pain.

Hales. Fill me some Wine; I'll answer Cardinal *Wolfey*:
My Lord, we *English* Men are of more freer Souls,
Than hunger-starv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, spare belly Food,
To deck their Backs with an *Italian* Hood,
And Silks of *Sevil*, and the poorest Snake,
That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated
His Pallet with sweet Flesh, will bear a case
More fat and gallant than his starved Face:

Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my Judgment, *Spain's* three-headed Devil.

Moor. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who stagger after in blind Imagination.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lordships a solemn Health.

Moor. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring
Pain to the Head, and Bodies surfeiting,
Then cease I Healths:

Nay spill not Friend, for though the drops be small,
Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your Man?

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguist,
One that hath travelled many parts of Christendom, my Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the
Low Countries,

France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*:

And tho' small gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it please my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the several States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government:

Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor Peasant, to the Prince's Train;

In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves:

England I praise not: For I here was born,
But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be discern'd by outward Eye;
Sir *Christopher*, will you part with your Man?

Hal. I have sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath prefer'd himself.

Wol. What is thy Name?

Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.

Thomas Lord Cromwell. 155

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee Solicitor of our Causes,

And nearest next our self:

Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man.

[*Gardiner Embraces him*,

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, besides your bounteous Dinner.
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou may'st shut thy Door.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, hadst thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldest not have pleased me
So much as with this Man of thine:

My infant Thoughts do spell,
Shortly his Fortune shall be lifted higher;
True Industry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell.

Hal. Cromwell, Farewell.

Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.

[*Exeunt. The Musick plays as they go out.*
Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwell's* highest Fortunes do begin.
Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his Life,
Committed all his Treasure to his Hands:
Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his Man
Is now created Bishop of Winchester:
Pardon if we omit all *Wolsey's* Life,
Because our Play depends on *Cromwell's* Death.
Now sit and see his highest State of all;
His height of rising, and his sudden fall:
Pardon the Errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor, Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master *Cromwell*, since Cardinal *Wolsey's* Death,
His Majesty is given to understand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand,

That

156 *The Life and Death of*

That much concern the State of England;
My Lord of Winchester, is it not so?

Gar. My Lord of Norfolk, we two were whilome Fellows,
And Master Cromwell, though our Master's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny those things,
Which may be prejudicial to the State;
And though that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher,
Than any way I looked for, or deserv'd,
Yet my Life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What say you, Master Cromwell? have you those
Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees,
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes,
Of Suffolk, and of Norfolk; he was my Master,
And each virtuous Part
That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart,
But what his Head complotted 'gainst the State,
My Country's love commands me that to hate.
His sudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall,
Because he sought to work my Country's thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the King shall hear of this thy Duty;
Whom I assure my self, will well reward thee;
My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty,
And show those Writings which he longs to see.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk*]

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, who's this, Cromwell?
By my Soul, welcome to England:
Thou once didst save my Life, didst thou not, Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater Glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for my self vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, Cromwell, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Sovereign:
Cheer up thy self, for I will raise thy State,
A Russell yet was never found ingrate.

[*Exit*]

Hal. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,

For

For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
And whom this Day Pride and Promotion swells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moor. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly say the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gard. I knew his State, and proud Ambition,
Were too too violent to last over-long.

Hal. Who soars too near the Sun, with golden Wings,
Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. Cromwell, kneel down in King Henry's Name,
Arise, Sir Thomas Cromwell, thus begin thy Fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Cromwell, the Majesty of England,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Master of the Jewel-house,
Chief Secretary to himself, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highness's Privy-Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir Thomas Cromwell? is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
The King Creates him Lord Keeper, of his Privy Seal,
And Master of the Rolls;
Which you, Sir Christopher, do now enjoy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, these Honours are too high for my
Desert.

Moor. O content thee, Man, who would not chuse it?
Yet thou art wise, in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing will have a sudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's all together bring
This new-made Counsellor to England's King.

[Exeunt all but Gardiner.]

Gard. But Gardiner means his Glory shall be dim'd:
Shall Cromwell live a greater Man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten Cromwell by the Head.

*[Exit.
Enter]*

158 *The Life and Death of*

Enter Friskibal very poor.

Frisk. O *Friskibal*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconstant Wheel,
Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and deny me Succour;
My Debtors, they that should relieve my want,
Forswear my Mony, say they owe me none:
They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched Man,
Am now most wretched here, despis'd my self;
In vain it is more of their Hearts to try,
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[*He lies down.*]

Enter Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Seely Come *Joan*, come, let's see what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horse-back and they'll ride*; a, well a-day for my Cow; such as he hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow else to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way; and by Gad's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a shall know that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheese-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a Fox Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes, stand up.

Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tip-staff, Cromwell with the Mace carried before him; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Attendants.

Hodge. Come, away with these Beggars here,

Rise

Rise up, Sirrah; come out, good People;
Run before there ho.

[*Friskibal riseth, and stands as far off.*]

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away now, we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho' you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: Stay, what Men are these? My honest Host of *Hunslow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Mony, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, dost thou; would thou wouldest pay me, good four Pound it is, I have a the Post at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels;
And look your Wife and you do stay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four Pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old *Tom* still?
Now God blefs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to Day;
And thou shalt come next Week,
Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God blefs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I desire him stay to Dinner: I must speak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, see you this same Bubble? That same puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Nor. I promise you, I like not something he hath done; But let that pass; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*:
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gard. Have I not reason, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of his Popish order from our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But that is done, it is for *England's* good:

What

160 *The Life and Death of*

What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
They neither Plow, nor Sow, and yet they Reap
The Fat of all the Land, and suck the Poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry's* Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
I pray you where is Hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed People go,
For to relieve their Need, or rest their Bones,
When weary Travel doth oppress their Limbs?
And where religious Men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Mastive Dog:
And thousand thousand——

Nor. O my Lord, no more:
Things past redress, 'tis bootless to complain.

Crom. What, shall we to the Convocation-house?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
Made Lord Keeper since I left *Putney*,
And dwelt in *Yorkshire*? I never heard better News;
I'll see that *Cromwell*, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! State set aside:
Father, on my Knee I crave your Blessing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better Leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I dye how happy were the Day,
To see this Comfort rains forth showers of Joy.

[Exit old Cromwell.]

Nor. This Duty in him shows a kind of Grace.

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.

[Exeunt all but Friskibal.]

Frif. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His Man so strictly gave me charge to stay:
I never did offend him, to my Knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,

Worse

Worse than I am now, never can befall.

Enter Banister and his Wife

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almost Dinner time,
For Mr. Newton, and Mr. Crosby sent to me
Last Night, they would come dine with me,
And take their Bond in : I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readines.

Mrs. Ban. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'll go before.
But is not that Man Master Friskibal?

[She runs and embraces him]

Ban. O Heaven's! it is kind Master Friskibal :
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this pass?

Frif. The same that brought you to your Misery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is Banister your poor Friend forgot?
Whose Goods, whose Love, whose Life and all is yours.

Frif. I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindness at my Hands than you,
Yet look'd as if when as they saw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If Banister would bear so base a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mightest, should Banister deal so.
Since that I saw you, Sir, my state is mended :
And for the thousand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home :
And tho' I grieve your Fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad :
And now, Sir, will it please you walk with me.

Frif. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did possess the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward; if you please,
We'll go along and bear you Company ;
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Frif. With all my Heart; but what's become of Bagot?

Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.

Frif.

162 *The Life and Death of*

Frisk. A just Reward for one so Impious.
The Time draws on, Sir, will you go along?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Master *Friskibal*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Now, Master *Crosby*, I see you have a care
To keep your Word, in payment of your Mony.

2 *Mer.* By my Faith I have reason upon a Bond,
Three thousand Pound is too much to forfeit.
Yet I doubt not Master *Banister*.

1 *Mer.* By my Faith your Sum is greater than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to Day I paid at Court.

2 *Mer.* Mafs, and well remembred:
What's the reason the Lord *Cromwell's* Men
Wear such long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.

1 *Mer.* I will resolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of *Winchester*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as less,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell's* Ear,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himself:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which vexed the Bishop to the very Heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.

2 *Mer.* 'Tis alwas seen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy still another;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, shall we now to Master *Banister's*?

1 *Mer.* Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Usher, and the Shewer, the Mant goes over the Stage.

Ush. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, old Cromwell, Friskibal,
Goodman Seely, and Attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell's* House:

Where

Thomas *Lord Cromwell*. 163

Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Although that Duty to these Noblemen doth challenge it;
Yet I'll make bold with them.

Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care:

What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?

It must not be. Now, Sir, to you;

Is not your Name *Friskibal*, and a *Florentine*?

Frif. My Name was *Friskibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.

Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?

Frif. All other Parts have left me succourless,
Save only this, because of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a distressed Man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His Name was *Cromwell*?

Frif. I never made my Brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my Heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my Horse hire;
There be those several Sums justly return'd:
Yet it Injustice were, that serving at my need,
For to repay them without Interest:
Therefore receive of me these four several Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark.
And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
And if they will not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all.
Here stands my Father that first gave me Life,
Alas what Duty is too much for him?
This Man in time of need did save my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him?
By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
Else might I have gone supperless to Bed.
Such kindness have I had of these three Men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.

Now

Now in to Dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong. [Exit.]

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his Man.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those Men I caus'd to stay?

Ser. They do attend your Pleasure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without,
For by those Men the Fox of this same Land,
That makes a Goose of better than himself,
Must worried be unto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not.
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-say what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses.

Now, my Friends, you know I sav'd your Lives,
When by the Law you had deserved Death;
And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more than what we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words; and that which you must do,
Is service for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flourishing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore must you take your solemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wish a Dagger at King *Henry's* Heart:
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing Harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And sprinkle Holy-water on your Brows:
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heav'n.

1 Wit. Now, Sir, we'll undertake it, by our Souls.

2 Wit. For *Cromwell* never loved none of our sort.

Gard.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you
I will prefer you to some place of worth.
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For presently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit-
Cromwell*, sit fast, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy Pride also thy own Head lights upon,
For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk and the Earl of Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?

Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my Mind is troubled:
I know your Honours muse wherefore I sent.

And in such haste: What came you from the King? (*him*).

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord Cromwell with

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?

There's Thomas Wolsey he's already gone,

And Thomas Moor, he follow'd after him:

Another Thomas yet there doth remain,

That is far worse than either of those twain;

And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,

I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.

Bed. Another Thomas? pray God it be not Cromwell.

Gard. My Lord of Bedford, it is that Traitor Cromwell.

Bed. Is Cromwell false? my Heart will never think it.

Suf. My Lord of Winchester, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his Treachery?

Gard. My Lord, too much; call in the Men within.

Enter the Witnesses.

These Men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,

That they did hear Lord Cromwell in his Garden,

Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart

Of our King Henry: What is this but Treason?

Bed. If it be so, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.

Suf. How say you, Friends; what, did you hear these
Words?

Wit. We did, an't like your Grace.

Nor.

Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spoke them?

2 Wit. In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two Years and more.

Suf. How long is't since you heard him speak these Words?

2 Wit. Some half a Year since.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 Wit. His Greatness made us fear; that was the cause.

Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatness, that's the cause indeed;
And to make his Treason here more manifest,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolsey's* Life, and of his Fall,
Says that himself hath many Enemies,
And gives to some of them a Park, or Manor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some:
What need he do this in his prime of Life,
An if he were not fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart;
Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

[Exit Bedford.]

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have said;
Your Souls must answer what your Tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 Wit. My Lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester*;
Let these Men be close kept until the Day of Trial.

Gard. They shall, my Lord; ho, take in these two Men.
[Exeunt Witnesses.]

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial,
That which we do, is void, by his denial;
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleases.

Suf. How shall we do for to attack him then?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himself,
With an intent to intrap some of our Lives,
And this it is: If any Counsellor
Be convicted of High Treason,
He shall be executed without a publick Trial.

This

This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.

Saf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for England's good,
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of Norfolk;
Therefore let us presently to Lambeth,
Thither comes Cromwell, from the Court to Night,
Let us arrest him, send him to the Tower,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town;
This is the Day that Cromwell must go down.

Gard. Along my Lords; well, Cromwell is half dead,
He shak'd my Heart, but I will shave his Head. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And Gardiner is the Man that makes it so;
O Cromwell, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

*Enter Cromwell with his Train, Bedford makes as though
he would speak to him: He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of Bedford,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the King,
And do not know the Business yet my self,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

[*Exit with the Train.*]

Bed. You must; well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath Business, but little dost thou know,
Who's busie for thy Life; thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell and the Train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of Bedford;
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord Marquess Dorset being sick to Death,
I must receive of him the Privy-Seal.
At Lambeth, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.

[*Exit with the Train.*]

Bed.

168 *The Life and Death of*

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to Death:

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Bishop of *Winchester*,
Intreat you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest matters that concern the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, so: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talk enough:
Ay, and our last, I fear, and if he come.

[He writes a Letter.]

Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*;
Bid him read it, say it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful Man. *[Exit.]*

Enter Cromwell and his Train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one Day's Business once were past,
I'd take my ease to Morrow after trouble.
How now my Friend would'st thou speak with me?

[The Messenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.]

Mes. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord;
Hold, take those Angels drink them for thy pains.

Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,
Because he says it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him assure himself of that, farewell,
To morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me.
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Serjeant
at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Card. Halberts stand close unto the Water-side,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver the Proclamation.

Her. This to give notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of *England*,
Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a Traitor,
Against the Crown and Dignity of *England*.
So God save the King.

Gar. Amen.

Bed.

*But know, that you shall soon the Label
For which these Death-Threats come, shall
See made a Label that the Traitor is at hand,
England Cromwell's Men
Draws them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office.*

Enter Cromwell, they enter a Room with their Halberds.

*Gran. What means my Lord of Norfolk by these Words?
See, come along.*

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

*On Lord Cromwell, in King Henry's Name,
I do shut your House of High Treason.*

Gran. Serjeant, out of Treason!

(Cromwell's Men offer to draw.)

Gran. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.

*Gran. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a
Who dare accuse Cromwell of Treason now? (Sword.*

*Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.*

*Gran. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, Gardiner, do thy worst, I fear thee not.
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass,
As dath the Diamond excell the Glass.
Accus'd of Treason, no Accusers by,
I lend what Tongue dares speak so foul a Lie?*

*Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowna,
And it is time the King had note thereof.*

*Gran. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I desire than that,
Let him but say, that Cromwell's Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour and my Name be stain'd;
If e'er my Heart against the King was set,
O let my Soul in Judgment answer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reason,
'Gainst whom hath Cromwell then committed Treason?*

*Gran. My Lord, your Matter shall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your self.*

*Gran. Perforce I must with Patience be content :
O dear Friend Bedford, dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend sheds a Tear
And whither it's which way must Cromwell now?*

Gard. My Lord, you must unto the Tower;
Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you please; yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men.

Gard. As you go by Water so you shall.

Crom. I have some Business pressing to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your Charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you stand Gardiner's Test;
Norfolk, farewell, thy turn will be the next.

[Exit Cromwell] and the Lieutenant

Gard. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is short enough.

Gard. My Lord of Bedford, come, you weep for him,
That would not shed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden Fall.

Gard. Such Success with I unto Traitors all. [Exit

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this News be true? is't possible?
The great Lord Cromwell arrested upon High Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the Wealth I have;
I was at Lambeth, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1 *Cit.* What was't for Treason that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time,
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not dye,
Because the King did favour him so much.

2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking so:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have so many Enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman should fall,
He did so many charitable Deeds.

3 *Cit.*

1 Cr. 'Tis true, and yet you see in each Estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the Face,
Will be the foremost to do him disgrace:

What, will you go along unto the Court?

1 Cr. I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what will become of him.

2 Cr. Some Men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity,
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am sure to hear more News than you.

1 Cr. Why then soon will we meet again. [Exeunt.

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy State, and of the time:

Thy Honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They fell as sudden, and unlook'd for too:

What Glory was in England that had I not?

Who in this Land commanded more than Cromwell?

Except the King, who greater than my self?

Be now I see what after Ages shall,

The greater Men, more sudden is their Fall.

And now I do remember, the Earl of Bedford

Was very desirous for to speak to me:

And after ward sent unto me a Letter,

The which I think I have still in my Pocket.

Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,

And this I take it is. [He reads the Letter.

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,

For if you do, your State is overthrown.

And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:

Then if you love your self, stay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,

Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:

Deferring this to read until to Morrow,

I spurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?

Lieut. Alas, my Lord, would I might never see it:

Here are the Dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,

H 2

Winchester,

172 *The Life and Death of*

Winchester, Bedford, and Sir Richard Ratcliff,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my Life and State insur'd:
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some think lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and instead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell's* Heart-blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good Morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the King acquainted with my Cause?

Nor. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him my self?

Gard. The King is so advertised of your Guilt,
He will by no means admit you to his Presence.

Crom. No way admit me! am I so soon forgot?
Did he but yesterday embrace my Neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was even half himself,
And are his Princely Ears so much bewitch'd
With scandalous Ignominy, and slanderous Speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?

Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majesty,

Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?

Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindness then?

Tell him by word of Mouth what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But on your Honour will you?

Gard. Ay, on my Honour.

Crom. Bear witness, Lords.

Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest hearted Man
In England: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these Extremities.

Crom.

Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of Bedford,
I know your Honour always lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this still shall be my Theme;
Gardiner's the cause makes *Cromwell* so extream:
Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a word with you;
You were my Man, and all that you possess
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own Hands to the King.

Sad. I kifs your Hand, and never will I rest,
Ere to the King this be delivered; [Exit Sadler.]

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain;
Here's a discharge for your Prisoner,
To see him executed presently:

My Lord, you hear the tenor of your Life.

Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my last date,
And of this glistering World I take last leave,
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath;
Treason is my Heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:

I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To lose his Head before his Cause was try'd;
Under his Grace, when he shall hear my Name,
Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieut. Here is your Son come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*,

Mark, Boy, the last words that I speak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for State, yet lose no spark of Honour;
Ambition, like the Plague, see thou eschew it.
I die for Treason, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy Faith as spotless be as mine,
And *Cromwell's* Virtues in thy Face shall shine:
Come, go along and see me leave my Breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.

Son. O Father, I shall die to see that Wound,
Your Blood being split will make my Heart to sound.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How shall I do then to have my Head strook off?
Come on, my Child, and see the end of all,
And after say, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord you speak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Winchester*, forbear;
It would better seem'd you to been absent,
Than with your Words disturb a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he disturbs not me;
My Mind he stirs not, tho' his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty Blessing, so I take my leave.

Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Dodn,
And bring'st me precious Physick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I desire of you,
Before my Death a corporal Embrace.

[*Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him*
Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend:
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heav'n I send;
This is my Joy, that ere my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-sheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new strength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men discover,
My Soul is shrin'd with Heaven's Celestial cover.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and the Officers, and others*

Bed. Well, farewell *Cromwell*, the truest Friend
That ever *Bedford* shall possess again;
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's Head.

Offic. Here is the Head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away;
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Thomas Lord Cromwell. 175

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now, my Lords, what is Lord Cromwell dead?

Bed. Lord Cromwell's Body now doth want a Head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had sav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him straight unto his Majesty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir Ralph, Reprieves come now too late.

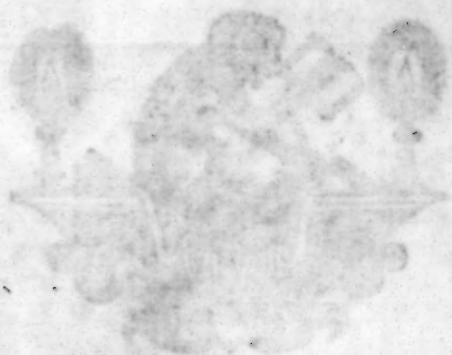
Gard. My Conscience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Christ that Cromwell were alive again.

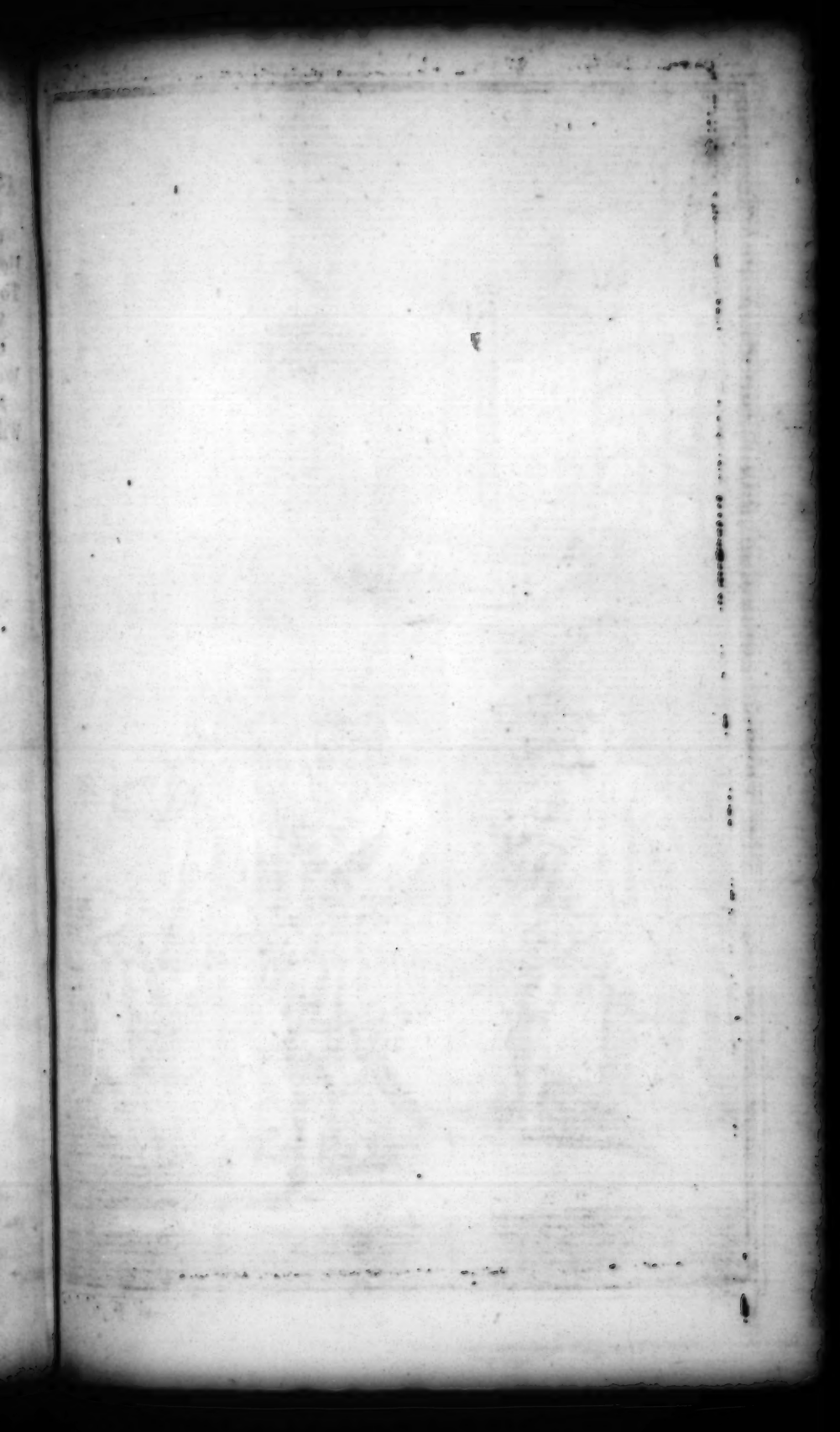
Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for Cromwell, that his Death was so.

[Exeunt omnes]



THE LANCET
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY HENRY COOKE, EDITOR
AT THE OFFICE OF THE LANCET, 11, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
PRINTED BY HENRY COOKE, 11, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1







THE
HISTORY

OF

Sir John Oldcastle,

THE GOOD
LORD COBHAM.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

THE
HISTORY

OF
SIR JAMES OAKLEY
THE GOOD
LORD CORHAM



By JAMES OAKLEY
LONDON

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, prefixt
Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peaceful Quiet of your settled Thoughts:
To stop which Scruple, let this brief suffice,
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,
Nor aged Counsellor to youthful Sin;
But one, whose Virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer,
In whose true Faith and Loyalty exprest
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal:
We strive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favour's Merit; let fair Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd Invention former Time defac'd

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Harpool, Servant to the Lord Cobham.

Lord Herbert, with Gough his Man.

Lord Powis, with Owen, and Davy, his Men.

The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire, with
Bayliffs and Servants.

Two Judges of Assize.

The Bishop of Rochester, and Clun his Sumner.

Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine.

The Duke of Suffolk.

The Earl of Huntington.

The Earl of Cambridge.

Lord Scroop.

Lord Grey.

Chartres the French Agent.

Sir Roger Acton.

Sir Richard Lee.

Master Bourn.

Master Beverley.

Murley, the Brewer of Dunstable.

Master Butler, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

Lady Cobham.

Lady Powis.

Cromer Sheriff of Kent.

Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of St. Albans.

A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.

Soldiers and old Men begging.

Dick and Tom, Servants to Murley.

An Irishman.

An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.

} Rebels.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF

Sir John Oldcastle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, Owen,
Bailiff, Gough, and Davy.*

SHERIFF.

MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highness
Name to keep the Peace, you and your
Followers.

Her. Good Master Sheriff, look un-
to your self.

Pow. Do so, for we have other Bu-
ness. [*Proffer to fight again.*]

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Gossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes.

Owen.

Owen. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

Bail. O yes.

Davy. O say, py cofs plut, down with her, down with her. A Powis, a Powis.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert, and down with Powis.

[Helter skelter again.

Sher. Hold in the King's Name, hold.

Owen. Down with a Knaves Name, down.

[In the fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.

Her. Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy Heart.

Her. Thy Heart's best Blood shall pay the loss of mine.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Davy. A Powis, a Powis.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen with Clubs.

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown, True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King, Attend his Highness Proclamation, Commanded by the Judges of Assize, For keeping Peace at this Assembly.

Her. Good Master Mayor of Hereford, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes, Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Justices perceiving what publick Mischiefe may ensue this private Quarrel; in his Majesty's Name, do straitly charge and command all Persons, of what Degree soever, to depart this City of Hereford, except such as are bound to give attendance at this Assize, and that no Man presume to wear any Weapon, especially Welsh-Hooks, Forest Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powis do presently disperse and discharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Imprisonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord Powis in Prison? A Powis, a Powis. Cossloon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Sir JOHN OLDESTABLE. 183

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded; and falls to the ground: the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs: Powis runs away, Gough and Herbert's Follies are busy about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs before them, &c.

1 Judge. Where's the Lord Herbert? Is he hurt or slain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 Judge. How fares his Lordship, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

1 Judge. Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take

Air,

And get him drest with Expedition.

[Exit L. Herbert and Gough.]

Master Mayor of Hereford, Master Sheriff o'th' Shire,

Commit Lord Powis to safe Custody,

To answer the disturbance of the Peace,

Lord Herbert's Peril, and his high contempt

Of us, and you the King's Commissioners,

See it be done with Care and Diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powis is gone past all recovery.

2 Judge. Yet let search be made, To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers assist.

Davy. Here you, Lord Shudge, what reason for this?

Owen. Cofsoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1 Judge. Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord Herbert's Man's a shitten Kanavoy

Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shuffice, let awl be Prison.

Davy. Prison, no,

Lord Shudge, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

2 Judge

2 Judge. What Bail? what Sureties?

Davey. Her Coten up Rice, up Dolan, up Morris, up Morgan, up Lhellyn, up Mader, up Meredith, up Griffis, up Davy, up Owen, up Shinken Shines.

2 Judge. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1 Judge. To Goal with them and the Lord Herbert's Men. We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [Exeunt. Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms, Must we be forced to come from the Bench, To quiet Brawls, which every Constable In other civil Places can suppress?

2 Judge. What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion; as I heard, my Lord.

Lord Powis's detracted from the Power of Rome, Affirming Wickliff's Doctrine to be true, And Rome's Erroneous: Hot Reply was made By the Lord Herbert; they were Traitors all That would maintain it. Powis answer'd, They were as true, as noble, and as wise As he, that would defend it with their Lives. He nam'd for instance Sir John Oldcastle The Lord Cobham: Herbert reply'd again, He, thou and all are Traitors that so hold. The Lie was giv'n, the several Factions drawn, And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1 Judge. This case concerns the King's Prerogative; And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth. Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff. It doth behove us all, and each of us In general and particular, to have care, For the suppressing of all Mutinies, And all Assemblies, except Soldiers' Musters, For the King's Preparation into France. We hear of secret Conventicles made, And there is doubt of some Conspiracies, Which may break out into rebellious Arms. When the King's gone, perchance before he go: Note as an instance, this one perillous Fray,

What

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 105

What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conscience, Sir John Oldcastle's
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highness give this Charge:
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every ones Precinct
There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
And there examine further of this Pray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord Powis yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 Judge. They that are left behind, shall answer all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Master Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty
To speak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know;
And have been oftentimes invested with:
Grievous Complaints have past between the Lips
Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the Livings which we have;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient Custom in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a Chief:
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
These Upstarts will have Followers to uphold
Their damn'd Opinion, more than Harry shall
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justify?

Roch.

Roch. They give themselves the Name of Protestants;
And meet in Fields and solitary Groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like 'till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sblood Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll stand to't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practices,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.
An honest Country Prelate, who laments
To see such foul disorder in the Church.

S. John. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcastle*.
He has not his Name for nought: For like a Castle
Doth he encompass them within his Walls.
But 'till that Castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en
And brought in question for his Heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord of *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,
For they had much ado to calm the Rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slain.

Suf. A Fire that must be quench'd. Well say no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France*,
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Master *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.

But. I will my Lord.

Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purse.*
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth present
This Purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,
Praying your Lordship to accept their Gift.

Suf. I thank them; my Lord Bishop, for their love,
But will not take their Mony; if you please

To

To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of *Rockingham*.

Roch. Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon *New Market Heath* You should not need strain cart'ie who should ha't, Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord, The very first thing I will break with him Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington in talk.

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*,

Was it not said the Clergy did refuse To lend us Mony toward our Wars in *France*?

Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

King. I know it was: For *Huntington* here tells me They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious Lord, to be so, Hoping your Majesty will think on them As of your loving Subjects, and suppress All such malicious Errors as begin To spot their calling, and disturb the Church.

King. God else forbid: why, *Suffolk*. Is there any new Rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough, And so increasing, as if not cut down, Will breed a scandal to your Royal State, And set your Kingdom quickly in an uproar. The *Kentish Knight*, Lord *Cobham*, in despite Of any Law, or spiritual Discipline, Maintains this upstart new Religion still, And divers great Assemblies by his means And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad, As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made apparent.

King. We do find it here;

There was in *Wales* a certain Pray of late Between two Noblemen. But what of this?

Follows it straight Lord *Cobham* must be he Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good Knight,

He

He never dream'd of any such contention.

Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin.

About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abett them in it?

If brabling Fellows, whose enkindled Blood

Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,

Making their Quarrels of some words that pass

Either of you, or you, amongst their Cups,

Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highness, my dread Lord,

Such little Sparks neglected, may in time

Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all,

He doth beside maintain a strange Religion,

And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince,

Without Offence unto your Majesty,

We may be bold to use Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the Arches;

Where such Offences have their Punishment.

King. To answer personally, is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord.

King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in such a Case as this,

Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.

King. I took it always, that our self stood on't

As a sufficient Refuge: Unto whom

Not any but might lawfully appeal.

But we'll not argue now upon that Point.

For Sir *John Oldcastle*, whom you accuse,

Let me intreat you to dispence a while

With your high Title of Preheminence.

Report did never yet condemn him so.

But he hath always been reputed Loyal:

And in my Knowledge I can say thus much,

That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable.

If any way his Conscience be seduc'd:

To waiver in his Faith, I'll send for him.

[In scorn.]

And

And school him privately: If that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him:

Butler, be you the Messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to Court. [Exit.]

S. John. How now my Lord? why stand you discontent?
Insooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*, if he would keep his Word:
But I perceive he favours him so much
As this will be to small Effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:
If you suspect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a Process too
To serve upon him, so you may be sure
To make him answer't, howsoever it fall.

Roch. And well remembred, I will have it so,
A *Sumner* shall be sent about it straight. [Exit.]

S. John. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains
For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honest *Jack*:
Methinks the Purse of Gold the Bishop gave
Made a good shew, it had a tempting Look:
Beshrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch
To be upon those golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;
I am not as the World doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang i'faith:
A Priest in shew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief.
One that will take it where it may be spar'd,
And spend it freely in good Fellowship.
I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had,
That still when any Villany is done,
There may none suspect it was Sir *John*.
Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life,
Except the crabbed Bitterness thereof
Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my Doll, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a lusty bouncing Girl.
But whilst I loiter here, the Gold may scape,
And that must not be so: It is mine own,
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,

And

And thrive him of it, there will be the sport. [Exit.]

Enter four poor People, some Soldiers, some old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for punishing,
But there's no Law for Necessity:

There be more Stocks to set poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houses to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, House-keeping decays in every place
Even as *St. Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rochester* has given command, That
none shall go abroad out of the Parish, and has set down
an Order forsooth, what every poor Householder must give
for our Relief; where there be some lessed, I may say
to you, had almost as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at Door for God's sake,
they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our
Bodies, our maim'd Limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into
France, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather be
slain in *France*, than starve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrews-*
bury Bastel, I would not do as I do; but we are now
come to the good Lord *Cobham's* House, the best Man to
the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him, there be but few such.

Enter Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward Man, what wouldst thou
have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggary,
I serv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me such two Men now: No, no,
Your Backs, your Backs; the Devil and Pride
Has cut the Throat of all good House-keeping,
They were the best Yeomens Masters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves
And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate,
There is no Hospitality with thee.

Har.

Har. They may sit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of anything you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry Knaves as you:
Yes, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Guests be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old Man. God bless your Honour, God save the good Lord Cobham, and all his House.

Sold. Good your Honour, bestow your blessed Alms upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir, hereby your Alms Knights:
Now are you as safe as the *Emperor*.

Har. My alms Knights? Nay, they're yours:
It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to it,
Your foolish Alms maintains more Vagabonds
Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beside.

Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for your Livings.
Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out,
There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongst so many Mastive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy Knaves?

Away, away, you Villains.

Sold. I beseech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think
that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance;
go bestow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them? you are grown so
Beggary, that you can scarce give a bit of Bread at your
Door: you talk of your Religion so long, that you have
banished Charity from you: a Man may make a Flax-
shop in your Kitchen Chimnies, for any Fire there is
stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence:
Let them not stand here starving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor Men
from the Door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may
come to my self: God help ye poor Knaves, ye see the
World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee
good Lady, thy Soul's at rest: She gave more in Shirts
and Smocks to poor Children, than you spend in your
House, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob.

Cob. Ev'n the worst deed that ever my Mother did,
Was relieving such a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool still : with all your Wit you'll
die a Beggar, go too.

Cob. Go, you old Fool, give the poor People some-
thing : Go in poor Men into the inner Court, and take
such Alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God blefs your Honour.

Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but
Misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. [Exit.

Oldm. God blefs, you good Master *Ralph*, God save your
Life, you are good to the Poor still. [Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Passengers there be that know this way :
Methinks he stops as though he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many Foes :
And this may be some desperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me Mischief : as pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming.
Be he but one Man, whatsoever he be. [Lord Powis comes on.
I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Pow. Well met, my Honourable Lord and Friend.

Cob. You are welcome, Sir, whate'er you be ;
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My Name is *Powis*, an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My Honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent* ?
And thus disguised in this strange Attire ?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected Accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these Parts,
And thus is hap'd. Not yet full five Days since,
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about some certain Points
Of *Wickliff's* Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,

And

And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of *Europe* at this Day,
The wisest testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a Schismatick,
His Doctrine devilish and Heretical:

And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.

Being moved at his peremptory Speech
I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in Comparisons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this Challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the Truth.

And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an Hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges rising from the Bench,
Were in their Persons forc'd to part the Fray.

Col. I hope no Man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herbert's* self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Col. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill News.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into *Kent*,
To shroud my self with you so good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Col. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.

But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the Privy Chamber,
is sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbers* be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? do'st thou quake? do'st thou shake? do'st thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the Walk.

Har. Come Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long Before I heard of something from the King, About this matter.

Enter Harpool, with Master Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him; I'll have your Men into the Sellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master Butler.

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend his Love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bless his Highness, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look as though you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance, that angers me: coming over *Shooter's-Hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me Money; and whilst I staid my Horse to draw my Purse, he takes the advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out of my Saddle, I never was so wob'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your mischance: we will send our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as shall be found, then Mr. Butler we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noblemen; though we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a *Sumner* must not go always

by

by seeing: a Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Profit. Well, this is Lord Cobham's House, if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon his Door, so my Lord of Rochester bad me; but methinks here comes one of his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome, who would'st thou speak with?

Sam. With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his Men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

Sam. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sam. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a Knave as thou canst.

Sam. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sam. My Lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: and what wouldst thou have with my Lord Cobham?

Sam. I come by vertue of a Process, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at Rochester.

Har. *aside*. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, *Summer*, your carried your Process back.

Sam. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see that he take Knowledge of it.

Har. Zounds you Slave, do you set up your Bills here? go too, take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a Process?

Sam. Yes, marry do I, on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet: and Sirrah, dost not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his House, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?

Sam. What's that to my Process?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Process Parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. *Sirrah, Summer, dispatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.*

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rochester's Summer*, I came to do my Office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. *Sirrah*, no railing; but betake your self to your Teeth, thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee, thou bring'st it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worse than thou wilt eat thy self?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O, do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you 'till you have a Stomach. [Beats him]

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman. I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chew you, you Rogue, the purest of the Honey.

Sum. Tough Wax is the purest Honey.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh.

Feed, feed, 'tis wholesome, Rogue, wholesome.

Cannot you, like an honest *Summer*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you must come to a Noble Man's House with Process? If thy Seal was as broad as the Lead that covers *Rochester Church*, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choak'd, I am almost choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lord, is there no Beer in the House? Butler, I say.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer.

[He Drinks.]

There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean you shall more than your own

word, for I'll make you eat all the Words in the Process.
Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wen-
ches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come hither
with a Citation with the Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the *Summer*.

Har. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sam. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy Stomach well, because thou
shalt see my Lord keeps Meat in's House, if thou wilt go in
thou shalt have a piece of Beef to thy Break-fast.

Sam. No, I am very well, good Master Servingman, I
thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester
to keep your Stomach warm. And *Summer*, if I do know
you disturb a good Wench within this Diocese, if I do not
see thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of
Knick Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sam. God be w'ye, Master Servingman.

[Exit.]

Har. Farewel, *Summer*.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, Master *Harpool*.

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what
News with thee?

Con. An't please you, Master *Harpool*, I am to make
War and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two
Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to search all
suspected Places; and they say there was a Woman in the
Company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou sought
there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* Liberty,
except I had some of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps
the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Woman. Who calls there? Oh, it's you, Mr. Constable,
and Mr. *Harpool*? you're welcome with all my Heart,
what make you here so early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to search for all suspected Persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am sorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir *John Wrotham*, and a handfom Woman that is his Neece, that he says he has some Suit in Law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, sometimes they lie at my House.

Har. What, is she here in thy House now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promise you, Sir, he is a quiet Man, and because he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Beds Feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's see her. let's see her.

Ale-man. *Dorothy*, you must come down to Master Constable.

Doll. A-noon forsooth.

[*She enters.*]

Har. Welcome, sweet Lads, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Master Constable also.

Har. A plump Girl by the Mass, a plump Girl; ha,

Doll. ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me, *Doll*?

Con. Ah! well said, Master *Harpool*, you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll. aside. Oh! if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the House there.

Con. Oh! well said Master *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou hast a sweet pair of Lips by the Mass.

Doll. Truly you are a sweet old Man, as ever I saw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 199

Doll. I pledge you Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Imbracing her.*] *Dol*, canst thou love me? a mad merry Lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah these sweet Gray Locks, by my Troth they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Master *Harpool*, I'll have one Buss too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love Kissing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you sweet sugar-lipt Wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter Priest.

Priest. *Doll*, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet Love.

Priest. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spight of thee, is this stuff for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good Fellow Parson may have a Chappel of Ease, where his Parish Church is far off?

Har. You Whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old Ruffian, you Lion of *Coosol*.

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*]

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my House.

Har. You Whorson Bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet Heart, be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy Days, let's not be asham'd of our Trade, the King hath been a Thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Priest. I have, Wench, here be Crowns & Faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well said, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Priest. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Benchman, a Wench; I can say a Mass, and kiss a Lass: Faith I have a Parsonage, and because I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench serveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well said, mad Priest, we'll in and be Friends.

[Exeunt;

Enter Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, Master Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Act. Now Master *Murley*, I am well assur'd You know our Errand, and do like the Cause, Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Master, good Sir Roger *Acton*, Master *Bourn*, and Master *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your honest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Profession.

Bou. Professed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good Master *Beverley*, all of a House, say your Mind, say your Mind.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown so great Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smook Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears; High time it is that we were drawn to head, Our General and Officers appointed. And Wars ye wot, will ask great store of Coin, Able to strength our Action with your Purse, You are Elected for a Colonel Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur.

Mur. Foe, Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! *Sir Roger Aston*, I am but a *Dum-Jack* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will lusty Caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my Calling, go at my bidding? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of Wax, a Horse of Cheese, a Prick and a Pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master *Murley*, you shall be a Knight: Were you not in Election to be Sheriff? Have ye not pass'd all Offices but that? Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady? I warrant you, my Lord, our General bestows that Honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear: But tell me, who shall be our General. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, That noble Alms-giver, House-keeper, virtuous, Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys, Come to me there.

Al. Why, who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Al. My word for that, *Sir William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow, *Sir Roger Aston* Knight, all Fellows I mean in Arms, how strong are we? how many Partners? Our Enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or less upon occasion, reckon our Force.

Al. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers, Three thousand and three hundred, at the least: Of Northern Lads four thousand, beside Horse: From *Kent* there comes with *Sir John Oldcastle* Seven thousand; then from *London* issue out, Of Masters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices, Forty odd thousand into *Ficket Field*, Where we appoint our special Rendevoüz.

Mur. Foe, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that *Ficket Field*, *Sir Roger*?

Al. Behind *St. Giles's* in the Field, near *Holbourn*.

Mur. Newgate, up Holbourn, St. Giles's in the Field, an to Tybourn, an old say. For the Day, for the Day?

Al. On Friday next, the Fourteenth day of January.

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never if I have any liking of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday, quoth a, dismal day, Childermas-day this Year was Friday.

Bev. Nay Master Murley, if you observe such days, We make some question of your Constancy.

All Days are alike to Men resolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold Master *Beverly*: Friday next, and *Ficket* Field, and *William Murley* and his merry Men shall be all one: I have half a score Jades that draw my Beer Cart, and every Jade shall bear a Knave, and every Knave shall wear a Jack, and every Jack shall have a Scull, and every Scull shall shew a Spear, and every Spear shall kill a Foe at *Ficket* Field, at *Ficket* Field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William* and *George*, and all my Knaves shall fight like Men, at *Ficket* Field, on Friday next.

Bourn. What Sum of Mony mean you to disturse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Al. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough, A hundred thousand will not pay our Men Two Months together; either come prepar'd Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel, In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture, Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least, And all your Followers mounted on good Horse, Or never come digraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer, Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of Mony 'till the Axletree crack; my felt and my Men in *Ficket* Field on Friday next; remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there.

[*Exit.*

Al.

Al. See what Ambition may perswade Men to,
In hope of Honour he will spend himself.

Bour. I never thought a Brewer half so rich.
Br. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one,
With using too much Malt, too little Water.

Al. That's no fault in Brewers now-a-days:
Come, away about our Business.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, Master Butler, Oldcastle

Kneeling to the King.

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to submit,
You must forsake your gross Opinion:
The Bishops find themselves much injured,
And though for some good Service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty,
Next unto my God, I owe my Life;
And what is mine, either by Nature's gift,
Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.
But for Obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Instruction at their Hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My Conscience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to press our Subjects Bodies,
Much less their Souls, the dear reſeem'd part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me Counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your House, but to the uttermost
Disperse the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any Breath that dares come forth,
And say, my Life in any of these Points
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost Rigour may be shown.

King,

King. Let it suffice, we know your Loyalty.
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highness Pardon for Lord *Powis* Life,
Which I did beg, and you, my Noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchsafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not signed with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you say was done
Not of propens'd malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise. [*King Writes*]

King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his Soul to God for his Offence,
What we remit, is but the Body's Scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop?

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Justice, dread Sovereign,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

King. How? Or by whom?

Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This *Jew*, this Traitor to your Majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasie Maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear, I say: and Bishop, shew the Cause
From whence this late Abuse hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general consent
A Messenger was sent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his House, a Russian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our Authority.

King.

King. When was this done?

Roch. At six a Clock this Morning.

King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last Night, my Liege.

King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuse him so.

Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment;
Or else his Man durst not have been so bold.

King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.

Is this the Duty you do bear to us?

Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestal
Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him?

This favours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.

Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his desert for being Insolent,

Enter Lord Huntington.

That was imploy'd so much amiss herein.

So *Cobham* when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege. [Exit.]

King. Farewel; what's the News by *Huntington*?

Hum. Sir *Roger Aston*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold Seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion.

And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket Field*, unless they be repuls'd.

King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold?

And will proud War and eager thirst of Blood,

Whom we had thought to entertain far off,

Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds?

Must we be forc'd to hance our sharp Blades

In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France*?

Well, a God's Name be it. What's their Number, say?

Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hum. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*.

Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord Cobham?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Rich. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as Innocent as Truth it self?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Rich. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this Heretick die in a Rope. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, and
Chartres the French Factor.*

Scroop. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge, make Rehearfal
How you do stand Intituled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroop, Sir Thomas Gray,
And you, Monsieur de Chartres, Agent for the French.
This Lionel, Duke of Clarence, (as I said)
Third Son of Edward (England's King) the Third,
Had Issue, Philip his sole Daughter and Heir;
Which Philip afterward was given in Marriage
To Edmund Mortimer the Earl of March,
And by him had a Son call'd Roger Mortimer;
Which Roger likewise had of his Descent,
Edmund, Roger, Ann and Elianor,
Two Daughters, and two Sons, but of those, three
Dy'd without Issue: Ann, that did Survive,
And now was left her Father's only Heir,
My fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King Edward's Line:
So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know.
Richard Plantagenet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of York, and Son and Heir,
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's first Son.

See top.

Scroop. So that it seems your Claim comes by your Wife,
As lawful Heir to Roger Mortimer,
The Son of *Edmond*, which did marry *Philip*
Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.

Clau. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both,
Harry the first, as plainly doth appear,
Are false Intruders, and Usurp the Crown.
For when Young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
That was the Eldest of King *Edward*'s Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their second Brother,
Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take Possession of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father, King,
Who fetch'd their Title but from *Lancaster*,
Fourth of that Royal Line. And being thus
What Reason is't, but she should have her Right?

Scroop. I am resolv'd, our Enterprize is just.

Gray. *Harry* shall Die, or else resign his Crown.

Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*
Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But send you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he had me Proffer,
If you can stop but *Harry*'s Voyage for *France*.

Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in such division as it is.

Cam. Besides you must perswade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard*'s Murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,
And now the Harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation
Are to be crop'd, and cast into the Fire.

Scroop. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To set up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. *Gray* will perform the same, as he is Knight.

Char.

Chw. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Seroop. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* Fellowship,
 And then our Plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd
 By the incensed Clergy, and of late
 Brought in displeasure with the King, assures
 He may be quickly won to our Faction.
 Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
 Of our whole purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his House;
 Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
 See where his Castle stands, give me the writing.
 When we are come unto the Speech of him,
 Because we will not stand to make recount
 Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
 Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Seroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himself
 Booted and spur'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.

Cob. My Lord of Cambridge?
 Your Honour is most welcome into *Kent*,
 And all the rest of this fair Company.
 I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
 But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Host,
 And see what Entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your Guests;
 But now this lucky Meeting shall suffice
 To end our Business, and defer that kindness.

Cob. Business, my Lord? what Business should
 Let you to be merry? we have no delicacies;
 Yet this I'll promise you, a piece of Venison,
 A Cup of Wine, and so forth, Hunters fare:
 And if you please, we'll strike the Stag our selves
 Shall fill our Dishes with his well-fed Flesh.

Seroop. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

Cam.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in *Cowling*: If you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forest,
Where runs a lusty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag superior to the rest;
A stately Beast, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the sullen Earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breast
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind:
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly Beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the Limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a Several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both Corn and Pasture, two of his wild Race
Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feast.

Sceop. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Pastime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruse this Writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport. [*He reads.*]

Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain wou'd chase, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil;
And in the stead of wholesome Meat, prepare
A Dish of Poison to confound our selves.

Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Sceop. Besides, you know your self is in disgrace,
Held as a Recreant, and pursu'd to Death.
This will defend you from your Enemies,
And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob.

Cob. Notorious Treason! yet I will conceal
My secret Thoughts to sound the Depth of it. [Aside.]
My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,
By prosecuting of this enterprize.

But where are Men? where's Pow'r and Furniture
To order such an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France*: Here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both Men and Mony too.
The Commons likewise, as we hear, pretend
A sudden Tumult, we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
You are, my Lords, such Men as live in Court,
And have been highly favour'd of the King,
Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his Bedfellow.
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then perish may my Soul; what, think you so?

Scroop. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
I crave no other Testimony but this:
That you would all subscribe, and set your Hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewise write
your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Master's
words, the King of *France*.

Char.

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together;
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of July next.

Cob. In Kent? agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to Night.

Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other Friends.

Scoop. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taste a Cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: so farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Cobham.*]

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highness in the Face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known,
This Head shall not be burthen'd with such Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of such Impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, Lord Powis, Lady Powis, and Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem ye so unquiet in your Looks?
What hath befalln you that disturbs your Mind?

L. Pow. Bad News I am afraid touching my Husband.

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your Husband's Pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how to re-
ply, my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, Madam, stay me not,
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my Horse.

L. Cob. So soon, my Lord? what will you ride all Night?

Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so sweet Wife;
Urge me not why, or what my Business is,
But get you in: Lord *Powis* bear with me.
And, Madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse,
My House is at your Use. *Harpool*, away.

Har

THE HISTORY OF

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir; your Gelding, mount you presently. *[Exit.]*

L. Cob. I prithee *Maspeur* look unto thy Lord, I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a-foot belike, Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen; that hath so highly us blessed.

L. Cob. Come, Madam, and my Lord, we'll hope the best, You shall not into *Wales* till he return.

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart, Yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolved Of this unlook'd-for doubtful Accident. *[Exit.]*

Enter Murley and his Men prepared in some filthy Order for War.

Mur. Come my Hearts of Flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly; no Man afore his Leader: Follow your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dan is the Mouse: Dick and Tom for the credit of *Dunstable*, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye shall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence* my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon what a World is this? I would give a couple of Shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as many Scars to set you out withal. Frost and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-balls can bear witness; this little parrel we have shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence*'s mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders, are making their Wills because they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends scramble for our Goods if we die: But Master, pray let me ride upon

Mr. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Frost and Snow, why Tom thou shalt. Let me see, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Hories; proper Men, handsome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE: 213

Dick. But Master, Master, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Person, and a Card-Load of Money too.

Tom. Yea, and Master, there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their Blessing, and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, some say the King takes their part, and Master dare you fight against the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conscience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Bosom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? Your Bosom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us. **Tom** thou'r't a Fool, and thou speakest Treason to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight? No, I shall be Knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunstable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-master, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and for all Wealth: You bring more Money with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I shall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'spose my Men, **Tom** upon *Cox*, **Dick** upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Serrel*, and *Robin* upon the Fore-horle.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All Friends, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir Roger.

Al. Why, thus you shew your self a Gentleman;
To keep your Day, and come so well prepared.
Your Cart stands yonder guarded by your Men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin.
What Sum is there?

Mur. Ten thousand Pound, Sir Roger, and modestly,
decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here
against I be Knighted.

Al. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

Al. Dispers'd in sundry Villages about;
Some here with us in *High-gate*, some at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfield*, *Edmonton*, *Newington*,
Islington, *Hogsdone*, *Pancridge*, *Kensington*,
Some nearer, *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall* and *Bow*:
But our chief Strength must be the *Londoners*.
Which, ere the Sun to morrow shine,
Will be near fifty thousand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but upon
occasion, Sir Roger *Alton*, doth not the King know of it,
and gather his Power against us?

Al. No, he's secure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Al. Fear extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall
carry the World afore us, I vow, by my Worship; when
I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand
on their part.

Al. This Night we sew in *High-gate* will repose,
With the first Cock we'll rise and arm our selves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcastle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our *Action* stands.

Sir Roger *Alton* may supply his Place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who shall make me Knight?

Bev. He that bath pow'r to be our General.

Al. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long 'till it be Day

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.

Priest. Canst thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purse, none walks within forty Miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Parish does the poor Man's *Rox*.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall, and thou know'st well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tryed me that thou hast; and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. *Doll*, if this Blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a Pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his Wares, as with thy ready Mony in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold spent you took the last Day from the Courtier?

Priest. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horse-back that must pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Mony can get, and as good Gowns as can be bought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Maltman comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Priest. No, sweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old *Ruffian* is not for the Priest; I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest i'faith.

Priest. Come *Doll*, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at *Gray*, and the next Sheep that comes shall leave behind his Fleece. [Exeunt.]

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler.

King, in great haste. My Lord of *Suffolk* post away for life, And let our Forces of such Horse and Foot, As can be gathered up by any means, Make speedy Rendevous in *Tuttle fields*. It must be done this Evening, my Lord, This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head Near *Islington*, which if your speed prevent not, If once they should unite their several Forces, Their Power is almost thought invincible.

Away;

Away, my Lord, I will be with you soon.

Suf. I go, my Sovereign, with all happy speed. [Exit]

King. Make haste my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.

Butler, post you to *London* with all speed:

Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,

The City Gates be presently shut up,

And guarded with a strong sufficient Watch,

And not a Man be suffered to pass,

Without a special Warrant from our self.

Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,

And Proclamation on the Pain of Death

That not a Citizen stir from his Doors,

Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall chuse

For their own Guard, and safety of their Persons:

Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. *Butler.*

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwich*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars-Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord.

[Exit.]

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,

When *Alton* doth expect unto his aid,

No less than fifty thousand *Londoners*.

Well, I'll to *Westminster* in this Disguise,

To hear what News is stirring in these Brawls.

Enter *Priest*.

Priest. Stand true Man, says a Thief.

King. Stand Thief says a true Man: how if a Thief?

Priest. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man, I must stand I see,
howsoever the World wags, the Trade of Thieving yet
will never down. What art thou?

Priest. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I see thou dost know me.

Priest. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellows
part, deliver thy Purse without more ado.

King. I have no Money.

Priest. I must make you find some before we part, if
you have no Money, you shall have ware, as many sound
Blows as your Skin can carry.

King.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Priest. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the Money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all Day.

King. Well if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; just the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falstaffe* that Villain is so fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* should be stirring hereabouts.

Priest. How much is there on't of thy Word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my Word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now.

Priest. Sirrah, what art thou? thou seem'st a Gentleman?

King. I am no less, yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my Money.

Priest. From whence cam'st thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Priest. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Priest. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy Money, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief his Pardon if he should have need?

King. Yes that I can.

Priest. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

King. Yes faith will I, so it be for no Murther.

Priest. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purse, I'll kill no Man,

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Priest. Give me thy Hand of the same.

King. There 'tis.

Priest. Methinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has been a Thief himself, although I think now he be turn'd a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that way in's Youth; but how canst thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Priest. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my self, when that foul Villanous Guts, that

led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falstaff*.

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be sworn [*Aside*]: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Priest. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it should seem.

[*Aside*.

Priest. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made Thieving the best Trade in *England*.

King. Why so?

Priest. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he should have been a King, he was so brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Priest. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee pass.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Priest. Nay, Sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy; farewell.

[*Exit*.

Priest. O my fine golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to Night in's own Person: Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them.

[*Exit*.

Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*, Who scouts it now? or who stand Sentinels?

What

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 219

What Men of Worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,

The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty

With Terms nor Titles, he's at rest in Bed.

Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,

And let Rebellion and Conspiracy

Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.

Is *London* look'd unto?

Hunt. It is my Lord,

Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,

Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,

Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen

Do guard the Gates. and keep good Rule within.

The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*

Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout:

So though it please your Majesty to jest,

Were you in Bed, well might you take your Rest.

King. I thank ye Lords; but you do know of old,

That I have been a perfect Night-walker:

London, you say, is safely lookt unto,

Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall,

And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*,

Quiet in *Kent*; *Aston*, you are deceiv'd:

Reckon again, you count without your Host.

To morrow you shall give account to us,

'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night

How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep,

And all his Lords, these Garments tell us so:

All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,

Harry, and *Dick* and *George* bring us a Drum,

Give us square Dice, we'il keep this Court of Guard,

For all good Fellows' Companies that come.

Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Arms

To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,

I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*,

Hunt. I must have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if ye please.

Hunt. Set round then; so at all.

King. *George*, you are out.

Give me the Dice, I pass for twenty Pound,
Here's to our lucky Passage in *France*.

Hunt. *Harry*, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A Sign *King Harry* shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Edge ye good Fellows, take a fresh Gamester in.

King. Master Parson, we play nothing but Gold.

Priest. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath Gold, Gold; what? ye are but Beggarly Soldiers to me, I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so, but we believe it not.

King. Set, Priest, set, I pass for all that Gold.

Priest. Ye pass indeed.

King. Priest, hast any more?

Priest. More? What a Question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three.

At these ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'st by all this Gold.

How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?

Priest. Faith, but one; dost wonder how I come by Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers should have Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes, Offrings, Christnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor Snakes come seldom to a Booty. I'll speak a proud word, I have but one Parsonage. *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Bishoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish, *Barrham-down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-beath*, *Cock-beath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me tythe. Gold quoth a? ye pass not for that.

Suf. *Harry*, ye are out; now, Parson, shake the Dice.

Priest. Set, set, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will trust them?

Suf. Say'st thou so, Priest? set fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Priest. Sir, pay me Angel Gold,
I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Pistolets,
Pay

Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd French Crowns? I hope to see more crack'd French Crowns ere long.

Priest. Thou mean'st of French Mens Crowns, when the King's in France.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Priest. Pay all: this is some luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest At all. Sir John.

Priest. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what casting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, Harry, I'faith.

King. I'll cast better yet.

Priest. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, hast thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for casting?

King. I pass for all.

Priest. Thou passest all that e'er I plaid withal: Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

King. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my Hand. When, Parson, when? what, can ye find no more? Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your Store?

Priest. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Priest. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Priest. The Devil give you good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Priest, you shall not leave us yet, Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Priest. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:

There was a Thief, in Face much like Sir John,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me last Day, on Black-heath, near the Park,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And Weaponless, my Boy had all my Tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short Tale to make, Sir John, the Thief I mean,
Took a just hundred Pound in Gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd

If e'er we met: he like a lusty Thief,
 Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
 To be a Token at our meeting next;
 Provided I should charge no Officer
 To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
 Recover that, and what he had beside.
 Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your Tools
 By Torch-light, for, Master Parson, you are he
 That had my Gold.

Priest. Zounds I won't in play, in fair square Play, of the
 Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this
 poor Whyniard; be you two honest Men to stand and look
 upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot.
Sir John, have at ye.

Priest. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

*As they proffer, Enter Butler, and draws his Sword to
 part them.*

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean,
 To see a Traitor draw against the King.

Priest. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle:

King. *Butler*, what News? why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of Day,
 And as I scouted near to *Istington*,
 The Gray ey'd Morning gave me glimmering,
 Of armed Men coming down *Hygate-Hill*,
 Who by their Course are coasting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops,
 To charge the Rebels if there be such Cause:
 For this lewd Priest, this devilish Hypocrite,
 That is a Thief, a Gamester, and what not,
 Let him be hang'd up for Example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Sovereign, I confess I am
 a frail Man, Flesh and Blood as other are; but set my Im-
 perfections aside, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer
 Subject to the Crown and State, than *Sir John* of *Wro-
 tham* is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Priest. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious
 Liege.

King.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you should be as Salt
To season others with good document,
Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to spoil the Flock;
Go hang him, Butler.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Priest. I must confess I saw some of your Gold, but, my
dread Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will
that Sinners live, do not you cause me to die. Once in
their Lives the best may go astray, and if the World say
true, your self, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confess I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my self.

Priest. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Priest. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest Man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,
I'll give thee living. 'Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better than in Cards or Wine.
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Priest. *Vivat Rex & currat Lex.* My Liege, if ye have
cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir John bestir himself in your
Quarrel. [Exeunt.]

An Alarm. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, Sir John
bringing forth Acton, Beverly, and Murly, Prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow:
But now ye see, base Villains, what Success
Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the Name
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than join with Peasants, Gentry is Divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.

Act. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conscience! then Conscience is corrupt,
For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country.

Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil Manners of the *Turk*?

Brv. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty;
But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you sought?
I pray who gave you that Authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,
And pray Amendment, not inforce the same,
Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is.
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable*, as he says.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege, 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought these Horses which we saw Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant To wear these Spurs when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing those Spurs upon your Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your Folly to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege, a Pardon, I am sorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there none beside Sir Roger *Acton*, upon whom You did depend to be your Governor?

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcastle*.

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy?

Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come?

Act.

Al. Such Letter we received forth of *Kent*.

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your Grace.

Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels,
It is a general Voice among them all,
That they had never come into this Place,
But to have met their valiant General,
The good Lord *Cobham*, as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,
But for his Conscience, which I bear withal,
There had not liv'd a more true-hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it please your Majesty,
To set your Hand unto this Precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham*, in my Hand,
That which shall finish thy disdain'd Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have so often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths,
For if he were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the Musick of his Tongue,
And with what amiable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocrisie.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and prosperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canst thou wish Prosperity,
Whose Heart includeth nought but Treachery?
I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,
Of Treason capital against the State.

Cob. O! Treason, mighty Prince? your Grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly.
 Dar'st thou intrude into my Presence, knowing
 How heinously thou hast offended us?
 But this is thy accustomed deceit,
 Now thou perceiv'st thy Purpose is in vain,
 With some excuse or other thou wilt come
 To clear thy self of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is evidence.
 See you these Men; you never counselled,
 Nor offered them assistance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour.
 Have ever I been conversant with you?
 Or written Letters to encourage you?
 Or kindled by the least or smallest part
 Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?
 Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir *John Oldcastle*
 Was one with whom you propos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,
 Because I heard it was reported so.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Alc. I must confess we have no other Ground
 But only Rumour to accuse this Lord,
 Which now I see was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
 Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace
 Speak for my Loyalty, read these Articles,
 And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scoop* and *Gray* corrupted
 With Bribes from *Charles of France*, either to win
 My Crown from we, or secretly contrive
 My Death by Treason? Is't possible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord;
 Each severally subscribed to the same.

King. Oh never heard of base Ingratitude!
 Even those I hug within my Bosom most,
 Are readiest evermore to sting my Heart.

Pardon

Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand?

We'll meet with them but little for their ease,

If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,

Let them have Martial Law? but as for thee,

Friend to thy King and Country, still be free. [*Exeunt.*]

Mur. Be it more or less, what a World is this?

Would I had continued still of the Order of Knaves,

And ne'er sought Knighthood, since it costs

So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.

Al. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,

I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occasion serves,
If you be so hasty, take my Place.

Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your self.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bishop of Rochester, Lord Warden Cromer the Sher-
riff, Lady Cobham and Attendants.*

Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impossible

But you should know where he conveys himself,

And you have hid him in some secret Place.

L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,

And will be forc'd by Torture to confess,

If fair means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,

And need not hide himself for any Fact

That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schismatick,

Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,

And therefore, Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,

I charge you take her to your Custody,

And seize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcastle*

To the King's use; let her go in no more,

To fetch so much as her Apparel out,

There is your Warrant from his Majesty.

War.

War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacifie your wrath
Against the Lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where *Oldcastle* her Husband is conceal'd.

War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices,
If any Evil by him be practis'd.

Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.
Shew him his Highness warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am sorry for the noble Gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.

Enter Harpool and Lord Cobham.

Cob. *Harpool*, what Business have we here in hand?
What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made such haste to *Cobham*.

Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be Foes, we'll
scramble shrewdly with them: if they be Friends they
are welcome.

Sher. Sir *John Oldcastle* Lord *Cobham*, in the King's Name,
I arrest ye of high Treason.

Cob. Treason, Mr. *Cromen*?

Har. Treason, Mr. Sheriff, what Treason?

Cob. *Harpool*, I charge thee stir not, but be quiet,
Do ye arrest me of Treason, Mr. Sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of High Treason, Traitor, Heretick.

Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me so,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman
Unto his Highness, as my proudest Enemy,
The King shall witness my late faithful Service,
For safety of his sacred Majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand shall testifie,
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me,
Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The Princely disposition of his Mind,
To sign the damage of a Loyal Subject?

Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
 Procured by my absence and your malice.
 But I, since that, have shew'd my self as true,
 As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
 Let me be brought before his Majesty,
 If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Rock. We are not bound to do kind Offices
 For any Traitor, Schismatick, nor Heretick:
 The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
 Who is departed on his way for *France*,
 And at *Southampton* doth repose this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of
 it, on *Salisbury Plain*! I would lose my Head if thou
 brought'st thy Head hither again. [*Aside.*]

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th' *Cinque-ports*, and Lord of
Rocheſter, ye are joint Commissioners, favour me so much
 on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Rock. What, to *Southampton*?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
 And if he do not clear me of all Guilt,
 And all suspicion of Conspiracy,
 Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth:
 I ask no Favour, but extreameſt Torture.
 Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,
 Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.

[*They both entreat for him.*]

Come hither, Lady, nay, sweet Wife, forbear
 To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck:
 'Tis grief enough falsely to be accus'd,
 And not permitted to acquit my self.
 Do not thou with thy kind respective Tears,
 Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee:
 But be of Comfort, God hath help in store
 For those that put assured trust in him.
 Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
 Come up to *London*, to your Sister's House:
 That being near me, you may comfort me.
 One solace find I settled in my Soul,
 That I am free from Treason's very thought,

Only

Only my Conscience for the Gospel's sake,
Is cause of all the Troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the *Tower*, and I turn'd out of Doors,
Our Substance seiz'd unto his Highness use,
Even to the Garments longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,
And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,
I swear by sweet St. *Peter's* blessed Keys,
First goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not stretch
To Imprison her.

Roch. No, turn her out of Doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the *Tower*,
With Guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee thou bloody-thirsty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd?

Roch. No Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,
Forbids all Favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r,
Strikes most at me, but with my Life it ends.

Har. *aside.*] O that I had the Bishop in that fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by our selves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all,
That this same ancient Servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his Master in the *Tower*.

Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick?
That in contempt of our Church Discipline,
Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Process?
Old Russian past Grace, upstart Schismatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fried for't, ye grizzled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am nei-
ther Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll
swear, drink Ale, kiss a Wench, go to Mass, eat Fish all
Lent, and fast *Fridays* with Cakes and Wine. Fruit and
Spicery, thrive me of my old Sins afore *Easter*, and begin
new before *Whitsontide*.

Sher.

Ser. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.

Har. That Knave was simply put upon the Bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his Master in the Tower,
For I in Charity wish his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God blefs my Soul from such cold Charity.

Roch. To th' Tower with him, and when my leisure serves,
I will examine him of Articles;
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge,
The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Roch. What bring'st thou there? what, Books of Heresie?

Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a *Latin* Book,
No not so much as our Ladies Psalter:
Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalms in metre,
The Sick Man's Salve, the Treasure of Gladness,
All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *English*.

Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, *Clun*.
Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks.
All *English*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.

Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll answer it, for I have
there *English* Books, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for
your Bishoprick, *Bevis of Hampton*, *Owleglas*, *The Friar*
and the Boy, *Ellen of Rumming*, *Robin Hood*, and other such
godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Flesh I'll make
ye drink their Ashes in *St. Marger's Ale*. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his Men in Livery
Coats.

1 *Ser.* Is it your Honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the Tower;
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,
Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some Officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your Honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the *Rose*
at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser*]

1 Ser. We must hie us then.

3 Ser. Let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of Rochester? your Honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
For Conference with Sir John Oldecastle,
Upon some matter of great Consequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir John.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. Harpool, tell Sir John, that my Lord of Rochester
Comes from the Council to confer with him.

I think you may as safe without suspicion

As any Man in England as I hear,

For it was you most labour'd his Commitment.

Roch. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it, I assure you.

Enter Lord Cobham and Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,

I must confer here with Sir John a little.

Lieu. With all my Heart, my Lord.

[Exit.]

Har. aside.] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occasion while it is offered, on my Life your Lordship will escape.

Cob. No more I say, peace least he should suspect it.

Roch. Sir John, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of Rochester, on good advice,
I see my Error; but yet understand me,
I mean not Error in the Faith I hold,
But Error in submitting to your Pleasure,
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.

Roch. What means, thou Heretick?

Dar'st thou but lift thy Hand against my Calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thousand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garment a little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, dispatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough; but for you, I'll bind you surely in the inner Room.

Cob.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 233

Cob. This is well begun, God send us happy speed,
Hard shift you see Men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my Lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time, see where he is coming.

Har. I beseech you, good my Lord of *Rochester*, be favourable to my Lord and Master.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and close,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His case is hard, my Lord; you shall safely get out of the *Tower*, but I will down upon them: In which time get you away. Hard under *Islington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rochester*, I'll bring you to *St. Albans* through the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain away.

Har. Nay since I am past the *Tower's* Liberty,
You part not so.

[*He draws.*]

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murther, Murther, Murther.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [*Cobham escapes.*]

Enter Lieutenant and his Men.

Lieu. Who is so bold to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the *Tower*?

1 *Ser.* This *Russian*, Servant to Sir *John Oldcastle*, was
like to have slain my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off if you love your Puddings.

[*Bishop of Rochester calls within.*]

Roch. Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant help.

Lieu. Who's that within? Some Treason in the *Tower*,
on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Bishop of Rochester bound.

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of *Rochester*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away.

[*Exit.*
Lieu.]

Lieu. Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle that Traitor, and his Man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stript me, as you see,
And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
And so departed, and I——

Lieu. And you! Ne'er say that, the Lord Cobham's Man
Did here set on you like to murder you.

1 *Ser.* And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his Master then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpool?

2 *Ser.* Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? they are both escap'd,
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my Charge,
That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come,
Search shall be made for him with expedition,
The Haven's laid that he shall not escape,
And hue and cry continue through England,
To find this damned, dangerous Heretick.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a Chamber, and
set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason, King
Harry and Suffolk listening at the Door.*

Cam. In mine Opinion, Scroop hath well advis'd,
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wise, and therefore, Earl of Cambridge,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture in those silent hours,
When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murder him in Bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your self,
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,

The

The Wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entring in the Ship
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
I'll cause a present sitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
As needs must have his Royal Company,
And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stays so long,
His Council in this Case would much avail us.

[*The King steps in upon them with his Lords.*]

Scroop. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again,
And you shall have my Counsel in this case:
If you can find no way to kill the King,

Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;

Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent,

But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,

And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom,

In mine Opinion that's the likelier way.

For such false Friends are able to do much,

And silent Night is Treason's fittest Friend.

Now, *Cambridge*, in his setting hence for *France*,

Or by the way, or as he goes aboard

To do the deed, that was indifferent too,

But somewhat doubtful.

Marry, Lord *Gray* came very near the point,

To have the King at Council, and there murder him;

As *Caesar* was among his dearest Friends.

Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's stains,

For which of all my Kindnesses to you,

Are ye become thus Traitors to the King?

And *France* must have the Spoil of *Harry's* Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed.

Drag them to Death, which justly they deserve:

And *France* shall dearly buy this Villany,

So soon as we set footing on her Breast.

God have the praise for our Deliverance,

And

And next our Thanks, Lord Cobham is to thee
True perfect Mirror of Nobility.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Priest and Doll.

Priest. Come Doll, come, be merry, Wench.
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee.
Be lusty my Lads, come for Lancashire,
We must nip the Bouncing for these Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the Gold spent already, that you had
the other Day?

Priest. Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd, the
Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in Kent, till you had been
better provided.

Priest. No, Doll, no, Kent's too hot. Doll, Kent's too hot;
the Weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer, we
have pluckt him, he has lost his Feathers, I have prun'd
him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, moulted, Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. Har-
pool told me he would provide me a Mistress.

Priest. Peace Doll, Peace; come mad Wench, I'll make
thee an honest Woman, we'll into Lancashire to our Friends,
the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Mony, and
Mony we will have I warrant thee; stay, who comes here?
Some Irish Villain methinks that hath slain a Man, and now
he is rifling on him; stand close, Doll, we'll see the end.

Enter the Irishman with his dead Master, and rifles him.

Irish. Alas poe Master, Sir Richard Lee, be St. Patrick, is
rob and cut thy trote, for de shain, and dy Mony, and dy
Gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be
kill de, be shitten Knave.

Priest. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Irish. Be St. Patrick Mester, is poor Irishman, is a leutter.

Priest. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a damn'd Rogue, you have
kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood
you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a Hair
above your Shoulders, you whoreson Irish Dog. [Robs him.]

Irish. We's me St. Patrick, Ise kill my Master for shain
and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Priest. Avant you Rascal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come
Doll, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come
Wench

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE: 237

Wench, we'll to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done 'i'faith.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter the Irishman with the Host of the House.

Irish. Be me tro Master is poor *Irishman*, is want ludging, is have no Mony, is starve and cold, good Master give her some Meat, is famise and tye.

Host. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Guests; as for Meat, thou shall have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lye in the Barn, there's fair Straw, and room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Master hertily.

Host. Ho, *Robin*.

Rob. Who calls?

Host. Shew this poor *Irishman* to the Barn, go *Sirrah*.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horses? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger, and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a House well lookt to 'i'faith.

Kate. Mas Goff *Club*, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get in to the Fire and warm thee, *John Ostler*?

Host. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to St. *Albans*, How do's all our Friends in *Lancashire*?

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*, where is he?

Ostl. *Tom*'s gone from hence, he's at the three Horse-loaves at *Stony-Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun*?

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a slough in *Brick-hill-lane*; a plague found it, yonders such abomination Weather as was never seen.

Ostl. Uds hat Thief, have one half Peck of Pease and Oats more for that, as I am *John Ostler*, he has been ever as a good Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well said, old *Fack*, thou art the old Lad still.

Ostl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to Supper.

Enter

Enter the Host, Lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this House, to such as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worst. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my self I do not greatly pass, My Wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to day.

We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man:

Har. What? hast thou never an empty Room in thy House for me?

Host. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Irish-man*, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine Host, I prithee help me to a pair of clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in: come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Constable, Mayor and Watch.

Mayor. What? have you searcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a House unsearcht that uses to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd, Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*; Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town, He could not else have escap'd you in the Search,

Con. The privy Watch hath been abroad all Night, And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town But he is known, only a lusty Priest We found a-Bed with a pretty Wenche, That says she is his Wife, yonder at the *Shears*; But we have charg'd the Host with his forth coming To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you best to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few stragling Houses beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers use to lodge, although I think surely he would ne'er lodge there; but we'll go search, and the rather because there came
Notice

Notice to the Town the last Night of an *Irishman*, that had done a Murther, whom we are to make search for.

Mayor. Come I pray you and be Circumspect. [*Exeunt*]

Con. First beset the House, before you begin to search.

Off. Content, every Man take a several place.

[*A Noise within*]

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Con. Come you villainous Heretick, tell us where your Master is.

Irish. Vat Mester?

Mayor. Vat Mester? you counterfeit Rebel? This shall not serve your turn,

Irish. Be Sent Patrick I ha no Mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

Irish. Vat Lord Cobham?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this shall not serve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confess where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafry Rascal?

[*Exeunt*]

Lord Cobham comes out stealing in his Gown.

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous Noise about the House, God warrant us, I fear we are pursu'd; what, Harpool?

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a Noise about the House?

Har. Yes marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my Hole; this *Irish* Rascal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath stoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowsie Mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if he can scape.

Noise heard about the House a pretty while, then enter the Constable missing Harpool in the Irishman's Apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the *Irishman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the House beset, would get away; stand, Sirrah.

Har.

Har. What art thou that bid'st me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an *Offender*: such a Villain as thy self, thou hast murder'd a Man this last Night by the high-way.

Har. 'Sblood Constable art thou mad? am I an *Offender*?

Mayer. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Offender* before we part; Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wench's Apparel.

Cob. What will these *Offenders* sleep all Day? Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come; Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayer. O 'tis *Lancashire Carrier*, let them pass.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here? Come, let's int' Stable to look for our Capons.

[Exeunt Cobham and his Lady]

Club. Host, why *Offender*?

[The Carrier calling.]

Zwooks here's such abomination Company of Boys:

A Pox of this Pigsty at the House end,

It fills all the House full of Fleas, *Offender*, *Offender*.

Off. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. *Zwooks*, do you rob your Guests?

Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?

They ha' stol'n our Cloaths here? why *Offender*?

Off. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Host. How now? what would the Carrier have?

Look up there.

Off. They say the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have stoln their Cloaths.

Host. What are the strange Folks up yet that came in Yeller Night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Host. What Mr. *Mayer*, and Mr. *Constable*?

Mayer. We are come to seek for some suspected Persons, and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate, in Cobham and Lady's Apparel.

Cob. Who comes here?

Club.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 241

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you
howl quoth a, ods hat I'll forswear your House; you lodg'd
a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run away with
our Parrel, and left us such Gew-Gaws here; come *Kate*,
come to me, thowse dizeard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Host, know you this Man?

Host. Yes Master Mayor, I'll give my word for him;
why Neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foul on't, I cannot make this Gew-gaw
stand on my Head.

Gen. How come this Man and Woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a Man and Woman hither this last Night;
which I did take for substantial People, and lodg'd all in
one Chamber by these Folks; methinks have been so bold
to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning e'er
they rose.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcastle* that thus escap'd;
make hue and cry after him, keep fast the Traiterous
Rebel his Servant there; farewell mine Host.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith I hear *Club*, Ise wot ne'er what to do. Ise be
so shouted and so shouted at; and by th' Mefs Ise cry. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguis'd.

Col. Come, Madam, happily escap'd, here let us sit,
This Place is far remote from any Path,
And here a while our weary Limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious *Rochester*.

L. Col. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdain'd Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Especially on Foot.

Col. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a great Task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us;
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt;
Thou wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,

Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor
Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A Partner with me, in the worst I feel?
No, gentle Lord, your Presence would give ease
To Death it self, should he now seize upon me.

[Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle;

Behold what my foresight hath underta'en
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet sawc'd with Hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater Dainties we are wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our Mortal Bodies need:
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the State
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not Darkness, when the Day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heav'n
Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds? There's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one Draught I wash my Sorrow down. [Drinks.

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful Speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor Harpool come,
If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,
Or not remember where we had him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us.
My drowsie Eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the Travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a Nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Col. I shall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Col. Urge not that,

My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet Melody.
But imperfection and unaptness too
Are both repugnant: Fear inserts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means, to purchase that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,
Hath shut his Eye-lids. O Victorious Labour,
How soon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Sense?
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my Brain,
Making my heavy Temple stoop to thee,
Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.

[Falls asleep.]

Enter Sir Richard Lee, and his Men.

Lee. A Murther closely done, and in my Ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obscure Thicket is the likeliest Place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his Body up:
Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,
Whom two Years since I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the Discipline of War,
And coming home, for so he wrote to me,
Some savage Heart, some bloody devilish Hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his Coin,
Hath here sluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,
A cursed Place, but most unconstant Fate,
That hadst reserv'd him from the Bullets fire,
And suffer'd him to scape the Wood-kerns fury,
Didst here ordain the Treasure of his Life,
Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,
To be con'sum'd by Treason's wasteful Hand?
And which is most afflicting to my Soul,
That this his Death and Murder should be, wrought
Without the Knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2 Ser. Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it;
See where they sit, and in their bloody Fists
The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious Eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous Fact,
Dazling their Senses with benumbing Sleep,
Till their unhallowed Treachery was known.
Awake ye Monsters, Murderers awake,
Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse,
Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O devilish! can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
The guilt of Murder waking, that which cries
Deaf's the loud Thunder, and sollicit's Heav'n
With more than Mandrakes Shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murder? You upraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son, by you misdone?
Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?
Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?
These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Bishop of Rochester, Constable of St. Albans, with Priest,
Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Rob. What intricate Confusion have we here?
Not two hours since we apparel'd one
In Habit *Irish*, but in Speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Irish*,
But in Habit *English*: Yea, and more than so,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord *Cobham*.

Irish!

Irish. Fair me be no Servant of de Lort Cobham,
He be Mack Chane of Ulster.

Roch. Otherwise call'd Harpool of Kent, go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.

Priest. Trust me, said Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*,
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the Trial:
But sure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the Fact,
And that he slew his Master for that Gold,
Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot prosecute the Cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The Charge with you, to see they are convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit,
And you, Sir *John of Wrotham*, and your Wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for Murther, yet for Felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your Friends in what they lawful may.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Goaler, bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Goal. Bring forth the Prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
The Justices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest.

[*Exit.*]

Cob. O give me Patience to endure this Scourge,
Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
And tho' contempt of Witness, and Reproach
Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life
As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith,
That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her.
Thy Wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee.
What and poor *Harpool*! art thou i'th' Briars too?

Har. I'faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
And may confer, shall we confess in brief,
Of whence and what we are, and so prevent
The Accusation is commenc'd against us!

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet Love,
We shall for Heresie be put to Death,
For so they term the Religion we profess.
No, if we dye, let this our Comfort be,
That of the Guilt impos'd our Souls are free.

Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, *Harpool* is so resolv'd,
I wreak of Death the less in that I die,
Not by the Sentence of that envious Priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens please.
Enter Lord Judge, Justices, Mayor of St. Albans, Lord Powis,
and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: The Judge and Ju-
stices take their Places.

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you upon the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, if it like your Honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd last Night within my House,
And my Lord Bish'op did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord,
Will't please you take your place. Madam, your Ladyship
May here, or where you will, repose your self,
Until this business now in hand be past.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other Room,
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while,
And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend
The noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.

L. Pow. I think no less, are they suspected for this Murder?

Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.

Mean time as you pass by them, ask the question,
But do it secretly you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I know your Mind.

[As she passes over the Stage by them.
L. Pow.

L. Pow. My Lord Cobham! Madam?

Cob. No Cobham now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But John of Lancashire, and Joan his Wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this; that you conceal our Names;
So, gentle Lady, pass for being spied.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief.
[Exit.]

Judge. Call the Prisoners to the Bar: Sir Richard Lee,
What Evidence can you bring against those People,
To prove them guilty of the Murther done?

Lee: This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives,
Beside, we found 'em sitting by the Place,
Where the dead Body lay within a Bush.

Judge. What answer you why Law should not proceed
According to this Evidence given in,
To tax ye with the Penalty of Death?

Cob. That we are free from Murther's very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slain.

1 Just. How came this linnen-cloth so bloody then?

L. Cob. My Husband, hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.

2 Just. But how came your sharp-edg'd Knives unsheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut such simple Victual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this Answer to those Articles,
What made you in so private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thicket where the dead Corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from London, from the Term,
Down into Lancashire, where we do dwell;
And what with Age, and Travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other Passengers,
And so we stray'd into that secret Corner.

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Justice from her purpos'd end.
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and release those Innocents,
For here is he whose Hand hath done the Deed,

For which they stand indicted at the Bar;
 This savage Villain, this rude *Irish* Slave,
 His Tongue already hath confess'd the Fact,
 And here is witness to confirm as much.

Priest. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he slain
 His loving Master for the Wealth he had,
 But I upon the instant met with him:
 And what he purchas'd with the loss of Blood,
 With strokes I presently bereav'd him of,
 Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
 I willingly surrender to the Hands
 Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
 Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
 With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*. [*Delivers them.*]

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty Throat did drink
 My dear Son's Blood? Art thou the Snake
 He cherisht, yet with envious piercing Sting
 Assail'dst him mortally? Were't not that the Law
 Stands ready to revenge thy Cruelty,
 Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me,
 These Hands should be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you shall have Justice,
 The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
 And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
 His Body after shall be hang'd in Chains,
 Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Irish. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
 Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a
 Wyth after my Country the *Irish* Fashion. [*Exit.*]

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
 Although by you this Murder came to light,
 Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
 For you did rob the *Irish-man*, by which
 You stand attainted here of Felony:
 Beside, you have been lewd, and many Years
 Led a lascivious, unbecoming life.

Priest. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he will mend.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
 My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
 We are content you shall be proved.

Priest.

Judge. I thank your Lordship.

Judge. These falsly here accus'd, and brought
In perill wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.

Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few Crowns.

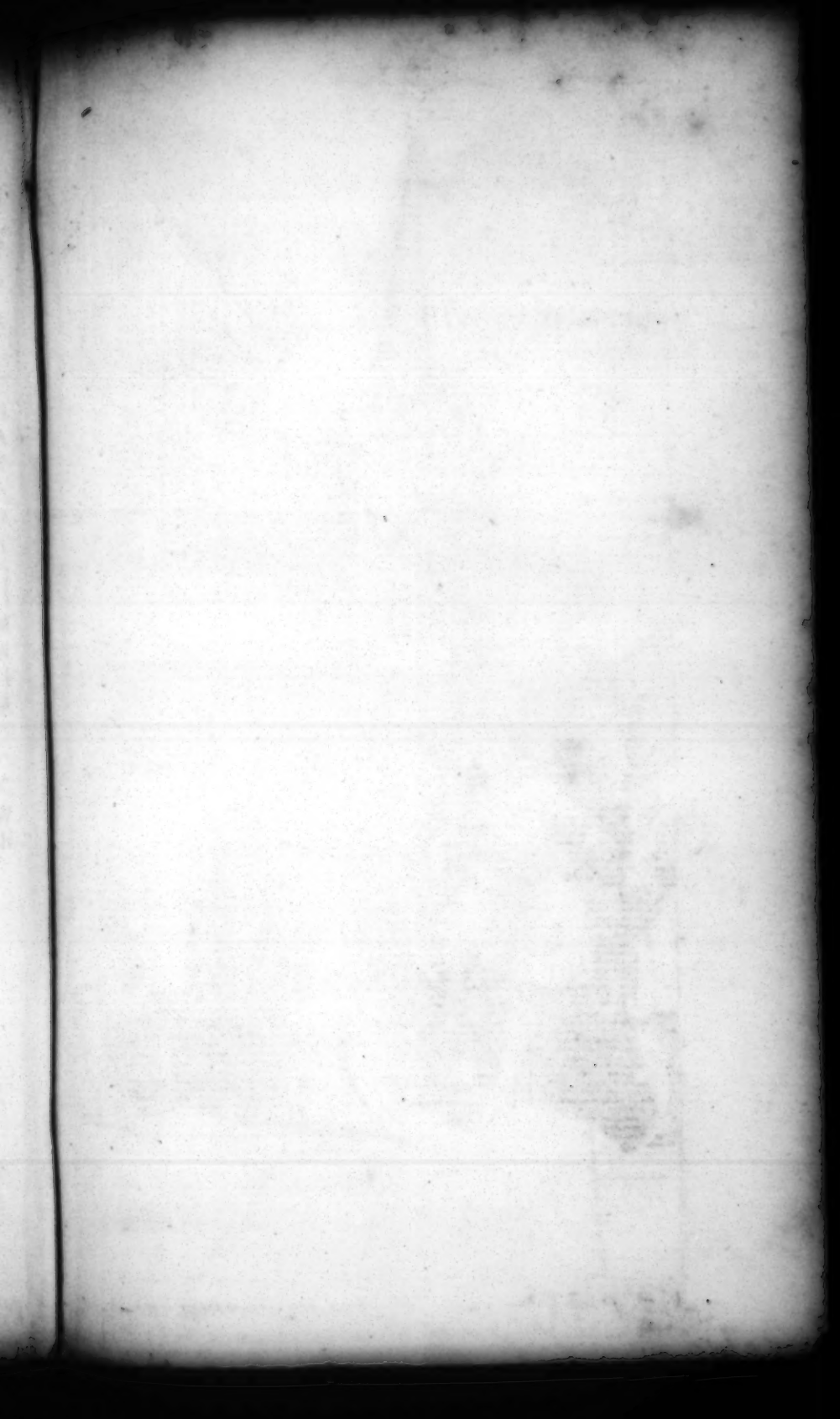
Judge. Your kindness merits Praise, Sir Richard Lee,
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all but Powis and Cobham.*]

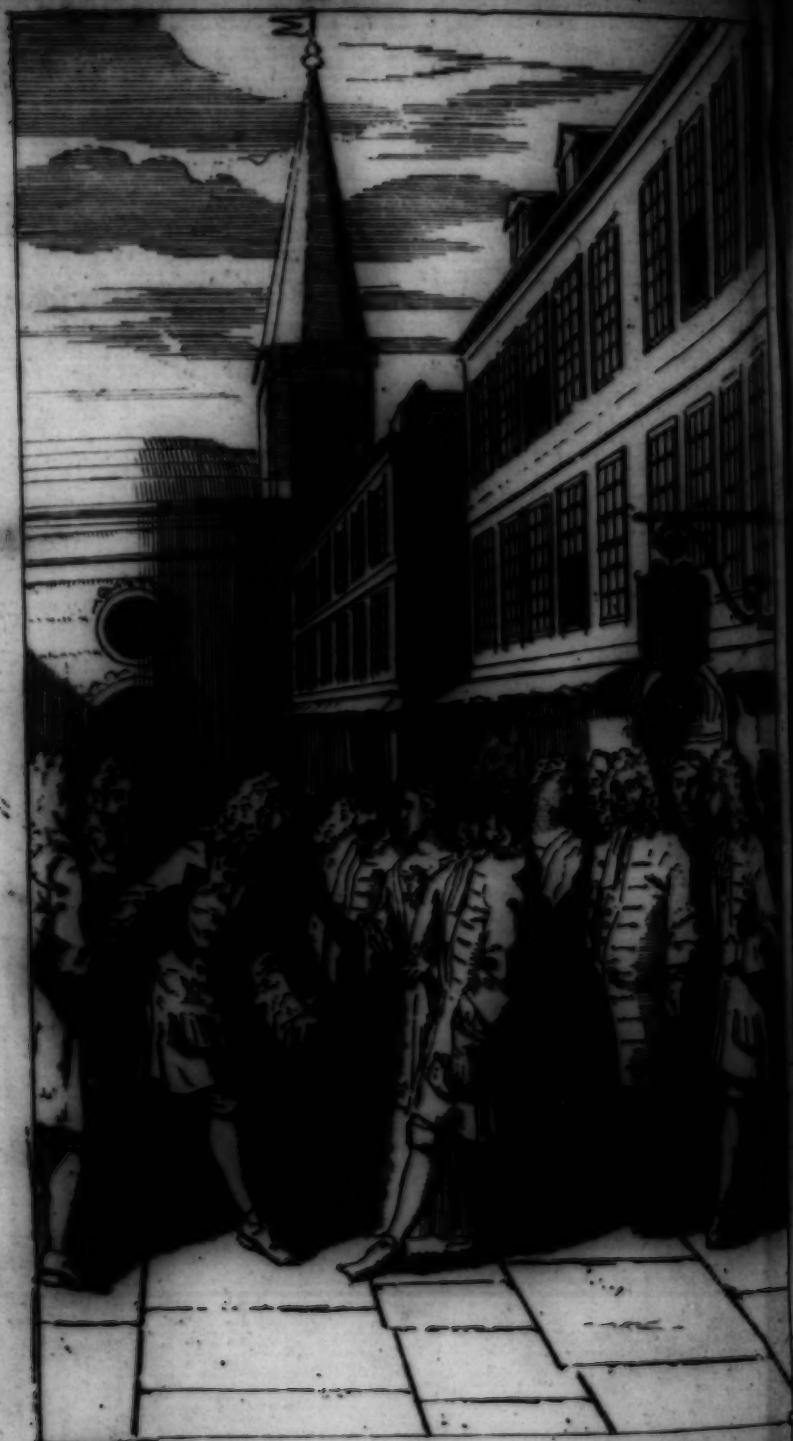
Pow. But Powis still must stay,
There yet remains a part of that true Love,
He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordship's safe delivery:
And then intreat, that since unlookt for thus
We here are met, your Honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my Power,
(Though not to quittance those great Benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my House,
My Purse, my Servants, and what else I have
Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
I know the Bishop's Hate pursues ye so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

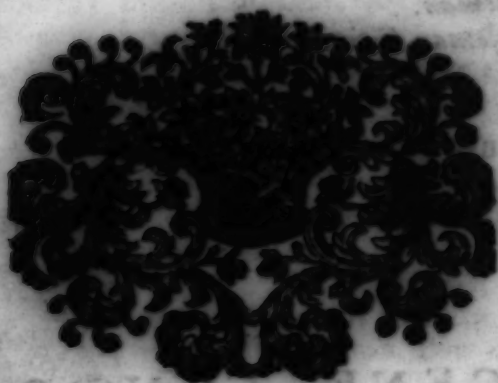
Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided
Of lusty Geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his Face,
He never more shall have the Game in Chace. [*Exeunt.*]







**T H E
P U R I T A N :
O R , T H E
W I D O W
O F
W A T L I N G - S T R E E T .**



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow Plus.*

Master Edmond, *Son to the Widow Plus.*

George Pye-boord, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*

Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady Plus.*

Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to Moll.*

Sir Andrew Tiptstaffe, *a Suiter to Frances.*

The Sheriff of London.

Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*

Puttock

and

} *Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants.*

Ravenshaw

Dogson, *a Yeoman.*

Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*

Nicholas St. Antlings,

Simon St. Mary Overies,

} *Serving Men to the Lady Plus.*

Frailty,

Peter Skirmish, *an old Soldier.*

A Nobleman.

A Gentleman Citizen.

Officers.

Lady Plus, a Citizen's Widow.

Frances,

and

} *her two Daughters.*

Moll,

SCENE LONDON.

THE

THE
PURITAN:
OR, THE
WIDOW of *Watling-street.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and bursting out into Passion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.

WIDOW.



H, that ever I was Born, that ever I was Born!

Sir God. Nay, good Sister, dear Sister, sweet Sister, be of good Comfort, shew your self a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have lost the dearest Man, I have buried the sweetest Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wife Man,—he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he was a Man so well given to a Woman — ah!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Sister, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Sister, and know that Death is as common as *Homo*, a common Name to all Men; — a Man shall be taken when he's making water. — Nay, did not the learned Parson, Master *Pigman*, tell us e'en now, that all Flesh is frail, we are born to Die, Man has but a time: With such like deep and profound Perswasions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other Day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cry'd not above half an Hour — for shame, for shame: Then follow'd him old Master *Fulsome* the Usurer, there's a wise Widow, why she cry'd a ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked Women, I had a Husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-fellows laugh at me; I should be mockt, so I should; pray let one of my Sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time.

Wid. O thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight thou graceless Imp, thou grievest me more than the Death of thy Father: O thou stubborn only Son: hadst thou such an honest Man to thy Father — that would deceive all the World to get Riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little Salt-Water! He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right Heir of those Lands, which now you respect not: up every Morning betwixt four and five, so duly at *Westminster-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee thou wicked *Absalon* —
O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad he's Church'd; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Edm. Dear Mother, pray cease, half your Tears suffice, 'Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes, Let me weep now.

Wid. O such a dear Knight, such a sweet Husband have I lost, have I lost! — if blessed be the Coarse the Rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Sister, be of good chear, we are all mortal our selves, I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort, hear me what I shall say, — my Brother has left you wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I say you're rich : you are also fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot smother it, Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years so far enter'd with you, but that you will be sought after, and may very well answer another Husband; the World is full of fine Gallants, choice enow, Sister, — for what should we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, lusty fair-brow'd Ladies. Go to, be of good comfort, I say, leave snobbing and weeping, — yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man. — I would not have the Elf see me now, — come, pluck up a Woman's Heart, — here stand your Daughters, who be well Estated, and at maturity will also be inquir'd after with good Husbands, so all these Tears shall be soon dry'd up, and a better World than ever — what, Woman? you must not weep still? he's dead, he's buried — yet I cannot chuse but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!

And that same part of Quire whereon I tread

To such intent, O, may it be my Grave:

And that the Priest may turn his Wedding-Prayers,

Even with a breath, to Funeral dust and ashes;

O, out of a Million of Millions, I should ne'er find such a Husband; he was unmatchable — unmatchable; nothing was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of that one thing that I had not, beside, I had Keys of all, kept
all,

all, receiv'd all, had Money in my Purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would: O—— my sweet Husband; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister? ne'er say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.

O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table, in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man.

[*Kneels.*]

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too:

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd,
E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss,
As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay, vow, I would not marry for his Death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in Bed.

Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiss thee:

[*Drawing out her Husband's Picture.*]

How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my Tears: my sorrows are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister——

Wid. Away,

All honesty with him is turn'd to Clay.

O my sweet Husband, O——

Fran. My dear Father!

[*Exeunt Wid. and Fran.*]

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widowers Tears in England had been Bottled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half-penny Bottle: alas, a small matter bucks a Handkerchief,—— and sometimes the Spittle stands too nigh Saint Thomas a Watring's. Well, I can mourn in good sober fort as well as another;

mother; but where I spend one Tear for a dead Father,
I could give twenty Kisses for a quick Husband.

[*Exit Moll.*

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving Sister-in-law. How constant? how passionate? how full of *April* the poor Soul's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next Garden should hear me betwixt Joy and Grief, I should e'en cry out-right. [*Exit Sir Godfrey.*

Edw. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in Dust, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up shortly: Farewel old Dad, farewel; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, and he will be one, but I'll take another order;—Now she would have me weep for him forsooth, and why; because he cozen'd the right Heir, being a Fool, and bestow'd those Lands on me his Eldest Son; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the World knows, as long as 'twas his Pleasure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that Point, no Attorney can gull me. Well my Uncle is an old Ass, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roast my self. I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my Mother, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

Enter George Pye-board, and Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-spit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as lousie as a School-master; now thou art put to silence like a Sectary.—War sits now like a Justice of Peace, and does nothing; where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hot-shots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn?—Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners—who are your Sentinels in Peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your
Cham-

Chambers are licens'd to play upon you, and Drabs come to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the Cessure of the Wars, I have spent above a hundred Crowns out of Purse: I have been a Soldier any time this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Destiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Mystery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-sole.

Skir. I will not say but that War is a Blood-sucker, and so; but in my Conscience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, tho' it be full of holes, like a shot Ancient, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my Conscience, I think some kind of Peace has more hidden Oppressions, and violent heady Sins, (though looking of a gentle Nature) than a profest War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the University, wore out six Gowns there, seen some Fools, and some Scholars, some of the City, and some of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Discretion; at last, having done many slights and tricks to maintain my Wit in use (as my Brain would never induce me to be idle,) I was expell'd the University, only for stealing a Cheese out of *Jesus* College.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. O! there was one *Welshman* (God forgive him) pursued it hard, and never left, 'till I turn'd my Staff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to shift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever since has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old *Skirmish*, I say as you say, and for my part with a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and

and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profession; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nourish't in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fishes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has so paid upon Affections, that thereby almost Religion is come about to Phantasie, and discredited by being too much spoken of—in so many and mean Mouths. I my self being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my self a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nourisher: a great Getter of Children, which must either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Averni*, 'tis an easie Journey to a Knave, thou may'st be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other Professions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in despite of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by smooth Good-morrows, and every Profession makes it self greater by Imperfections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And seeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's spend with Judgment, not like a desperate Son and Heir, but like a sober and discreet Templer—one that will never march beyond the Bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my self will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caster, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuse, of all others.

Pye.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and so by that means we shall help one another to Patients, as the Condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and fresh Asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I saw weeping in her Garden, for the Death of her Husband, sure she's but a watrish Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her: it stands firm, my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, *George*.

Pye. Sh's as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngest Daughter; — I over-heard 'em severally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, shalt be my second in all slights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, *George Pye-Boord*, — only you must teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers passeth over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*:

How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George*! this sight kills me;

'Tis my sworn Brother, *Captain Idle*.

Pye. *Captain Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious Act or other, he has started out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Resolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either some of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Usurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient Enemies; they keep our Mony in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em; but come let's follow after to the Prison, and know the nature of this Offence, and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of; and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable Knave is better than a soothing Puritan.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter

Enter an old Dear Corporal Oath, and at the other three of the Widow Puritan's Serving-Men, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty, in black scarvy Morning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.

Nich. What, Corporal Oath? I am sorry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are forbidden to keep company withal, we must not swear I can tell you, and you have the Name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal Oath, I would you would do so much as forsake us, we cannot abide you, we must not be seen in your Company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for Swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-shoes, Flesh a Good-Fridays; a Hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the De'il possesst you, that you swear no better, you Half-Christen'd *Katomites*, you Un-godmother'd *Varlets*, does the first Lesson teach you to be Proud, and the second to be *Coxcombs*; proud *Coxcombs*, not once to do Duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can shew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the Breath of Man is weak.

[Corporal breathes on Frailty.]

Frail. Foh, you lie, *Nicholas*; for here's one strong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant, if the Wind stood right, a Man might smell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Luigate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle.

Nich. Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

Corp. I swear by the—

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal Oath; but if you swear once, we shall fall down in a Swoon presently.

Corp.

Corp. I must and will swear: you quivering Coxcombe, my Captain is imprison'd, and by *Vulcan's* Leather Cod-piece point —

Nich. O *Simon*, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his Heels, for *Venus* allows but one Point to his Hose.

Corp. With these, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Prison Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunt's Son, my dear Kinsman in *Cappadochio*.

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious out-side thou; if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Marmaset*; bring forth thy yearly Wages, let not a Commander perish.

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will — but I have nothing for him, *Simon St. Mary Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Master, old *Sir Godfrey*.

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our Neighbour's Wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a sound Excuse, it will go Currant, say that I am gone to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Fast, say, with Master *Full-belly* the Minister.

Sim. Master *Full-belly*? an honest Man: He feeds the Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt Corporal and Nicholas.*]

Frail. O I, I have seen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Pettitoes.

[*Exeunt Simon and Frailty.*]

The

To Marshalsea Prison. Enter Captain Idle at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other.

Py. Pray turn the Key. [Speaking within.]

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who should those be, I almost know their Voices?
O my Friends! [Entering.]

You're welcome to a smelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a strange Savour?

Py. As all Prisons have smells of sundry Wretches; Who, tho' departed, leave their Scents behind 'em.

Py. Gold, Captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, pish — what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your Offence?

Capt. Faith my Offence is ordinary — common, a Highway, and I fear me my Penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Py. Nay, Prophecie not so ill, it shall go hard, But I'll shift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest *George*. I'll tell you — Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purse had been as pursie as his Rody; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchase of ten Groats: Notwithstanding being descried, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unfetted Soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their Pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, Captain; first, that your Purchase was so small, and now that your Danger is so great.

Capt. Push, the worst is but Death, — ha' you a Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[Captain blows a Pipe.]

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Py. Well, I must cast about some happy slight: Work Brain, that ever didst thy Master right.

[Corporal and Nicholas within.]
Corp.

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, *Master Keeper*, give's a cast of your Office.

Capt. How now ? more Visitants?—what, *Corporal Gash*?

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp. In Prison, honest Captain ? this must not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinsman ?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure—starcht Fool here ?

Nich. You see, Kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do; I heard you were safe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Capt. This is a double torture now,—this Fool by th' Book doth vex me more than my Imprisonment. What meant you, Coporal, to hook him hither ?

Corp. Who, he ? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you spend : He supply ? I'll sooner expect Mercy from an Usurer when my Bond's forfeited, sooner Kindness from a Lawyer when my Money's spent; nay, sooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when *Lucifer* is restor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left Ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, what's he there ? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pshaw; a foolish Cousin of mine. I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better Subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change Cloaths with him, and leave him here, and so—

Capt. Push, I publisht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e'er he do me so much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handsome Device than that if the Slave would be Sociable,—now Goodman *Fleece-face* ?

Nich. O, my Cousin begins to speak to me now, I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir,

Wid. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this Device, a happy one Captn?

Cap. Speak low, *George*; Prison Rats have wider Ears than those in Malt-lofts.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say,—to —do—

Cap. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that ne'er talk surder on't, the Fool will be hang'd e'er he do.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopster, and break it to him bluntly.

Cap. And so my Disgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the Slave slaver out our purpose to his Master; for would I were but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Cousin, if any of my Friendships, as they say, might —stand, ha —

Pye. Why, you see he offers his Friendship foolishly to you already.

Cap. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it wisely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Cousin—

Cap. I have took note of thy Fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good, as thou gap'st upon me comfortably, and giv'st me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans, wilt soon at Night steal me thy Master's Chain?

Nich. Oh, I shall sowne!

Pye. Corporal, he starts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's, at second hand, which now lyes in pawn to the Law; if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Master, why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'st my Life at no Price, and these thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only created in thy Lip, now Born, and now Buried. foolish Breath only: what, would do't? shall I look for Happiness in thy Answer?

Nich. Steal my Master's Chain, quoth he? no, it shall ne'er be said, that *Nicholas St. Antlings* committed Bird-lime!

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? tho' he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Cousin, you know tis written, Thou shalt not Steal.

Capt. Why, and Fool, thou shalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Mafs, I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Cousin?

Capt. Why in the first of Charity, the second Verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jest, there's no such Chapter in my Book!

Capt. No, I know'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes it so little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinsman i'faith; the Captain loving you so dearly, ay, likethe Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be so uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nich. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd, any thing else that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I must not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou shalt not Steal; and would you wish me to steal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to speak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that or he shall ha' none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinsman in a Corner; a good — kind-natur'd Fellow, methinks; Go to, you shall not have all your own own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Cousin:

Capt. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable guller,?

Pye.

Py. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentlemen, because we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight shall not lose his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way some one or two Days.

Nich. Ah, that would be good indeed, Kinsman.

Py. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the missing on't only, than if we had it outright, as my Discourse shall make it known to you; — when thou hast the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary Bank, but for a small Season; and by that harmless device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Prison, the Knight thy Master shall get his Pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy Master with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both Hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;
Pray let me know how.

Py. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou shoud'st know, because thou must be employ'd as an Actor.

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parson rails against Players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once, — as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Mafs I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church Spout.

Py. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Py. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Master has rag'd his fill for the loss of the Chain, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in Prison, of such exquisite Art, that the Devil himself is *French* Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horse — Belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most *Irish* Dexterity, to fetch his Chain, tho' 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick-Axe his Instruments; tell him but this, with further Instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou shewest thy self a Kinsman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honest — Book-keeper.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Cousin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the Rosemary Bank, but I bear that Mind, Cousin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well said,
He begins to be an honest Fellow, faith,

Corp. In truth he does.

Nich. You see, Cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, always saving myself harmless. [Exit Nicholas.

Capt. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I shall require it.

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou hast such an egregious Ass to thy Cousin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal?
But, *George*, thou talk'st of Art and Conjuring,
How shall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my Directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Prison,
As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on Brain and Plot,
I aim at many cunning far Events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length;
I'll to the Widow with a quaint Assault:
Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more flights, and one will knit strong in another-----Corporal Oath.

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George*, *Pye-boord*.

Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quarrel before the Lady Widow's Door, and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our Blades ring Noon,
Though it be after Supper.

Pye.

Py. I know you can ;
And out of that false Fire, I doubt not but to raise strange
belief—and, Captain, to countenance my Device the bet-
ter, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good
plain Sattin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other
Night, for words pass not regarded now-a-days, unless they
come from a good Suit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my
Wits had bestowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did
not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve
score of a Prison, for I protest at this instant, I walk in
great danger of small Debts. I owe Mony to several Ho-
stesses, and you know such Jilts will quickly be upon a
Man's Jack.

Capt. Truc, George.

Py. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and An-
cient, thou shalt hear more News next time we greet
thee.

Corp. More News ? Ay by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in
Heav'n shalt thou. [Exit.

Capt. Enough ; my Friends, farewell,
This Prison shews as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

ACT II.

Enter Moll, youngest Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. NOT marry ? forswear Marriage ? why all Wo-
men know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lye
with a Man ; and I, to spight my Sister's Vow the more,
have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of
the last Feather, he says he will Coach me too, and well
appoint me, allow me Mony to Dice withal, and many such
pleasing Protestations he sticks upon my Lips : Indeed his
short-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a
most abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time ;
troth I'll venture upon him ; Women are not without ways
enough to help themselves : If he prove wise and good as his
word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly ; and if

he prove an Ass, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Oxe; — there comes in my Relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

Moll. How now? what's the News?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir *John Penny-Dub*.

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no, she's — spitting in the Kitchen.

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good *Frailty*.

I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis Happiness my Mother saw him not.

O welcome, good Sir *John*.

Dub. I thank you faith — Nay you must stand me'll I kiss you: 'Tis the Fashion every where i' faith, and I came from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I shou'd anger the Fashion.

Dub. Then not forgetting the sweet of new Ceremonies I first fall back, then recovering my self, make my Honour to your Lips thus; and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy on't, Sir.

O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here.

Kissing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll steal into the Gallery.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir God. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, do not play the Fool, stand not in your own Light, you have wealthy Offers, large Tendrings, do not withstand your good Fortune; who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small Fool, rich Knight o'th' City, Sir *Oliver Muck-bill*, no small Fool, I can tell you; and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-servants, as your Maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not without Suiters, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier,

Sir

Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Suiter afar off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge weal by Farmer's Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him *Sir John Penny-Dub*, a good Name marry, he may have it coin'd when he lacks Money; what Blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my Senses, Brother, when you name A Suiter to me — oh I cannot abide it, I take in Poison when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my Son *Edmund*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exercise, dripping in the Tennis Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I shall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmund*. I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior, as *Harry of Monmouth* won all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all; so *Edmund of Bristow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmund of London*, that's his Son now, will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, Sister, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forsooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly speak with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his Troth I should ha' forget 'em. How now? Villain, which be those Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not see 'em before you? are not these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honourable Love.

Tipst. Dub. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer methis, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are scarce out of mine Eyes. not yet washt off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body scarce so cold as the Coffin, what reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be sure to another ere Morning; pray away, pray take your Answers, good Knights, and you be sweet Knights. I have vow'd never to marry, — and so have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muc. Lady, a shrewd Answer marry; the best is 'tis but the first, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one sharp Answer.

Tipst. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better Encouragement?

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so, take't a my word they'll give you the very same Answer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Dub. Mum: *Moll's* a good Wench still, I know what she'll do.

Muc. Well Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never; and I live these thousand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain, — look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the best wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's Nonsuted, that is, when he's a-bed with her.

[*Going out Muckhil and Sir Godfrey.*]

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [Exit *Muckhil*.]

Sir God. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhil*, I'll stick close for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-boord the Scholar.

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid.

Wid. What another Suiter now?

Pye. A Suiter, no; I protest, Lady, if you'd give me your self, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heav'n blefs me from a Widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness; well, your Business, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt Fellow should put 'em all beside the Stirrop, and vault into the Saddle himself, I have seen as mad a Trick. [Exit Frailty.]

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? — here's none but we — Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious Ear, For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear!

Pye. Ay, if't pass unregarded, and uneffected, Else peace and joy; — I pray Attention.

Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for these Parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain spiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deserves to be spit upon; I wonder that a Man of sober Tongue, as you seem to be, should have the Folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I speak it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, 'till the Dissolution of the World, 'till the last general Bonfire; when all the Earth shall melt into nothing, and the Seas scald their finny Labourers; so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single Life in

your self and your eldest Daughter, and the speedy determination of Marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has some Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our Thoughts:—
Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd speedy Marriage?

Pye. You see she tells you ay, she says nothing.
Nay, give me credit as you please, I am a Stranger to you, and yet you see I know your Determinations, which must come to me metaphysically, and by a super-natural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts Amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Moll. I'd thought to steal a Marriage, would his Tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honest a dealing Man, to be now in any Purgatories—

Pye. O do not load your Conscience with untruths,
'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em o'er;
That has past but for Copper; Praises here,
Cannot unbind him there: confess but truth,
I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is the most strange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Heirs clean up;
And had his Drink from many a poor Man's brow,
Even as their labour brew'd it.
He would scrape Riches to him most unjustly;
The very Dirt between his Nails was ill got,
And not his own,—oh
I groan to speak on't, the thought makes me shudder!—
Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't—Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church so duly; rise early before his Servants, and e'en for Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbotton'd, nay Sir Reverence untrust, to Morning Prayer?

Pye,

Pys. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Guests, would e'en shame me, and rise from the Table, to get a good Seat at an Afternoon Sermon.

Pys. There's the Devil, there's the Devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, so't 'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, so't 'ad been near enough to the Preacher. Oh — a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Dissembler. — Church, ay, he seem'd all Church, and his Conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pys. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your Business with me?

Pys. No, Lady, 'tis but the indiction to't, You may believe my strains, I strike all true. And if your Conscience would leap up to your Tongue, your self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present, a Brother of your Husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forefend, Sir Godfrey, my Brother!

Pys. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented, — for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this Day some Bloodshed before your Door, whereof the humane Creature dyes, of you two the eldest shall run Mad.

Wid. and Fran. Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pys. And with most impudent Prostitution, show your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pys. Attend me,

And your younger Daughter be stricken Dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worst pain of all for a Woman, I'd rather be mad; or run Naked, or any thing, Dumb?

Pys. Give Ear: E'er the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my Speech shall have past Probation, and then shall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid.

Wid. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone!

Moll. Dumb? I'll speak as much as I can possible before Evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange Fortunes be prevented by that accident of Death and Blood-shedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that have such a desire to out-strip Chastity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in Purgatory, and the punishments that shall follow you in this World, would with horror kill the Ear should hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be such an Ass, but to marry. What a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir Godfrey, my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearful prelaiges.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do;

If any happy issue crown thy words,

I will reward thy cunning.

[Exit *Wid.* and *Fran.*]

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wish no higher.

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worse,

Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse. [Exit.]

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Gram: for by good happiness, being in my Hostesses Garden,

den, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make these Vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these Advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmish* the Soldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and instead of giving the Corporal some Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a sleepy Nature, and make him seem as dead; for which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon pain of dying the condemned's Death; the Corporal will wake at his Minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought it self, and so shall I get my self into a most admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas St. Antlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be found, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongst Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

[Exit Pye-board.

Enter *Nicholas St. Antlings*, with the Chain.

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneakt it away by little and little, most Puritanically! we shall have good sport anon when he has miss'd it, about my Cousin the Conjurer; the World shall see I'm an honest Man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rose-mary-branches.

[Exit *Nich.*

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Simon St. Mary Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah, *Simon St. Mary Overies*, my Mistress sends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears.

Sim. *Frailty*, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatfoe'er comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy Flesh desires a Conjunction Copulative; what Strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Master *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Master *Sud*'s a good Man, he washes the Sins of the Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmish the Soldier.

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jack at the Clock-House?

Skir. I say again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conscience, all worldly Clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conscience?—O, I must break off, here comes the Corporal—hum, hum:—what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporal *Onb* will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not bawlk nor baffle me, dost thou? I am a Soldier—past seventeen?

Corp. Ay, thou art not angry with the Figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 sixteen, and 5 seventeen, then past Seventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a just Cause.

Skir.

Widow of Watling-street. 279

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Corp. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then: dost thou not know Numbers? canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'th' street?
[Draw.

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

[Simon runs in.

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling Clubs would be Trump: Mafs here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-board.

Capt. O Villain, thou hast open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up:

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh, peace now——I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Offs. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among 'em now.

Capt. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers.

Offs. Go carry him to be dress'd then:
This mutinous Soldier shall along with me to Prison.

Skir. To Prison? where's George?

Offs. Away with him. [Exeunt with Skir:

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amaz'd Widow

Will plant me strongly now in her belief,

And wonder at the virtue of my words:

For the event turns these presages from 'em, 1

Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy

Mingled with admiration: these empty Creatures,

Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd

As instruments for me to work upon.

Now to my Patient, here's his Potion. [Exit Pye-board

Enter

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous Happiness, beyond our Thoughts!
O lucky fair Event! I think our Fortunes
Were blest e'en in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all those shameful violent prefages
By this rash bleeding chance: go, *Frailty*, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he
had no Mony when he came there, I warrant he's dead by
this time. [Exit *Frailty*.

Pran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt
upon our Hands, nor upon any Mark about us, a wondrous
Fellow surely.

Moll. I am glad I have the use of my Tongue yet, tho' of
nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother *Sir Godfrey*, I would he were
here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning
Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have lost my Chain,
where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, he's lost his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me speak, you know I told
you that a Cunning-man told me, that you should have a
Loss, and he has Prophesied so true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophesie of the loss of my
Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, besides
'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's
huge Grandfather's: I had as lief ha' lost my Neck, as the
Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be against a Misfortune, 'tis
happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Sister, would you
had me lost more? my best Gown too, with the Cloth of
Gold-Lace? my Holiday Gascoins, and my Jerkin set with
Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read ---

Widow of Watling-street. 281

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is : What Strangers have been here ? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles : how comes it gone ? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not — steal I hope ?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah ? the News ?

Frail. O, Mistress, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's ?

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain ? where's my Chain, Knave ?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir ?

Sir God. My Chain is lost, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me : Alas, Sir, I saw none of your Chain since you were hung with it your self.

Sir God. Out Varlet ; it had full three thousand Links, I have oft told it over at my Prayers : Over and over, full three thousand Links.

Frail. Had it so, Sir, sure it cannot be lost then ; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why ? why ?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Links, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long Nicholas, were is my Chain ?

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir ?

Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet ? my Chain is lost, 'Tis stoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a Man.

Nich. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistress, I could bring him to a cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a Sefarara.

Sir God. Canst thou ? I will be patient, say, where dwells he ?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, and he could chuse, in the *Marshalsea*, Sir ; but he's
an

an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o'er, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces: why, he would make it be fetcht, Sir, if it were rid a thousand Mile out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats t'other Night, as any Man would ha' done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Besides a bountifull Reward, I'll about it,
But see the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it strait, good Sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The Name of Conjurer has laid my Blood.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw, two Serjeants, with Yeoman Dogson, to arrest George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hostess where he lies will trust him no longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will accompany me, because I know not of what Nature the Scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Serjeant *Ravenshaw*, I have the good Angel to arrest him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the sake of the Money so much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in 'us you know to hate Scholars; natural besides, they will publish our Imperfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. Ay, and spightfully too; troth I have wondred how the Slaves could see into our Breasts so much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding: Oh, they're parlous Fellows, they will search more with their Wits than a Constable with his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman *Dogson*.

Dog. Ha? what says Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Potheccaries Shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rev. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rev. Mafs, I am right glad of that; 'thas put me in better Heart; nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-Necked; I have been one of the fix my self, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their Weapons have been gone, as ever Bastinado'd a Serjeant—I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha' fish'd in my time.

Rev. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-board.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*; the Chain's couch'd,] And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongst Joys, I'm e'en lost,
For my Device can no way now be crost,
And now I must to Prison to the Captain, and there——

Put. I arrest you, Sir.

Pye. Oh——I spoke truer than I was aware, I must to Prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a Scholar, nay Sir——Yeoman *Dogson*, have care to his Arms——you'll rail against Serjeants, and stage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman,——I'm little less.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jest! 'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman——when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar;——look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Father's Trades; a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her Stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inseparabile* to my Blood.

Rev.

284 *The Puritan: or, The*

Rav. A rablement, nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Pnt. Go, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and enter the Action ith' Counter. [Exit Dog.]

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go Whither you please to have me.

Pnt. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Pnt. Why, at your Hostesses Suit where you lie, Mistress *Cumiburrow*, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound five Shillings and five Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I presum'd Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my Stars:

And I must bear it now, tho' never harder.

I swear now, my Device is crost indeed.

Captain must lie by't: this is Deceit's seed.

Pnt. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my Garter. and I'll away with you.

Pnt. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus. [Making to tie his Garter.]

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne'er recover of this Disease: hot Iron gnaw their Fists: they have struck a Feaver into my Shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again I fear me, 'till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me; oh if I take Prison once, I shall be press'd to Death with Actions, but not so happy as speedily; perhaps I may be forty Year a pressing 'till I be a thin old Man, that looking through the Grates, Men may look through me, all my Means is confounded, what shall I do? has my Wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a strain'd Servant) when I have most need of 'em: no Device to keep my poor Carcase from those *Pussocks*?—yes, Happiness, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto Wit*, ay, ay.

Pnt. 'Sfoot how many Yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant, I protest, you could never ha took me at a worse time, for now at this instant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Pnt,

Put. 'Slid how shall we come by our Fees then?

Rev. We must have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own sake, for I protest if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great Joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I must be contented, 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rev. Ay, well said Serjeant, 'tis good to cast about for Money.

Put. Speak, if it be not far —

Pye. We are but a little past it, the next Street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievously already; if you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and spend upon's, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rev. Ay, well said still, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will suffice, it shall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hostess shall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rev. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well late; come, we'll along with you.

[Exeunt with him; passing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinside.]

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here, — pray is the Gentleman your Master within?

Ser. Yes, is your business to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me:

I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, please you to walk here in the Gallery 'till he comes.

Pye

Pys. We will attend his Worship, — Worship I think, for so much the Posts at his Door should signify, and the far coming in, and the Wicket, else I neither knew him nor his Worship, but 'tis happiness he is within Doors, whatsoe'er he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this House, is't not most wholesomely plotted?

Rev. Troth Prisoner, an exceeding fine House.

Pys. Yet I wonder how he should forget me, for he ne'er knew me; no matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Master.

A pretty comfortable Room this methinks:

You have no such Rooms in Prison now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to't.

Pys. Dog-holes indeed — I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here shortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the most free-heartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make Verses?

Put. O, it stinks pleasantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pys. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Mafs here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well: — All happiness to your Worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A simple Salutation.

Rev. Mafs, it seems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pys. I beseech you, conceal me, Sir, I'm undone else, — I have the Mask here for you, Sir, Look you, Sir, — I beseech your Worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my Extreame make me boldey than I would be; I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now most unfortunately fall'n into the Hands of unmerciful Officers, arrested for Debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I'm destitute of Lands, Money, and Friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the Prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd
clean

close to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had interest in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my Escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gen. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremitities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at last it was put in my labouring thoughts to make a happy use of this Paper, and to blear their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interreption) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't; they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts shew'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Understanding and Pity: may it please your good Worship then but to behold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I shall be bound to your Worship forever.

Gen. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gen. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Rev. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and especially for a Mask.

Gen. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Mony, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worship, —
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chuse but like it; go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou shalt Discourse it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will, — look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the Money, you know.

Put:

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy chink, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy Company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part Of my Salvation, in these earthly Evils, For he has sav'd me from three hungry Devils. [*Exit Pye.*]

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too busie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the *Poultry*.

Rev. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the Houses.

Dog. Mafs, that's true, then we must look o' back-side for't; 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rev. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a Company of bare Fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rev. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my self. But this talk is by the way, where shall's Sup to Night: Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.

I have a Trick worth all, you two shall bear him to th' Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the Sum, to finger Money; because she knows 'tis but a desperate Debt, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book, for ever.

Rev. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't if faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Money, he stays so long.

Put.

Widow of Watling-street. 289

Put. He tarries long indeed, may be, I can tell you upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll search him.

Put. Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him tight enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman---By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you good den Sirs, ---- would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your Worship, Sir; only we are bold to stay for a Friend of ours that went in with your Worship.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your Worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Mony, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Prisoner, Sir, we did arrest him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers --- you were to blame then,

Why did not you make known to me as much;

I could have kept him for you, I protest,

He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,

Of the last Coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. 'Sfoot has he gull'd us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup, *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a Month.

Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship --- you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miss the Purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rav. The Hoie shall rot him.

Dog. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*

Gent. So,

Vex not your Lungs without Doors, I am proud,

Vol. VIII.

N

It

It was my hap to help him, it fell fit.
 He went not empty neither for his Wit:
 Alas, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain,
 To labour his Delivery, to be free
 From their unpitying fangs-- I'm glad it stood
 Within my power to do a Scholar good.

[Exit.

Enter in the Prison, meeting, Pye-boord and Captain, Pye-boord coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The same that I should be, Captain.

Capt. George Pye boord, honest George? why cam'st thou
 in half fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should ne'er ha' laugh'd
 again, never spent frolick Hour again.

Capt. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News
 As happy as thy quick Delivery,
 Was trac'd out by the scent, arrested Captain.

Capt. Arrested, George?

Pye. Arrested; guess, guess, how many Dogs do you think
 I'd upon me?

Capt. Dogs? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
 Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How didst thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our Wits, let it
 suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scap'd by Miracle:
 Some other Hour shall tell thee, when we'll sleep
 Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
 Leans to thy Happiness, for e'er the Day
 Be spent to th' Girdle, thou shalt be free:
 The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is mis'd,
 Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old Knight
 With Palsey-hams now labours thy Release.
 What rest is all in thee, to Conjure, Captains.

Cap. Conjure? 'sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a
 conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my say, I'd not
 have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring;
 look

look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready Charactered and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right Wits, dost know what thou sayst? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? didst thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? dost call't a Circle, 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that. Captain, nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll stay and hang the next Sessions you may.

Cap. No, by my Faith, George, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put Crowns in your Purse, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only best purchase Peace can allow you, safer than High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greatest Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wise, and cheat within Doors; and we geld Fools of more Mony in one Night, than your false-tail'd Gelding will purchase in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldam's saying, He's wisest that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Cap. Well opened i'faith, George, thou hast pull'd that saying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Cap. 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to say to't, conjure? I shall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd. I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, sure, first to spread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand silver'd o'er a purpose for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great

Trample, as for instance have you never seen a stalking, stamping Player; that will raise a tempest with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels ?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes; often.

Pye. Why be like such a one; for any thing will bear the old Knight's Eyes; for you must note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room. only perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I shall but shame my self i'faith, *George*, speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at Kye-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all; nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a Man, and may easily be hush'd, as to think upon some Disaster, some sad Misfortune, as the Death of thy Father i'th' Country.

Cap. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an extasie, that I should ne'er lin laughing else.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Capt. Mafs that's well remembered, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how shall I do, *George*, for boisterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian Invocations, *Captain*, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well; or you may go to a Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth, and you say true, *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin? but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this false Conjuraton, a true Devil should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, *Captain*? why there was ne'er such a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Capt. Then he's false enough a Conscience i'faith, *George*.

Widow of Watling-street. 293

The Cry at Marshalsea. Enter Sir Godfrey, Mr. Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cry Prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your Relief:

Good Gentlemen over the way; — Good Sir Godfrey.

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Master, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff Jerkin — Kinsman, that's my Master yonder i'th' Taffaty Hat — pray salute him intirely.

[*They salute; and Pye boord salutes Master Edmond.*

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir?

Edm. My Name is Master Edmond.

Pye. Master Edmond, — are you not a *Welshman*, Sir?

Edm. A *Welshman*? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen Name, and *Edmund* your Sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more Names at home, Master Edmond Plus is my full Name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir.

[*Whispering.*

Capt. I understand that you are my Kinsman's good Master, and in regard of that, the best of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a meer Stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reason of the Act of Parliament against Conjurers and Witches, as also because I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjuror, and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my Sister's House, — mine own House I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir, — what may I call your loss, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great Loss, a grievous Loss Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I say it, that wore it; how say'st thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinsman, you know —

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt. Trust a Fool with secrets?----Sir, he may say I know; his meaning is, because my Art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things ---

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A Pox of all Fools--the excuse stuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haste---ber-lady, Knight, to lose such a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul loss; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heaven and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjurer---O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,--- I know 'tis somewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wot'st on.

Sir God. For first, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou say'st true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith Knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will cost me much sweat, I were better go to sixteen Hot-houses.

Sir God. Ay good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Cousin, because you have not been us'd to't,

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools stil; indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice spoil'd now; that Captain's worse than accurst that has an Ais to his Kinsman, 'sfoot, I fear he will drivelt out before I come to't.---Now, Sir,---to come to the point indeed,---you see I stick here in the Jaw of the *Marshalsea*, and cannot do't.

Sir

Widow of Watling Street. 295

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou would'st say thou'rt a Prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How, none? why is not this the *Marshalsea*?

Sir God. Will't hear me speak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:

My Chain was lost, I sweat for thy Release,

As thou shalt do the like at home for me:

Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keeper. Yes, at his Pleasure, Sir, the Fees discharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll discharge them, I.

Keeper. I thank your Worship.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Cap. Now trust me, you're a dear Knight; kindness unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman,---- I will conjure for you, Sir, 'till Froth come through my Buff-Jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a Bounty, for at the first sight of my Chain again,---- forty five Angels shall appear unto thee.

Cap. 'Twill be a glorious show i' faith, Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your own House? are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counsel.

Cap. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the finest Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Sister, and foretold the loss of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my Fortune to lose it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my Sister's the Widow's, there you prophesied of the loss of a Chain;---- simply, though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rarest Fellow, has told me my Fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't, God send it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, Nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent Gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my Humour so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curse of the Beggar prevail so much, that the Son shall consume that foolishly, which the Father got craftily; ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay. stay. stay.

[*Pye-boord with an Almanack, and the Captain.*]

Capt. Turn over, *George*.

Pye. *June, July*; here, *July*, that's the Month, *Sunday* thirteen, Yesterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day, — if within the compass of these two Days there would be some boisterous Storm or other, it would be the best, I'd defer him off 'till then; some Tempest, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day — hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would 't'ad been hot and foul.

Pye. The sixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the most part, fair and pleasant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to morrow just at high-noon, *George*.

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I must crave your Patience, to bestow this Day upon me, that I may furnish myself strongly, — I sent a Spirit into *Lancashire* t'other Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening — to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Capt. And about Noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our House to Morrow, Sir?

Cap. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we shall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha' told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha' told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I desire more Acquaintance on you, you shall earn some Mony of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is lost?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjuror; I should marry a Pothecary's Daughter, and 'twas told me she lost her Maiden-head at *Stony Stratford*: Now if you'll do but so much as Conjure for't, and make all whole again —

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Sister's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a simple young Man, very simple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine 'till to morrow Break-fast.

Tip. Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinsman — Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la. [*Exe.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dub.

Dub. **B**UT I hope you will not serve a Knight so. Gentlewoman, will you? to casheer him, and cast him off at your Pleasure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dubb*, let it be defer'd a-while, I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me:

N 5

Dub.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his Fortune seven Years ago, to cross my Love thus; did he know what case I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himself in's Father's Fish-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? — Well, have I rid Post Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now---

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as his Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir *John*, that I shall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw it?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run before't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't.

Dub. Thou shalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have Money in my Purse to go whither I will.

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen. [Exit.

Enter Widow, Frances and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfast, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. O, a wond'rous rare Fellow, Mistress, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin; he says he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What? he will not? then he's an extlent Fellow I warrant, how happy were that Woman to be blest with such

such a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look *Frailty*? very swartly I warrant, with black Beard, scorcht Cheeks, and smoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh — he's neither smoak-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to see as one of us; I do think, but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

Frail. So fair, and yet so cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaffe.

Muck. Bless you, sweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Mistrefs. [*Exit Frailty.*]

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your Answers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a Kifs; Daughter, kifs the Gentleman for once.

Frail. Yes forsooth.

Tip. I'm proud of such a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, you're much to blame to come again when you know my Mind so well delivered — as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how say you? did I not?

Muck. But the sincere Love which my Heart bears to you —

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off; and Sir *Oliver*, to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I must marry again.

Muck. O blest Fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chuse; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haste? [*In her Ear.*]

Tip. Faith, Mistrefs *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies poor Kinswomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, be-
side

side you shall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muskat, and your Pifs, Pifs, Pifs.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how shall I do to be rid of these Knights.—please you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd.

Sir God. within.] Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coast clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjuror;—now—how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-board, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest Room in my Mother's House, as dainty a Room to Conjure in, methinks,—why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no, Deputies, and the wealthiest Men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Business roundly, the Fescue of the Dial is upon the Chriscross of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil should prove a Knave, and tear the Hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, *Sir Godfrey*.

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or spit Fire upo'th' Sealing.

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin Plastered, and 'twill quickly take hold a'the Laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Cap. My Life for yours, *Sir Godfrey*.

Sir God. My Sister is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th' Chimney.

Pye,

Pye. Why, assure you, Sir *Godfrey*, he shall not be brought up with so little Manners, to spit and spawl a'th' Floor.

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I — fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come. we'll into the next Room, and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with some of the Godlies Zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle; and because the Ground shall be as holy as the Door, I'll tear two or three Rosaries in pieces, and strew the Pieces about the Chamber; Oh! the Devil already. [*Runs in. Thunders.*]

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, speak somewhat for shame; it Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray Peace, *George*, — thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins again; now, now, now! Captain.

Cap. *Rhumbos ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Polis.*

Sir God. *through the Key hole, within.*] Oh admirable Conjuror! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Cap. *Benjamino, gaspois-kay-gosgothoteron umbrois.*

Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conscience to put a Man to such Pain.

Pye. Again.

Cap. *Flowste kak opumpas-dragone-leloomenos-hodge-podge.*

Pye. Well said, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me these roaring Tempests will destroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn — oh i'th' Country.

Cap. *Gog de gog, bobgoblin, huncks, hounslow, hockley to coome park.*

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempest's i'th' Garden, sure there's some Conjunction abroad.

Sir God. 'Tis at home, Sister.

Pye. By and by I'll step in, Captain.

Cap. *Nunck Nunck Rip Gascoines, Ips, Drip-Dropito.*

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man; alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap.

Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'st thou with me?

Sir God. O, the Devil, Sister, i'th' Dining-Chamber; fing, Sister, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly. [Goes in:

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee; enough, Captain, enough; allow us some time to laugh a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if a Earthquake were in their Kidneys.

Cap. Sirrah George, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woul't believe me, Captain, better than any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well; you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I must needs say so, George. Sirrah if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I protest, George, my Heels are sorer than a Whifon Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now — only to reveal that the Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'st, it has lain these two Days.

Cap. But I fear that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you must put it to th' venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe some of 'em are in a pitiful Case by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey, Nicholas*, Kinsman, —'sfoot they're fast at it still; George, Sir *Godfrey*?

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice? how comes he to know my Name?

Cap. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Cap. Laid; and has newly dropt
Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th' Garden! in our Garden?

Cap.

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir God. O sweet Conjurer! whereabouts there?

Cap. Look well about a Bank of Rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the Rosemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run.

[*Supposeth to go.*

Edm. Captain Conjurer?

[*Edm. at key-hole.*

Cap. Who? Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Ay, Master *Edmond*; may I come in safely without Danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at first;
Fear nothing, pray come near — how now, Man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith; 'slid, my Shirt sticks to my Belly already; what a steam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this Room must be air'd, Gentlemen, it smells horribly of Brimstone, — let's open the Windows.

Pye. Faith, Master *Edmond*, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, who do you think I cannot smell his Savour, from another; yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I shall love you for this the longest Day of my Life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you see more.

Edm. Mafs, now remember, I'll look whether he has findged the Hangings, or no,

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport 'till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this Instant I could flourish my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible, Man? I should laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your Kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

Cap.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master *Edmund Plus*, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap. You see the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go towards him, do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so, I'll try that i'faith — — [*Justles him.*]

Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that justled me?

Cap. Justled you? I saw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, — say 'twas a Spirit.

Cap. Shall I? — may be some Spirit that haunts the Circle.

Pye. O my Nose, agen, pray conjure then, Captain.

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*]

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be seen, — and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey*, my Uncle, abus'd me t'other Day, and told Tales of me to my Mother — Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th' Ear, when he comes out a'th' Garden. — I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow Frances, Nicholas with the Chain.

Sir God. I have my Chain again. my Chain's found again.

[*Edmond strikes him.*]

O sweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.

O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why, Captain am I not invisible?

Cap. A good jest, *George* — not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you see me when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my Troth, Captain; Then pray you pardon me, Uncle, I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go, — you're a foolish Boy, And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy, I'd make you taste Correction.

Edm. Correction, push — no, neither you nor my Mother, shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God:

Widow of Watling-street. 305

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you. O my sweet Chain, gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas just i'th' Rosemary-bank, as if one should ha' laid it there, — O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my Fortune tells me I must marry; let me marry a Man of Wit, a Man of Parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the World knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a sweet Bedfellow for any Lady. — I'll have it so —

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to Hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's Coffin'd, and old *Skirmish* the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer, sleepy Potion, and we shall have extant Admiration; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, and the Soldier bound, and led by the Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Soldier, prevent his Impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were those Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What, they were not, Sister?

Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at Tyburn else.

Pye. Mum — Gentles all, vouchsafe me Audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff:

Yon Man is bound to Execution,

Because he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.

Sher. True, true, he shall have the Law, — and I know the Law.

Pye.

Pye. But under Favour, Master Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why, *make you Question of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he should die, if within a little Season I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?

That were most strange of all. *[Frances comes to him.]*

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours, — O do not undertake such an impossible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your sweet sake I'll do't. Let me entreat the Corps to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the Coffin, — this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow's* Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the Air upon our wholesome Art, — Mafs his Cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer Sleep than you, — 'sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have a Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O — he stirs — he stirs again — look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us — out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else, — he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would Swear the first thing he did, as soon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot, Hostess — some hot Porridge, — oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and send him into your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in quotha. pray call in the Maids, I shall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail,

Widow of Watling-street 307

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost, of all Men.

Corp. 'Sbloud, let me see, where was I drunk last Night? hah —

Wid. O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you — oh —

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain — or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly. [*Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.*]

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most chearfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there. See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your Noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i' th' white Sheet sit at upper end o' th' Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i'faith. [*Exit.*]

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry, My foolish Vow thus I casheer to Air
Which first begot it — now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. **T**HIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master Edmond, we shall have rare doings.

Edm.

308 *The Puritan : or, The*

Edm. Nay, go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church-door, my Sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Master *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail. Here's run, run, run —

Edm. But hark, *Frailty*.

Frail. What, more ye?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to strew the way to the Church?

Frail. Foh, an Hour ago, I help'd 'em my self.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then: [Exit *Frailty*.

Edm. I shall have a simple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate Name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the finest Name that can be for a Woman; and then the Scholar, Master *Pye-boord* for my Sister *Frances*, that will be Mistress *Frances Pye-boord*, Mistress *Frances Pye-boord*, they'll keep a noble Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noses are put out of joint, they may go to-a Bone-setters now.

Enter Captain and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are shot up in one Night, they look like fine *Britains* now methinks, here's a gallant change i' faith; 'slid, they have hir'd Men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Master *Edmond*, kind, honest, dainty Master *Edmond*.

Edm. Foh, sweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i' faith.

Pye. What, are the Brides stirring? may we steal upon 'em, think'st thou, Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Faw, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; for they were at their Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled down the Stairs.

Pye.

Eye. Alas, poor Master *Edmond*.

Enter Musicians.

Capt. O, the Musicians! I prethee, Master *Edmond*, call 'em in, and Liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her Cloaths.

Dub. Whewh, Mistress *Moll*, Mistress *Moll*.

Moll. Who's there?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub*? O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

Dub. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir *John*, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not stay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you shall stay; for, Sir *John*, you must note the nature of the Climates: Your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out 'till she be fifteen, but if she touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go presently after twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haste, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, Sir Andrew Tiptaff, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of such Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impossible, dare you maintain your Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot squander with us, they have knavishly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their selves upon our Shoulders, but they shall rue their Abuses, this Morning they are to be married.

Muck.

Muck. 'Tis too true. yet if the Widow be not too much besotted on Slights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last Night to an Honourable Personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and to speak Truth, for such needful Occasions, I only preserve him in Bond, and sometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth. than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomsday for t'other.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have publish'd much Judgment in these few Words.

Muck. For you know, what such a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if she'll be true.

Enter Servant.

Muck. How now, Fellow.

Serv. May it please you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early; You see he loves me well; up before Heav'n, Trust me, I have found him Night-capt at eleven: There's good hope yet; come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow chang'd in Apparel, Mistress Frances led between two Knights: Sir John Penny-Dub and Moll; there meets them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is most chastly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you; upon whom can I justly cast this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, such is the blind besotting in the state of an un-headed Woman that's a Widow. For it is the Property
of

of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only love you to undo you; and regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one Man amongst ten thousand Millions of Men, that is accurst, disastrous, and evilly Planetted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all Societies esteem least, that Man is sure to be a Husband — Such is the peevish Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow best woos you, a flattering Lip best wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish Truth from Forgeries, Mists from Simplicity; witness those two deceitful Monsters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful —

Pye. All will out.

Cap. 'Sfoot, who was blabb'd, *George*? that foolish *Nicholas*.

Nob. For what they have besotted your easie Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; *Sir Godfrey* heard the falshood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Couzenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Husband, with all his Craft, could not keep himself out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain should be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred most of all, that I should be tied from Marriage, having such a mind to't; come *Sir John Penny-Dub*, fair Weather on our side, the Moon has chang'd since Yesternight.

Pye. The sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in those Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their so sudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Base Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid.

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false, which too soon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my shame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, Soldier.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Rosemary-bank all this while, and thou got'st him out of Prison to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: Pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings*.

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society, Deem'd always Holy, Pure, Religious: A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard? Sooner we'll kill a Man, than Steal, thou know'st. Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back — With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Master, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.

And now, Widow, being so near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a Husband: Draw near, you of true Worship, State and Credit: That should not stand so far off from a Widow, and suffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margin of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, bestow your Eyes and your purest Affections, upon Men of Estimation, both in Court and City, that have long wooed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God.

Widow of Watling-street. 313

Sir God. Good Sister, do: Sweet little *Frank* these are Men of Reputation, you shall be welcome at Court; a great Credit for a Citizen, sweet Sister.

Nob. Come, her silence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis easily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul.

Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John*, with Soul, Heart, Lights, and all;

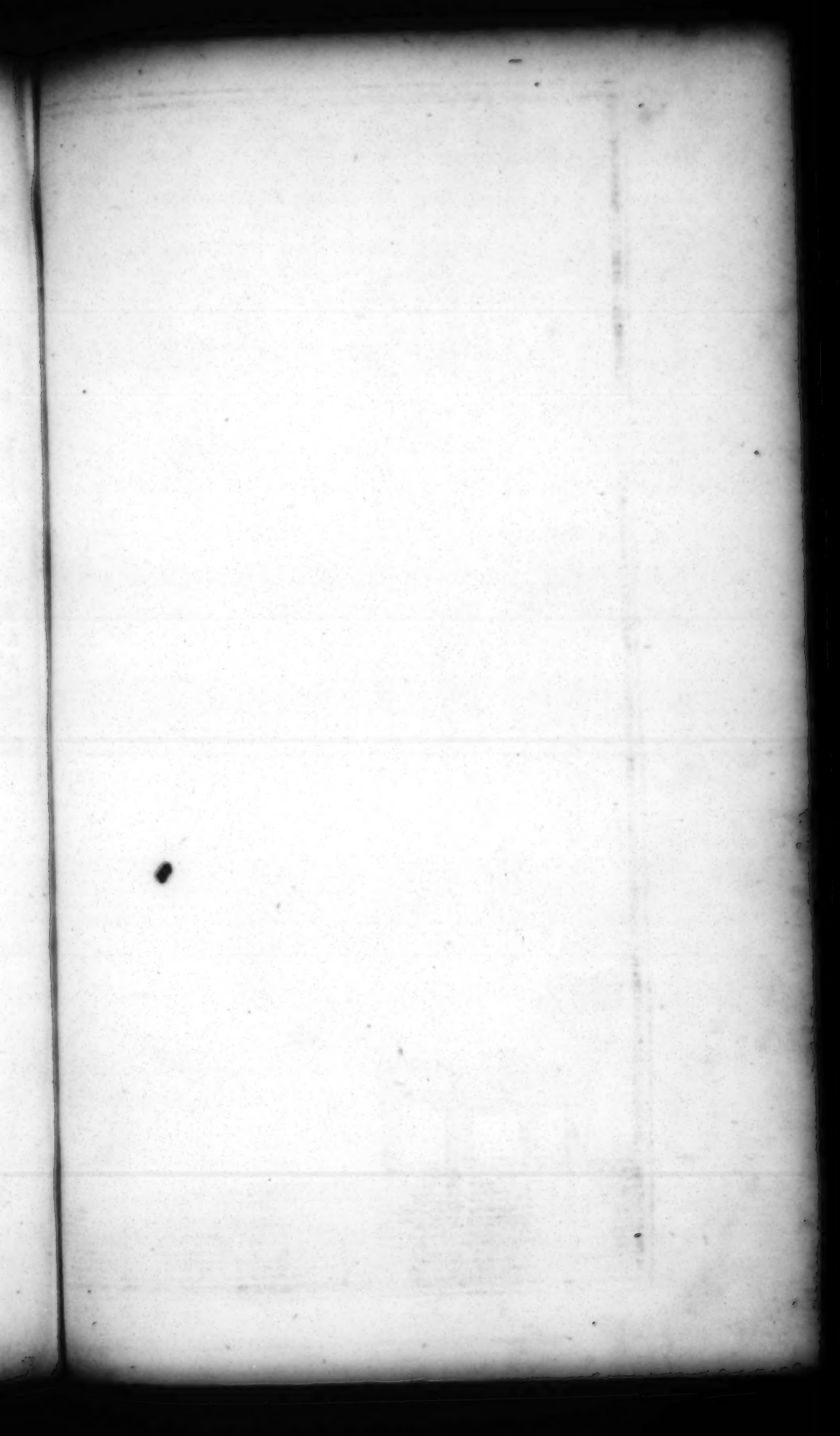
Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll*.

Nob. Now Lady:

What honest Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furnish you with Hand and Voice:
A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice:
Come, enter in your Joys, you shall not want
For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you shall have Hands enough to give ye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

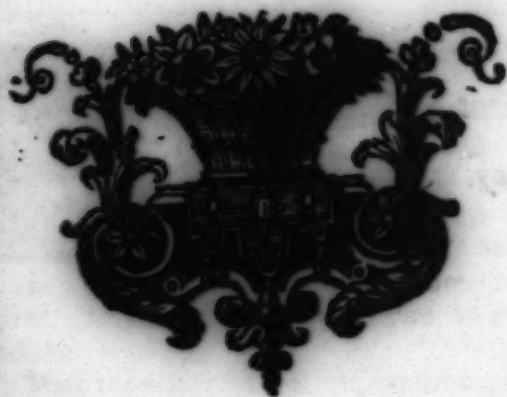






U:8:p:316

^A
Dramatic Personages
YORKSHIRE
TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Husband.

H Master of a College.

Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,

Ralph,

Samuel,

} Serving-men.

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.



A

Yorkshire Tragedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, and Ralph, two Serving-men.

O L I V E R.



Sirrah Ralph, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, viz. Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Ma'st thou sayest true, 'tis commom indeed, but Sirrah, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan Bawd says. 'Slid I hear Sam, Sam's come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Enter Sam, furnish'd with things from London:

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs, I were well served, were I not? What, *Ralph* and *Oliver*?

Amb. Honest Fellow *Sam*, welcome! faith, what Tricks hast thou brought from *London*?

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my Back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man e'er he dyes; but what's the News from *London*, *Sam*?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said, what is the News from *London*, Sirrah? My young Mistress keeps such a pulling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay, the more Ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that 'till now? Why, he's Married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, *Sam*, I would not for two Years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left Hand of her Wit, and ne'er be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener! puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards, as naturally as can be--- But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches; I quite forgot my two poking Sticks these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know,

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th' Fire, the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou said'st even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer sowre this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds Countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last Week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould to do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their Knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his Credit and his House.
And 'tis set down by Heav'n's just Decree,
That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill beseeming
The antient Honour of his House and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes,
The weakness of his State so much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,

Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes him
 Appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart;
 Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth;
 Not penitent for those his Sins are past,
 But vex his Mony cannot make them last :
 A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow,
 Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of Ills
 I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
 And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox of the last throw, it made
 Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
 I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forsok me;
 Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin,
 Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Huf. Oh ! most punishment of all, I have a Wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your Soul,
 Tell me the Cause of this your Discontent.

Huf. A Vengeance strip thee Naked, thou art Cause,
 Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. [Exit.

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse?

Both Beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
 And so much unlike himself at first,
 As if some vexed Spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
 He says I am the Cause; I never yet
 Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Huf. If Marriage be Honourable, then Cuckolds are Honourable, for they cannot be made without Marriage.
 Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars!
 Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot live but upo' th' Fool, for he will have no Land to maintain him; that Mortgage sits like a Snaffle upon mine Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a Promoter, and my third a Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander.
 Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put a Man.
 I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd;

He

He bears himself more proudly,
Has more Cure on his Credit.

Base, slavish, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beseech you,
Shew me the true Cause of your Discontent.

Huf. Mony, Mony, Mony, and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least Cause of your Discontent.

Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,
Though I myself be out of your Respect,
Think on the State of those three lovely Boys
You have been Father to.

Huf. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how those Words wrong me,
But I'll endure these Grievs among a thousand more:
Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
Your self wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother
At the University into Bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And —

Huf. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for Fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'it thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleasure? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour: Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your Company; curb'd in?
Shall it be said in all Societies,
That I broke Custom? that I flug'd in Mony?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Huf. Nay, I protest, and take that for an earnest,

[*He spurns her.*]

I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, 'till thou consent,
Thy Dowry shall be sold to give new Life
Unto those Pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,
And what the Law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Huf. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,

[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*]

But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on;
A Bawd to Dice; I'll shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall.

[*Exit.*]

Huf. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very Hour I chose
a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like three E-
vils hang upon me, fie, fie, fie, Strumpet and Bastards,
Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome Thoughts jar on your
Your self to stain the Honour of your Wife, [Tongue?
Nobly descended; those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Huf. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu,
I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirra? what would you?

Ser. Only to certifie you, Sir, that my Mistress was
met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to Lon-
don by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's late Guar-
dian.

Huf. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huf.

Huf. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Huf. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own Follies, for it is they Deserve to be well beaten; we are now in private, There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish, An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit Lie now both sick of a Consumption, I am sorry for thee; that Man spends with shame, That with his Riches doth consume his Name; And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.

Thy Fathers and Forefathers worthy Honours, Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace, Follies in thee begin now to deface. The Spring time of thy Youth did fairly promise Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends, It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs, Such Dearth should hang on thee, we that see it Are sorry to believe it; in thy change, This Voice into all places will be hurld, Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst, Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied, Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee, Thou art her Champion thou, her private Friend, The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought, I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Huf. This has gal'd you, has it?

Gent. No Monster, I prove My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Huf. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[*They fight, and the Husband is hur*
Hu

Huf. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet.

Huf. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do.

[*Fight again.*]

Huf. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.

[*Husband falls down.*]

Huf. Hard Fortune, am I levell'd with the Ground?

Gent. Now, Sir, you lye at Mercy.

Huf. Ay, you Slave.

Gent. Alas that hate should bring us to our Grave.

You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life,

I am sorrier for your Wound, than you your self:

You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds,

'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds.

Much good has been expected in your Life,

Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,

Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame

On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be sore,

And by this fall, rise never to fall more.

And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Huf. Has the Dog left me then,

After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart

Would fain leap after him, Revenge I say.

I'm mad to be reveng'd; my Strumpet Wife,

It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh,

And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed;

Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak?

Surely 'tis want of Mony makes Men weak,

Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else. [*Exit.*]

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving man.

Ser. Faith, Mistress, if it may not be Presumption

In me to tell you so, for his Excuse

You had small Reason, knowing his abuse,

Wife. I grant I had, but alas,

Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad?

'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first Sight

Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life

As perfectly, as if his serious Eye

Had

Had number'd all his Follies:

Knaw of his mortgag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds,
Himself withered with Debt; and in that minute
Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good;
Where now, fath'ring his Riots in his Youth,
Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And Place at Court! A good and sure Relief
To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new League between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be
kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should
think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me, I
think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands,
And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands;
Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Now, are you come? where's the Mony? Let's
see the Mony, is the Rubbish sold? those Wife-akers your
Lands, why then, the Mony, where is it? pour it down,
down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground,
let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My Words shall like you wel', I bring you better
Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

Huf. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hear-
ing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild U-
sage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your decli-
ning Fortunes, provided a place for you at Court of worth
and credit; which so much overjoyed me — *Huf.*

Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
When I'm in Torment. [*Spurns her.*
Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was this
thy Journey to *Nunck*, to set down the History of me, my
State and Fortunes?

Shall I, that dedicated my self to Pleasure, be now confin'd
in Service to crouch, and stand like an old Man i'th' Hams,
my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head
i'th' Church, base Slut, this fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,
That my Complaints were Praises and best Words,
Of you, and your Estate; only my Friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possess'd
Of every Accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a Plot in me,
To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (tho' it suits a Mother
To shew a natural care in their Reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my self to calm your Blood;
Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Huf. Mony, Whore, Mony, or I'll — [*Draws his Dagger.*

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil! how now? thy hasty News?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Huf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick,
short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University stays
below to speak with you:

Huf. From the University? so, University,
That long Word runs thro' me.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this News step'd in between, the point
Had offer'd Violence unto my Breast.
That which some Women call great Misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my Miseries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are:

Nothing

Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
 He calls it Slavery to be preferr'd,
 A place of Credit, a base Servitude.
 What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
 Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars,
 I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand
 Begins to shake the ancient Seat to Dust:
 The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
 Over my darkish Eyes: I can scarce see;
 Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Huf. Please you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Maft. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Maft. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amas'd, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Huf. Hum, hum, hum.

Maft. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our Univerfity, wherefore without Repentance and Amends, expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Huf. O God, oh.

Maft. Wise Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing

thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate Misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your Answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master.

I never had Sense 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me, both for your Words and Pains I thank you; I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs. Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Huf. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother, Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore, 'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Huf. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wish't it better for your sake.

I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Huf. Let it be so.

Now, Sir, if you please to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnish'd of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased, 'And the World's murmurs calm'd, and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky Day. [Exit.]

Huf. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'n should say we must not Sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being sound, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden, we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden, what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the mire; what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compass of a little round Table, and

and with the Gentleman's Palsie in the Hand shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars? 'Tis done, I have done't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Misery, — how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations. Generations, down goes the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous; in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable beside my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's sighing, my three Boys penury, and mine own Confusion.

[He tears his Hair.]

Why sit my Hairs upon my cursed Head?
Will not this Po'son scatter them? oh my Brother's
In Execution among Devils that stretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,
But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,
Slavery and Misery. Who in this case
Would not take up Mony upon his Soul?
Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.]

Huf. Up Sir, for here thou hast no Inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Huf. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. *[Strikes him.]*

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Huf. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an U-
surer

surer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to Brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [*Stabs him.*
Be not thy Name's Disgrace:

Spurn thou thy Fortune's first, if they be base:

Come view thy second Brother: Fates,

My Children's Blood shall spin into your Faces.

You shall see,

How confidently we scorn Beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep,
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.—

Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,

'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,

Hard when the Father plays away the Son:

Nothing but misery serves in this House,

Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with a Boy bleeding.

Huf. Whore, give me that Boy.

Now [*He strives with her for the Child.*

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Huf. Are you Gossiping, prating sturdy Quean,

I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,

Down Stairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.

[*He throws her down.*

So, the surest way to charm a Woman's Tongue,

Is to break her Neck, a Politician did it.

Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.

[*His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest Child.*

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Huf. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.

Wife. O my sweet Husband.

Huf. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?

Huf. Give me the Bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet Boy.

Huf.

Huf. There are too many Beggars.

Wife. Good my Husband.

Huf. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

Huf. Have at his Heart.

[Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets is from her.]

Wife. Oh my dear Boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.

Wife. Oh Heav'n. *[She is hurt, and sinks down.]*

Huf. And perish, now be gone,

There's Whores enough, and Want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O Sir, what Deeds are these?

Huf. Base Slave, my Vassal,

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.

Huf. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Huf. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Huf. Have I no Power? shall my Slave setter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.

[Husband overcomes him.]

Huf. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,

Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;

So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My Horse stands ready saddled, away, away,

Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar;

Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[The Master meets him.]

Mastr. How is't with you Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Oblour.

Huf. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,

Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you,

I want one small part to make up the Sum;

And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mastr. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[Exeunt.]

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self,

He has so bruised me with his devilish weight,

And

And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur,
 A Man before of easie Constitution,
 'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong;
 Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mast. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these
 To satisfie his Brother? here's another,
 And by these bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mast. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,
 One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took Horse
 To kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
 To raise the Town upon him.

[Exeunt Master and Servants.]

Ser. Good Sir follow him.

Wife. Oh my Children.

Ser. How is it, my most afflicted Mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
 To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
 A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
 An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischief
 Had so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him,
 We struggled, but a fouler Strength than his
 O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
 And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
 Like a Man mad in Execution,
 Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace,
 And stole away Humanity from his Breast?
 To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
 And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
 A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it;
 'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, innocent Blood,

Murder

Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. [Exeunt.]

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Huf. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:

Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, Plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th' Tow,
In such plain even Ground,
'Foot, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within, Follow, follow, follow.

Huf. Ha! I hear sounds of Men, like Hue and Cry;
Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done:

Cry within. Here, this way, this way.

Huf. At my Back? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is 'bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with
Halberds.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Maft. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy Prison'd Brother?

Huf. He can have no more of us than our Skins,
And some of them want but flaying.

1 Gent. Great Sins have made him impudent.

Maft. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot blush;

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices;
A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand,
There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Huf. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.

Maft. There's little of a Father in that Grief:
Bear him away.

Enter

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his Wife, murder'd his Children?

1 Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him.
That ever he took Life and natural Being
From such an honour'd Stock, and fair Descent;
'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemish.

1 Gent. Here come the Men.

Enter the Master of the College, and the rest, with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his House: I'm sorry for this
time, that I am in place of Justice.

Mast. Please you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much.
Would it had ne'er been thought on.

Sir, I bleed for you.

1 Gent. Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous Cruelty?

Huf. In a word, Sir,

I have consum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitablest Deed I could do
To cozen Beggary, and knock my House o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in To-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will sit closer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you:
To further which, take this sad Voice from me,
Never was Act plaid more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, Sir.

Knight. Go lead him to the Jail.
Where Justice claims all, there must Pity fail.

Huf. Come, come, away with me. [Exit Prisoner.]

Mast. Sir, you deserve the Worship of your place,
Would all did so; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my wish it should be so;
Ruinous Man, the Desolation of his House,
The blot upon his Predecessor's honour'd Name.
That Man is nearest shame, that is past shame. [Exit.]

*Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and
Gentlemen, as going by his House.*

Huf. I am right against my House, Seat of my Ancest-
ors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered; let
me intreat to speak with her before the Prison gripe me,

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.

Gent. See here she comes of her self.

Wife. O my sweet Husband, my dear distressed Husband;
Now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greatest Sorrow, my extreamest Bleeding;
Ah! my Soul bleeds.

Huf. How now? kind to me?
Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breast feel,
Unkindness strikes a deeper Wound than Steel.
You have been still unkind to me.

Huf. Faith, and I so think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of Hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from me.
Departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented,
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that bottomless Pit, let him not rise
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To spread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioners,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant Husband!

Huf. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd,
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these Faults die,
If the Law could forgive as soon as I.

[Children laid out.]

Huf. What Sight is yonder?

Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Threshold

Huf. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-string crack
O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then should you see the penitent Glasses melt,
And both your Murders shoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,

And

And will not look on me,
 Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
 O that I might my wishes now attain,
 I should then wish you living were again;
 Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
 O 'twas the Enemy my Eyes so blear'd.
 O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
 That will unto my End repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,
 And leave part with this.

Offi. Come, will you go?

Huf. I'll kiss the Blood I spilt, and then I'll go;
 My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be so.
 Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I must part,
 I of thy wrongs, repent me with my Heart.

Wife. O stay, thou shalt not go.

Huf. That's but in vain, you see it must be so.
 Farewel ye bloody Ashes of my Boys,
 My Punishments are their eternal Joys,
 Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
 And then their Heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

[Exit Husband with Officers.]

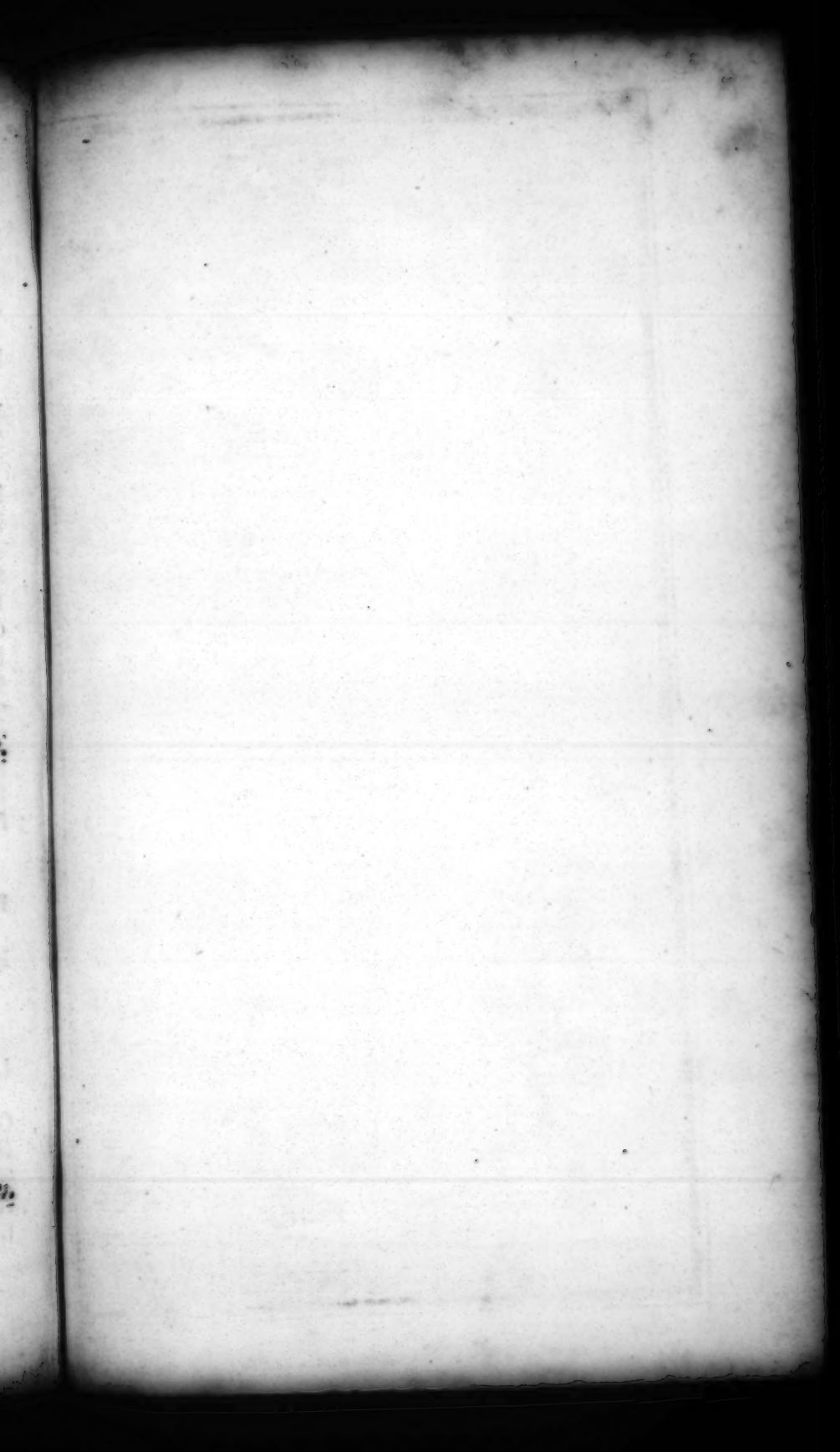
Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
 Than former Sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind Wife, be comforted,
 One joy is yet unmurdered,
 You have a Boy at Nurse, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
 Heav'n give my Body strength, which is yet faint
 With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
 Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
 To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

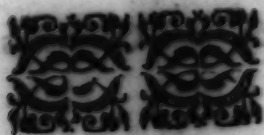
Mast. Was it in Man to wound so kind a Creature?
 I'll ever praise a Woman for thy sake,
 I must return with grief, my answer's set,
 I shall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt:
 Two Brothers; the one in Bond lyes overthrown,
 This on a deadlier Execution.

[Exeunt omnes.]





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE,
THE
ELDEST SON
OF
KING BRUTUS.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

BRutus, *King of Britain.*

Locrine,
Camber, } *his Sons.*
Albanaët, }

Corineius, } *Brothers to Brutus.*
Assarachus, }

Thrasimachus, *Corineius his Son.*

Debon, *an older Officer.*

Humber, *King of the Scythians.*

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraffier, *a Scythian Commander.*

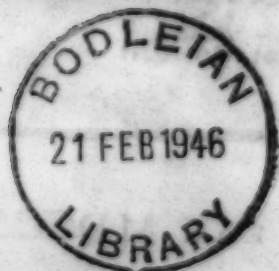
Strombo,
Trumpart, } *Clowns.*
Oliver, }
William, }

Guendeline, *Corineius his Daughter, married to
Locrine.*

Elstrild, *Humber's Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddess of Revenge.*

Ghosts of Albanaët, and Corineius.



THE

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Ate, with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain Ate.

A T E.

In pœnam sectatur & Umbra.



Mighty Lion Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Pro-
portion,
With hideous Noise, scaring the trem-
bling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the
Earth,

Travest the Groves, and chac'd the wandring Beasts:
Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drave the silly Beasts before his Face;

When suddenly from out a thorny Bush
 A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
 Wounded the Lion with a dismal Shaft,
 So he him strook, that it drew forth the Blood,
 And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
 But all in vain he threateneth Teeth and Paws,
 And sparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
 For the sharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound.
 So *Brute*, the Terror of the World,
 Whose only looks did scare his Enemies,
 The Archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O what may long abide above this Ground,
 In State of Bliss and healthful Happiness!

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Brutus carried in a Chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guerdeline, Assaracus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Brut. Most loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
 That have with me, unworthy General,
 Passed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
 Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
 Behold your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my Will;
 My Sinews shrunk, my number'd Senses fail,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my Bones,
 Black ugly Death with Visage pale and wan,
 Presents himself before my dazled Eyes,
 And with his Dart prepared is to strike:
 These Arms, my Lords, these never-daunted Arms,
 That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
 And eke dismay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
 Now yield to Death, o'erlaid with crooked Age,
 Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
 Even as the lusty Cedar worn with Years,
 That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
 'Mongst all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*.
 This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
 That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
 A doleful Scourge unto my neighbor Kings,

New

The Tragedy of Locrine. 341

Now by the Weapons of Unpartial Death
Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life,
As when the sacred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Air's celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death. since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And grieve to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul;
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*.
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly Mold,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The Grecian Monarch. warlike *Pandrasfus*,
And all the Crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove* Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad Laments,
Comfort yourself with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seems terrible.

Brn. Nay, *Corintius*, you mistake my Mind,
 In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
 I fear'd not t'yield myself to fatal Death,
 God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts;
 A greater Care torments my very Bones,
 And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
 And in your Lordings both the Substance lye.

Thra. Most Noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
 Accomplish may, to ease your Lingring Grief,
 I, in the name of all, protest to you,
 That we would boldly enterprize the same,
 Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
 Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
 Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noise,
 We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
 Searching the entrails of the brutish Earth,
 Or with his *Ixions* overdaring soon,
 Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Brn. Then hearken to your Sovereign's latest Words;
 In which I will unto you all unfold,
 Our Royal Mind and resolute Intent.
 When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
 Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
 Th' unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire,
 Drove me and old *Assarachus* mine Eame,
 As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
 So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
 To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrasus*,
 There I alone did undertake your Cause,
 There I restor'd your antique Liberty,
 Though *Gracia* frown'd, and all *Molossia* storm'd,
 Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
 In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
 Though *Pandrasus* and his Contributaries,
 With all the routs of their Confederates,
 Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
 And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
 Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
 And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree
 To certain Articles, which there we did propound.

From

From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellepont*,
 We came into the Fields of *Leffrigen*,
 Whereat our Brother *Corineus* was;
 Which when we passed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
 And so transfretting the *Illician* Sea,
 Arrived on the Coasts of *Aquitain*;
 Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
 Encountering with our Host, sustain'd the Foil,
 And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost;
Turnus that slew six hundred Men at Arms,
 All in an Hour, with his Sharp Battle-Axe,
 From thence upon the stronds of *Albion*
 To *Cornus* Haven happily we came,
 And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion's* Race,
 With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
 The curled Captain of that damned Crew,
 And in that Isle at length I placed you.
 Now let me see, if my laborious Toils,
 If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
 If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
 I hazarded my Life and dearest Blood,
 To purchase Favour at your Princely Hands,
 And for the same in dangerous Attempts,
 In sundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
 I shew'd the Courage of my manly Mind;
 For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
 The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;
 For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
 A savage Captain of a savage Crew;
 And for these Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
 A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King;
 And for this Gift, this Life and dearest Blood
 Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd
 to you,
 The same will *Debon* do unto his end.

Bra. Then, Loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
 And resolute to follow *Brutus* Hosts,

344 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Favour my Sons, favour those Orphans, Lords,
 And shield them from the Dangers of their Foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
 And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age;
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
 And take thy latest Blessings at his Hands:
 And, for thou art the eldest of my Sons,
 Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
 And imitate thy aged Father's steps,
 Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
 For if thou follow sacred Virtues lore,
 Thou shalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch,
 And wear a Wreath of sempiternal Fame,
 Sorted amongst the Glorious happy ones.

Loc If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
 'And bear himself in all things like a Prince
 That seeks to amplify the great Renown,
 Left unto him for an Inheritance,
 By those that were his Ancestors,
 Let me be flung into the Ocean,
 And swallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
 Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
 Descend upon this my devoted Head.

[*Brutus taking Guendeline by the Hand.*

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
 Who shall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Present at my Hand;
 A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
 Found in the Bowels of *America*.
 Thou shalt be spoused to fair *Guendeline*:
 Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
 If so thy Uncle and her self do please.

Cor. And herein how your Highness honours me,
 It cannot now be in my Speech exprest;
 For careful Parents glory not so much
 At their own Honour and Promotion,
 As for to see the issue of their Blood
 Seated in Honour and Prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
 To contradict her aged Father's Will,

There

The Tragedy of Locrine. 345

Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your Royal self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,
Like crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possess.

[Brutus turning to Locrine.

[Locrine kneeling.

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou must bear the Person of a King.

[Puts the Crown on his Head.

Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tenderest these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and Love thy new betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown;
Than I do peerless Guendelina.

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My Lord.

Bru. The Glory of mine Age,
And darling of thy Mother Junoer,
Take thou the South for thy Dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And sway the regal Scepter with their Hands.

[Turning to Albanact.

And Albanact, thy Father's only Joy,
Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the North for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed Beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endless Happiness,
And bear firm Concordance among your selves,
Obey the Counsels of these Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age,

346 *The Tragedy of Locrine:*

And the defect of youthful Puissance,
 My Malady increaseth more and more,
 And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace,
 To dispossess me of my earthly Shape,
 Mine Eyes wax dim, o'ercast with Clouds of Age;
 The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones.
 Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
 And with my Blessings, this my fleeting Soul.
 My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
 Do end with Life; Death closeth up mine Eyes,
 My Soul in haste flies to the *Elysian Fields*: [He dies.]

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars,
 T'abbreviate my noble Father's Life.
 Hard-hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
 Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread,
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
 Alas too soon by *Demogorgon's* Knife,
 The Martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.
 No sad Complaints may move just *Eacus*.

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhodomantis*,
 Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
 That tamed the huge Monsters of the World,
 Plaid'st thou as sweet, on the sweet sounding Lute,
 As did the Spouse of fair *Enridice*,
 That did enchant the Waters with his Noise,
 And made the Stones, Birds, Beasts, to lead a Dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
 Thou could'st not move the Judge of *Erebus*,
 Nor move Compassion in grim *Pluto's* Heart,
 For fatal *Mars* expecteth all the World,
 And every Man must tread the way of Death;
 Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* Sire,
 Guest to the Gods, suffered untimely Death,
 And old *Tithonus* Husband to the Morn,
 And eke grim *Minos* whom just *Jupiter*
 Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice,
 The thundring Trumpets of Bloody-thirsty *Mars*,
 The fearful rage of fell *Tisphoen*,
 The boisterous Waves of humid Ocean,

For Instruments and Tools of dismal Death.
 Then noble Cousin cease to mourn his chance,
 Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should die.
 It resteth now that we inter his Bones,
 That was a Terror to his Enemies.
 Take up his Coarse, and Princes hold him dead,
 Who while he liv'd, upheld the Trojan State.
 Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to Troinovant.
 There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Strumbo above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper
 in his Hand.*

Strum. Either the four Elements, the seven Planets and
 all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adversi-
 tive against me, or else I was begotten and born in the
 Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in
 his fourth Book of Consultations doth say, goeth arsward.
 Ay Masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you
 may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt Tears from
 the watry Fountains of my most dainty fair Eyes, along
 my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the
 Water runneth from the Bucking-tubs, or red Wine out
 of the Hogs-heads: for trust me, Gentlemen and my ve-
 ry good Friends, and so forth: the little god, nay the de-
 sperate god *Cupid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts,
 hath shot me unto the Heel: so not only, but also, oh
 fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love,
 and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina*
 with the *Als Tom*? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen
 her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy
 Bail. Ah, *Strumbo*, hast thou heard of the Voice of the
 Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with
 these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them
 off, for they have caus'd thy sorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill
 thy self, drown thy self, hang thy self, starve thy self.
 Oh, but then I shall leave my sweet Heart. Oh my Heart!
 Now Pate for thy Master, I will dote an aliquant Love-
 pistle

348 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love me presently.

[Let him write a little, and then read.]

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haste the worst speed.

[Then write again, and after read.]

So it is, Mistress Dorothy, and the sole essence of my Soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self hath now encreas'd to a great Flame, and will e'er it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant Water of your secret Fountain, quench the furious Heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majesticall, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only, but also to kill him. Thus expecting Time and Tide, I bid you farewell. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo*.

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will send it away. *Trompart Trompart* a what Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come whea your Master calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart entring, saith Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my Service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the Fruits of my Loins, Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thyself herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress Dorothy, and tell her —

[Speaking in his Ear. Exit Trompart.]

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Dor. *Signior Strumbo*, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitful Story of your

sanguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great:
I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigsney, the secundity of my
ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the
sorrowful Sobs and broken Sleeps that I suffer'd for your
sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your
familiarity.

*For your Love doth lye,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.*

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you speak too learnedly for
me to understand the drift of your Mind; and therefore
tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark
Riddles.

Strum. Alas Mistress *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when
I most would, I cannot be understood: so that my great
learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in
plain terms, I love you, Mistress *Dorothy*, if you like to
accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[Turning to the People.]

Strum. Say'st thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes.
Farewel, Mistress. If any of you be in love, provide ye a
Cap Case full of new coin'd words, and then shall you soon
have the *succado de labres*, and something else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter *Locrine*, *Guendeline*, *Camber*, *Albanact*, *Corincius*,
Affarachus, *Debon*, and *Thrasimachus*.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*
Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd,
As best becom'd so brave Prince as he;
If so you please, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra.

350 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Must needs obey your Highness at command,
Especially in such a Cause as this,
That much concerns your Highness great content.

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's* Walls,
Where we will pass the Day in Knightly sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Risus* all our Sports.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring. let there come forth this show. Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door Phineus, all black in Armour with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Ate remaining says,

Regit omnia numen.

WHen *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establish'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom should for aye endure.
But lo proud *Phineus*, with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this Marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train:
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately Castle Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest Marble Stone;
At length we are arrived in *Albion*.

Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* Sovereign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,
Stay us from cutting over to this Isle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*,
Under the Conduct of *Posthumus* Son,
Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavillions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle:
But I will frustrate all their Foolish hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hosts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair *Rhannis* golden Gate,
Grant us the Honour of the Victory
As hitherto she always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthronised in Seats of Topaz stones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,
None must be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what saith *Estrild* to these Regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes?

Est. The Plains, my Lord, garnish'd with *Flora's* wealth;
And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with shady Groves,
The Groves replenish'd with sweet chirping Birds,

The

352 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

The Birds resounding Heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
And from the moisture of the Mountain tops,
The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams;
And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,
Moving the pattering Leaves of *Sylvanus's* Woods,
Do equal it with *Tampe's* Paradise
And thus consoorted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy Isles,
Most Fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the way,
And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
Fortune can never use her Tyranny;
For Valiantheis is like unto a Rock
That standeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which though the Billows beat on every side,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire,
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Brutus* Sons,
Stout *Albanus*, with millions of Men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the Morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts,
He shall find entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for those that are our Enemies:
For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
And massacre their Bodies with our Blades:
Yea, though they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the West,
Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not start back one foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub.

The Tragedy of Locrine. 353

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,
And the immortal Gods that live therein,
When as the Morning shews his chearful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanas* in th' open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyish Strength:
There will I shew such ruthful spectacles,
And cause so great effusion of Blood,
That all his Boys shall wonder at my strength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corset of bright shining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that seeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to Morrow ere fair *Titan* shine,
And bashful *Eos* Messenger of Light,
Expels the liquid sleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right Wing of the Host,
The left Wing shall be under *Segar's* charge,
The Rearward shall be under me my self,
And lovely *Estrild*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in my attempts,
Thou shalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muster up our Train,
And furnish up our lusty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished joys to perfect end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Enter Strumbo, Dorothy and Trompart, Cobling Shoes
and Singing.*

Tromp. We Coblers lead a merry life :

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. Void of all envy and strife :

All.

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our ease is great, our labour small:*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strumb. *And yet our gains be much withal:*

All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*

Dor. *With this are so fine and fair:*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No occupation may compare:*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Strumb. *For merry pastime and joyful glee:*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Most happy Men we Coblers be:*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *The Can stands full of nappy Ale,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *In our Shop still withouten fail;*

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food:*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood:*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. *This makes us work for Company.*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *To pull the Tankards cheerfully:*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *Drink to thy Husband, Dorothy,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Why then my Strumbo there's to thee:*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. *Drink thou the rest Trompart, amain:*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again:*

Dan diddle dan.

Enter Captain.

Capt. *The poorest state is farthest from annoy;
How merrily he sitteth on his Stool:
But when he sees that needs he must be prest,
He'll turn his note and sing another tune.
Ho, by your leave Master Cöbler.*

Strum,

The Tragedy of Locrine. 355

Strum. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you
any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes
clested; I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes*
whatsoever. [*Captain showing him Preps-mony.*]

Capt. O Master Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for
done you see this? I come not to buy any Shooes, but to
buy your self; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the
King's Cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any
Commission to take any Man against his will? I promise
you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commis-
sion?

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no
Commission: hold here, I command you in the name of
our King *Albanact*, to appear to Morrow in the Town-
House of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nathball*, I cry God mercy, what have
we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir Master
Capontial, draw your Pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll
give you a Canvasado with a Bastinado over your Shoulders,
and teach you to come hither with your Implements.

Capt. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the
King's command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Capt. I may not. [*Strumbo snatching up a staff.*]

Strum. No will, come, Sir, will your Stomach serve
you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a bout
with you. [*Fight both.*]

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this?
How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it?
Sirs what is your quarrel?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Preps-mo-
ny.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command,
Unless you mean to be stretch'd,

Strum. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Mony, if
you please I will resign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thra. No such matter,
Look you be at the common House to morrow.

[*Exit Thrasimachus and the Captain.*]

Strum.

356 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Strum. O Wife, I have spun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been Prest, and therefore well may I lament; But come Sirrah, shut up, for we must to the Wars.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanaet, Debon, Thrasimachus, and the Lords.

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant Blades with our deceased Sire,
Passing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm Blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills,
Your haughty minds and resolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earnest zeal,
Which you always protest to *Albanaet*;
For at this time, yea at this present time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
Have pestred every place with mutinies:
But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease
To persecute the Rascal Runnagates,
Till all the Rivers stained with their Blood,
Shall fully shew their fatal Overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highness merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, Cousin, cam'st thou through the Plains?
And saw'st thou where the faint-heart Fugitives
Mustering their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What order keep they in their Marshalling?

Thra. After we past the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the stragling *Scythians* Camp,
Repleat with Men, stor'd with Munition;
There might we see the valiant minded Knights
Fetching Careers along the spacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Coursers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleasant flowering Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely Sons,
Chasing the *Grecians* over *Simois*,

Were

The Tragedy of Locrine. 357

Wert not to be compar'd to these two Knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son,
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*.

Yet should they not escape our Conquering Swords,
Or boast of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often,
Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, &c.

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by these clamours made;
Those outcries raised in our stately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noise;
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houses, where's your dwelling-
place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a-day at
him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that
such poor honest Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in
King's Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But because you seem to be
an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our state,

From the top to the toe,

From the head to the shoe;

From the beginning to the ending.

From the building to the burning.

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in
the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury*.
And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens*, the *Scychi-*
ans, what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were
burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there for the
Country-Wives to wash Bucks withal. And that which
grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruel strife! the
wicked Flames did roast.

And therefore Captain Cruft,

We will continually cry,

Except you seek a remedy,

Our Houses to re-edify,

Which now are burns to dust.

Both

358 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of Gold,
And build your Houses by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treason to my Person, no where
else but by your backside: Gate! oh how I am vered in
my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy. do you hear, Ma-
ster King? If you mean to gratifie such poor Men, as we
be, you must build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, Ay, by Lady, Sir, it was spo-
ken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our House
is builded, if you do chance to pass or re-pass that way, we
will bestow a Quart of the best Wine upon you. *[Exit.]*

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be spoiled by the *Scythians*,
Who as you see with lightfoot Foragers,
Depopulate the Places where they come :
But, cursed *Humber*, thou shalt rue the day
That e'er thou cam'st unto *Cashnesia*. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. *Hubba*, go take a Coronet of our Horse,
As many Lanciers, and Light-armed Knights,
As may suffice for such an enterprize,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*:
With these, when as the Skirmish doth encrease,
Retire thou from the shelters of the Wood,
And set upon the weakned *Trojans* backs.
For Policy, joyned with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Albanact, Clowns with him.

Alba. Thou base-born *Hunn*, how durst thou be so bold.
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great Commander of these Regions?
But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy Death,

And

And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my For-mens Blood,
I'll separate thy Body from thy Head;
And let that Coward Blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbe's* Instrument,
I'll crack thy Cockscomb, paltry *Scythian*.

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princely Boy,
Nor do I fear thy foolish Insolency;
And but thou better use thy bragging Blade,
Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Briton*, thou shalt know too soon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

[*They fight, Humber and his Soldiers run in.*]

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
And in his glory triumphs over all,
Moving the massie Squadrants of the Ground;
Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky:
As when *Briareus* arm'd with an hundred Hands,
Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
And when the monstrous Giant *Monychus*
Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva's* Shield.
How doth he overlook with haughty Front
My fleeting Host, and lifts his lofty Face
Against us all that now do fear his Force;
Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heapt with hideous Noise,
With thousand Billows beat against the Ships,
And toss them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*]

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound

160 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alb. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Pursue the *Scythians* flying through the Field:
Let none of them escape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britons* force is more
Than all the Power of the trembling *Huns*.

Thra. Forward brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chase,
He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

*Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hub-
ba enters at their Backs, and kills Debon, Strumbo falls
down, Albanact runs in, and afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou crost me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
To cut me off by such hard overthrow.
Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
Hadst thou no place to spit thy Venome out,
But on the Person of young *Albanact*?
I that e'erwhile did scare mine Enemies,
And drove them almost to a shameful Flight:
I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare
Amongst the dangers of the thick throng'd Pikes,
Must now depart most lamentably slain
By *Humber's* Treacheries and Fortune's spights:
Curst be her Charms, damn'd be her curled Charms,
That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
Of Men that trust unto her fickle Wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upside-down.
O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful Mansion,
I'll pass the *Alps* to watry *Meroe*,
Where fiery *Phaebus* in his Chariot,
The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
Casts such a Heat, yea such a scorching Heat,
And spoileth *Flora* of her chequered Grass;
I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucasus*,
Where fell *Chimera* in her triple Shape,

Rolleth

Bollet hot Flames from out her monstrous Panch,
 Searing the Beasts with Issue of her Gorge;
 I'll pass the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
 Stopping the Passage of the fleeting Ships
 Do lye, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
 Where if I find that hateful House of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
 And tye her self in everlasting Bands.

But all in vain I breathe these Threatnings,
 The Day is lost, the *Huns* are Conquerors,
Debon is slain, my Men are done to Death,
 The Currents swift swim violently with Blood,
 And last, O that this last Night so long last,
 My self with Wounds past all Recovery,
 Must leave my Crown for *Humber* to possess.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Masters, I think this
 is a Holy-day, every Man lyes sleeping in the Fields, but
 God knows full sore against their Wills:

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self.
 The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
 And there's no way but Flight, or speedy Death,
 Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self. [*Sound the Alarm,*

Alba. Nay let them fly that fear to die the Death,
 That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*.
 Ne'er shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himself,
 That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
 And lest he should triumph at my decay,
 This Sword shall reave his Master of his Life,
 That oft hath sav'd his Master's doubtful Life:
 But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
 Revenge my Death upon his Traiterous Head.

*Et vos quis domus est nigrantis regia ditis,
 Qui regitis rigido stygios moderamine lucos,
 Nox caci regina poli, furialis Erinny,
 Diique deaque omnes. Albanum tollite regem,
 Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude;
 Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.*

[Stabs himself.]

362 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox,
Look where my Master lyes. Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one, good, good Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. And is my Master dead?

[Singing.

O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,

And is my Master dead?

O you Cockatrices and you Bablatrices,

That in the Woods dwell:

You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles,

Come howl and yell

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,

Come you to lament.

O Colliers of Croyden, and Rusticks of Royden,

And Fishers of Kent.

For Strumbo the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler

Of Cathnes Town:

At this same stoure, and this very hour

Lies dead on the Ground.

O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me
be rising, be gone, we shall be robt'd by and by.

SCENE VIII.

*Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraffier, Estrild, and the
Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious Mars,
Thundring Alarums, and Rhammusia's Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,
The slaughter'd Trojans squeltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcasses,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Eft. So perish they that are our Enemies:
So perish they that love not *Humber's* Weal.
And mighty *Jove* Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Estrild*, solace to my Soul.

But,

But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As reward for this thy forward Mind. [*Sets it on his Head.*]

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the World shall sound of *Hubba's* Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success
Carouse whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*,
And cast away the Clods of curst care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* Gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* Fields,
And moist the grassie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter *Ate* as before. *A Crocodile* sitting on a
Rivers Bank, and a little *Snake* stinging it. Then both of
them fall into the *Water*.

Ate. *S Celera in authorem cadunt.*

High on a Bank by *Nilus'* boisterous Streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a silly Fish,
His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold,
And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws,
A subtle Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily shed his Poison through his Bones,
Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.

364 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanact*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine's* Sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Assaracus, Thraci-
machus, and Camber.*

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanactus* slain?
Hath curst *Humber* with his stragling Host,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the *Tracian Orpheus* Harp,
For to awake out of th'infernal Shade
Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion's* Instrument
To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
The flinty Joints of every stony Rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be punished;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunn* shall die, had he ten thousand Lives:
And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,
That I might with the arm-strong *Hercules*
Crop off so vile an *Hydra's* hissing Heads.
But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,
How *Albanact* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Host of *Scythians*
Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
Young *Albanact*, impatient of delay,
Led forth his Army 'gainst the stragling Mates,
Whose multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
Yet nothing could dismay the forward Prince;
But with a Courage most heroical,
Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
Hewing a passage through them with his Sword;
Yea we had almost giv'n them the Repulse,
When suddenly from out the silent Wood

Hubba

The Tragedy of Locrine. 365

Hubba with twenty thousand Soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
And murdered all with fatal Massacre;
Amongst the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
And *Albanact* oppress'd with multitude,
Whilst valiantly he feld his Enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the Dust.
He being dead. the Soldiers fled amain,
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you Tidings of these accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of stately *Troy*,
Grand Emperor of barb'rous *Asia*,
When he beheld his noble-minded Son
Slain traiterously by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When she beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of hue,
Murder'd by wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed such sad Tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen,
For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd Prince,
In vain you sorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childish Sobs and womanish Laments?
Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore:
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even just ten thousand valiant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corineius* ready at command.

366 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambrin*,
Close by the boistrous *Iscan's* Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thousand brave courageous Knights,
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Camber* bath with Gold and Victual.
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer up to venge my Brother's Death.

Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too;
For this revenge, for this sweet Word revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,
Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my Front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head,
That slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp.
For we will straight march to *Albania*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and the Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,
Unto the flowing Current's silver Streams,
Which, in memorial of our Victory,
Shall be agnominated by our Name,
And talked of by our Posterity:
For sure I hope before the Golden Sun
Posteth his Horses to fair *Thetis* Plains,
To see the Waters turned into Blood,
And change his blueish Hue to rueful red;
By reason of the fatal Massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth preface his harm;
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,
O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,
The broken Lances climb the Chrystal Skies,

Some

The Tragedy of Locrine. 357

Some headless lie, some breathless on the Ground,
And every place is strew'd with Carcasses,
Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay Traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments:
The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,
Shall ere the Night be colour'd all with Blood;
The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps,
Shall ere the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that passed by thy Tents,
And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
Shall ere the Night converted be to Blood.
Yea with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys:
For now revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand Dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew;
I would either quell the tripple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Sisyphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words favour of Chivalry.

Enter Segar.

But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the Britons come
With greater Multitude than erst the Greeks.

368 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Brought to the Ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsell gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver and his Son William following them.

Strum. Nay Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come
prepare your self, you shall find two as stout Fellows of
us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my droth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee
dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to
injure your old vrendes, one of your vamiliar guests, and
derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon,
Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall
be fardest vrom reazon; how zay you, will you have my
Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will
solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sister
was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fish
her Belly?

Strum. Mafs thou say'st true; well, but would you have
me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and
you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, ere you and we part
hence.

Enter

The Tragedy of Locrine. 369

Enter Margery, and snatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You Master Sawcebox. Lobcocks, Cockscorb, you Slopshawce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you. *John* Lack-honesty, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, Mistress Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, Mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we must have more words, you will have none of me? [*They fight.*]

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Master *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Lesson?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my ease to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him.

[*Shake Hands.*]

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my first Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wite was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be meddling with warm Plackets.

[*Exeunt.*]

370 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, and Affarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of Men,
Whose haughty Courage is invincible:
Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puissance.
Now fit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Stream.
Now, cursed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the Glory of his Victories;
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a Moment yield to *Locrine's* Sword:
Thy bragging Banners crost with argent Streams;
The Ornaments of thy Pavilions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou thy self, at *Albanactus* Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
How far we are distant from *Humber's* Camp?

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accursed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see
The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a smile;
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,
And in the midst of stately *Troynovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
That it shall pass the highest *Piramids*,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong Offspring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules*, *Almena's* mighty Son,

That

That tam'd the Monsters of the three-fold World,
And rid the oppressed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never shew such valiantness in Fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cor. Full fourscore Years hath *Corineus* liv'd,
Sometimes in War, sometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel my self to be as strong
As erst I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to toss this great unwieldy Club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains:
And with this Club I'll break the strong array
Of *Humber* and his stragling Soldiers.
Or lose my Life amongst the thickest press,
And die with Honour in my latest Days:
Yet ere I die they all shall understand,
What force lyes in stout *Corineus* Hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the Fight,
Either for weakness or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineus* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, first for your Safety,
Next for your Peace, last for your Victory. [Exeunt.

Sound the Alarm. Enter *Hubba* and *Segar* at one Door,
and *Corineus* at the other.

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Teason slew'st young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
I'll send thy Soul unto the *Stygian* lake,
There to complain of *Humber's* Injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineus* is not so soon slain.

But, cursed *Scythians*, you shall rue the Day,
That e'er you came into *Albania*.

So perish they that envy *Britain's* wealth,
So let them die with endless infamy,
And he that seeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his Woe.

[Strikes them both down with his Club.
Enter

372 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find some desert Wilderness,
 Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
 And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
 Where every Echoes repercussion
 May help me to bewail my Overthrow,
 And aid me in my sorrowful laments?
 Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock,
 Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
 The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
 And utter curses to the concave Sky,
 Which may infect the airy Regions,
 And light upon the *Briton Locrine's* Head?
 You ugly Spirits that in *Cocytus* mourn,
 And gnash your Teeth with dolorous laments,
 You fearful dogs that in black *Lethæ* howl,
 And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
 You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
 Do plunge your selves in *Paryslegiton*,
 Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
 Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Hoast.
 Come fierce *Erinnyes*, horrible with Snakes,
 Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
 You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
 And all the Army of your hellish Fiends,
 With new-found torments rack proud *Locrine's* Bones:
 O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
 That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* Plains.
 Curst be the Sea that with outrageous Waves,
 With surging Billows did not rive my Ships
 Against the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
 Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf.
 Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore
 Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
 Or where the bloody *Anthropophagie*
 With greedy Jaws devour the wandering Wights:
Enter the Ghost of Albanaſtus.
 But why comes *Albanaſtus's* bloody Ghost,
 To bring a corsive to our miseries!
 It's not enough to suffer shameful flight,

But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfy your wandering Ghost,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall,
Because he Conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal's* Hunger, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I dye I'll drag thy cursed Ghost
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting Soul.

Ghost. *Vindicta, vindicta.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back, Hercules following with a Distaff. Then Omphale turns about, and taking off her Pantofle, strikes Hercules on the Head, then they depart. Ate remaining, says;

Quem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.

Stout *Hercules*, the mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After so many Conquests won in Field,
After so many Monsters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly strength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin;
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan spin.
So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber's* Concubine,

And

374 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

And so forgetteth peerless *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineus* storms at this.
And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to sue,
Lo here the Sum, the Process doth ensue.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Aslarachus, Thrasimachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona's* broils,
With sound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly.
The *Scythians* slain with great occision,
Do equalize the Grass in multitude,
And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming Brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghost.
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy Guiles, and damned Stratagems,
With loss of Life and everduring shame.
Where are thy Horses trap'd with burnish'd Gold,
Thy trampling Coursers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy Soldiers strong and numberless?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
Ev'n as the Country Clowns with sharpest Scythes,
Do mow the whither'd Grass from off the Earth,
Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Huns*,
So *Locrine's* Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
And drove thine Host unto confusion,
That thou may'st suffer Penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd,
That seek to enter *Albion* 'gainst our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coal-black *Æthiopians*,

If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the Hosts of the *Barbarian* Lands,
Should dare to enter this our little World,
Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts,
That after us our Progeny may say,
There lyes the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beasts that seek to usurp our Land,
And like to brutish Beasts they shall be serv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,
That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
Fights always for the *Britains* safety.
But stay, methinks, I hear some shrieking noise,
That draweth near to our Pavillion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Est. What Prince foe'er adorn'd with golden Crown,
Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his Hand!
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortal bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
Now am I fallen into my Foe-mens hands,
And with my death must pacifie their mood.
O Life, the harbour of calamities,
O Death, the haven of all miseries,
I could compare my sorrows to thy woe;
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*;
But that thou view'dst thy Enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
I must abide the Victor's insolence.
The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
For cruel Death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good,

376 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my Foes.

O Soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery.

Loc. Camber, this same should be the *Scythian Queen*.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,
With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

[*Locrine at one end of the Stage.*]

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber's* death,
And shed salt tears for her Overthrow:

Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,

Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.

He being conquer'd, died a speedy death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart;

I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,

And feel the force of *Cupid's* sudden stroke.

I gave him cause to die a speedy death.

He left me cause to wish a speedy death.

O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye,

Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white,

That decent Neck surpassing Ivory,

Those comely Breasts which *Venus* well might spite,

Are like to snares which wily fowlers wrought,

Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught.

The golden tresses of her dainty Hair,

Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,

Have so entrap'd poor *Locrine's* love-sick Heart,

That from the same no way it can be won.

How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,

One dram of Joy must have a pound of Care.

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
Are wrapt in Waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the extream'st of all extremities.

[*Goes into his Chair.*
Sold.]

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifest
That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here present her to your Majesty.

Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
And here present her to your Majesty.

1 Sold. Presumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 Sold. Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 Sold. Relinquish thy Title, Captive unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards Loins.

2 Sold. Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
A barking Dog doth seldom Strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our fight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lye and try their quarrel out;
But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine's* State,
And slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.

Est. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.

Est. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy.
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Est. But Ladies must regard their honest Name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in Marriage-bonds?

Est. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine's* burning Love,
Thou shalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Est. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Estrild* yields to thee,
And by the gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread Ghost of thy deceased Sire,

By

378 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Estrild's* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* so soon forgot?
Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hand,
And dost thou quit me with Ungratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the Honour for my labours past?
Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I swear to thee,
This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your Royal Sovereign,
And if we stood for Cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with those your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty so to do.
What you have done for our deceased Sire—
We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princex, brav'st thou me withal,
Assure thy self though thou be Emperor;
Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corintius*,
Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assa. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them:
Let not this fault so much incense your Mind,
Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my self,
But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to stately *Troynovant*,
Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [To himself.
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost:
Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones.
Let every thing that hath the use of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Humber alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Furies* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very Intrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry. *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a Pitch-fork and a Scotch-Cap.

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have
you 'scap'd hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped
many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have past
them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife
and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my Man-
hood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a
certain Day at Night I came home, to say the very truth,
with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Cham-
ber, where my Wife soberly sat rocking my little Baby,
leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now
when she saw me come with my Nose foremost, thinking
that I had been Drunk, as I was indeed, snatch'd up a Fag-
got-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards
me, with a big Face, as though she would have eaten me

380 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

at a bit ; thundering out these words unto me, Thou drunken Knave, where hast thou been so long ? I shall teach thee how to benight me another time ; and so she began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my self upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever ; and to see the good Will of the Wench, she bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, What's a Clock ? It is now Breakfast time, you shall see what meat I have here for my Breakfast.

[He sits down and pulls out his Victuals.]

Hum. Was ever Land so fruitless as this Land ?
Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove ?
Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil ?

Oh no : The Land where hungry *Famines* dwell,
May no ways equalize this cursed Land ;
No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accursed Grove.
Ne'er came sweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here ;
Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
Ne'er sow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderness.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puriblegiton*,
Have set their foot-steps in this damned Ground.
The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing Water Springs.

[Strumbo hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.]

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down some Food, or else I faint and die.

Pour

The Tragedy of Locrine. 381

Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and die.

O *Jupiter*, hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*,
I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat
Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy curst Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands,
Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had
rather give a whole Ox. than that thou shouldst serve
me in that sort. Dash out my Brains! O horrible,
terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my
Pocket.

*He makes as though he would give him some. and as he put-
teth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albanact, and
strikes him on the Hand, and so Strumbo runs out, Hum-
ber following him.*

[*Exeunt.*

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Usurpation and of Treachery,
Lo here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineus* liv'd
To *Locrine's* Grief, and fair *Estrilda's* Woe,
And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live:
Oh supreme *Fove*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monster from the Earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests.

Cupid

382 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell,
 That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames,
 With murdering Blade bereave him of his Life,
 That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest Joys.
 And yet for all his diligent aspect,
 His wrathful Eyes piercing like Lincses Eyes,
 Well have I overmatch'd his Subtilty.
 Nigh *Deucolium* by the pleasant *Lee*.
 Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver Streams;
 Making a Breach into the grassie Downs,
 A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught,
 Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
 The Walls whereof garnisht with Diamonds,
 With Ophirs, Rubies, glist'ring Emeralds,
 And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
 Lightens the room with artificial Day,
 And from the *Lee* with Water-flowing Pipes
 The moisture is deriv'd into this Arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair *Estrild* secretly.
 Thither oftsoons accompanied with my Page,
 I covertly visit my Heart's desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest Eye,
 For Love aboundeth still with Policy.
 And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
 Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Humber alone, saying;

O vita misero longa, felici brevis!

Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this desert Cave,
 With eating Haws and miserable Roots,
 Devouring Leaves and beastly Excrements.
 Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillow'beres.
 Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
 For still methought at every boisterous Blast.
 Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die;

The Tragedy of Locrine. 383

So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber's* Mind
 Can never rest, but always trembling stands.
 O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirst?
 What *Euphrates*, what light foot *Europs*
 May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
 Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
 You ghastly Devils of the ninefold *Stryx*,
 You damned Ghosts of Joyless *Acheron*,
 You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyssus* Vaults,
 You cole-black Devils of *Avernus* Pond,
 Come with your Flesh-hooks, rend my famisht Arms,
 These arms that have sustain'd their Master's Life;
 Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
 With your sharp Fire-forks crack my starved Bones,
 Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
 Accursed Gods that rule the starry Poles,
 Accursed *Jove*, King of th' accursed Gods,
 Cast down your Lightning on poor *Humber's* Head,
 That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine;
 What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* die?
 Nay I will die, though all the Gods say nay.
 And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
 Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
 That none may say, when I have lost my Breath,
 The very Floods conspir'd 'gainst *Humber's* Death.

[Flings himself into the River.]

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cadem sequitur, cades in cade quiesco.

Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees;
 Now may'st thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
 And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
 Now *Sisyphus* leave tumbling of thy Rock,
 And rest thy restless Bones upon the same.
 Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
 And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
 Back will I post to Hell Mouth *Tanarus*,
 And pass *Cocytus*, to the *Elysian* Fields,
 And tell my Father *Brunus* of this News.

[Exit.]

A C T

384 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

ACT V: SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's Daughter. Medea following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on Creon's Daughter's Head, setteth it on Fire, and then killing Jason and her, departs.

Ate. **N**ON tam Trinacriis exastuat *Ætna cavernis,*
Lase furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing Jason leave her Love,
And chuse the Daughter of the Theban King,
Went to her devilish Charms to work Revenge;
And raising up the tripple *Hecate,*
With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which she wrought *Jason and Creon's Ill.*
So *Guendeline* seeing her self misus'd,
And *Humber's* Paramour possess her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia,*
And with her Brother, stout *Thrasimachus,*
Gathering a Power of *Cornish* Soldiers,
Gives Battel to her Husband and his Host,
Nigh to the River of Great *Mercia:*
The Chances of this dismal Massacre,
That which ensueth shortly will unfold.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assaracus, and Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dy'd my Brother so?
Now who is left to hapless *Albion,*
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might strike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapless *Britany,*
That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam.

Can. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
And none but Death can match our matchless Power;
Witness the Fall of Albion's Crew,
Witness the Fall of Hamlet and his Honor,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
By taking Corineus from this Life,
And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearse,
Than I that am the issue of his Loins.
Now soul befall that curld Hamlet's Throat,
That was the causer of his lingering Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the Dead again,
But where's my Lady Mistress Guendoline?

Thra. In Cornwall, Locrine, is my Sister now,
Providing for my Father's Funeral.

Loc. And her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
Ne'er shall she come within our Palace Gate,
To countercheck brave Locrine in his Love.
Go, Boy, to Desdemona, down the Lee,
Unto the Arch where lovely Efrida lies,
Bring her and Sabrina straight unto the Court,
She shall be Queen in Guendoline's room.
Let others wail for Corineus Death,
I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.

Thra. Hath Locrine then forsook his Guendoline?
Is Corineus Death so soon forgot?

If there be Gods in Heav'n, as sure there be,
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their Plagues upon thy curld Head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, Peasant, to thy Sovereign?
Or art thou stricken in some Extasie?
Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
Dost thou not quake when mighty Locrine frowns?
Thou beardless Boy, were't not that Locrine scorns
To vex his mind with such a Heartless Child,
With the sharp Point of this my Battel-axe,

I'd send thy Soul to *Puryphlegiton*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.

My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
Slew the two Giants Kings of *Aquitain*.

Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,

That he should fear and tremble at the looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Sovereign?
Uncivil, not befitting such as you.

Injurious Traitor (for he is no less

That at Defiance standeth with his King)

Leave these thy Taunts, leave these thy bragging Words,
Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious Dignity

With ugly spots of monstrous Infamy,

They lose their former Estimation,

And throw themselves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle Patience,

As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?

Proud Boy, that thou may'st know thy Prince is mov'd,

Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling Pride,

We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, losel *Locrine*, look unto thy self,

Thrasimachus will revenge this injury.

[Exit.

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to use thy Tongue.

Asa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest Words that *Brutus* spake to you.

How he desir'd you, by the Obedience

That Children ought to bear their Sire,

To love and favour Lady *Guendeline*:

Consider this, that if the Injury

Do move her mind, as certainly it will,

War and Dissention follows speedily.

What though her Power be not so great as yours,

Have you not seen a mighty Elephant

Slain by the biting of a silly Mouse?

Even so the chance of War inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, Unkle, Peace, and cease to talk thereof;

For

For he that seeks, by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his sweetest Life,
Let him perswade himself to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Est. O say me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, sweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the little
Honesty that is yet left me, there is do such Danger as you
fear, but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Est. Then *Estrild*, lift thy dazled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bless that blessed time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Locrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Estrild* fall with such Submission

[*Taking her up.*

Before her Servant King of *Albion*?
Arise, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Lift up those Looks that cherish *Locrine's* Heart,
That I may freely view that roseal Face,
Which so intangled hath my love-sick Breast.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And pass the Night and Day in *Venus* Sport.
Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Soldiers.

Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modest Blasts
Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humber's* Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky,
With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love,
Shed forth those Tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:

R 2

Those

Those Tears are fittest for my Woful Case,
 Since *Locrine* stains my nothing-pleasant Face,
 Blush Heav'n, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams,
 Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
 Deny my cheerful Light unto the World,
 Where nothing reigns but Falshood and Deceit:
 What, said I, Falshood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
 For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guinevere*.

Behold the Heav'n do wail for *Guinevere*:
 The shining Sun doth blush for *Guinevere*:
 The liquid Air doth weep for *Guinevere*:
 The very Ground doth groan for *Guinevere*.
 Ay, they are milder than the *British* King,
 For he rejecteth luckless *Guinevere*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause,
 This open wrong must have an open Plague:
 This Plague must be repaid with grievous War,
 This War must finish with *Locrine's* Death,
 His Death will soon extinguish our Complaints.

Guin. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
 He was my Husband, brave *Thrasymachus*,
 More dear to me than th'apple of mine Eye,
 Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
 Nor my Exile can move you to revenge:
 Think on our Father *Corineus* Words,
 His Words to us stand always for a Law.
 Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
 Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
 The Heav'n, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
 And then why should all we deny the same?

Guin. Then henceforth farewell womanish Complaints,
 All childish Pity henceforth then farewell:
 But cursed *Locrine*, look unto thy self,
 For *Nemesis*, the Mistress of Revenge,
 Sits arm'd at all Points on our dismal Blades,
 And cursed *Estrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
 Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

The Tragedy of Locrine. 389

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
My luckless Father's froward Letchery,
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my self would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, see, the desire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*;
Where we shall brave the Coward to his Face. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Affarachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, *Affarachus*, are the *Cornish* Chuffs
In such great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Host,
So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Ass. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Gumdelins*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Est. Alas, my Lord, the Horse will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealousie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Sayst thou so, *Estrild*. Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Affarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineus, with Thunder and Lightning.

Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth sad Throbs, and grievous Suspics,
Prejudicating *Locrine's* Overthrow:
The Fire casteth forth sharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the tripple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noise,
Presaging bloody Massacres at hand.

390 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

The wandering Birds that flutter in the dark,
 When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot seated,
 Casterh her Mists on shady *Tellus* Face,
 With sable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
 Now flie abroad amid the chearful Day,
 Foretelling some unwonted Misery.
 The snarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
 Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
 With howling Dirties pester ev'ry Wood;
 The watry Ladies, and the lightfoot Fawns,
 And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
 All trembling hide themselves in shady Groves,
 And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow Pits.
 The boisterous *Boreas* thund'reth forth Revenge:
 The stony Rocks cry out on sharp Revenge:
 The thorny Bush pronounceth dire Revenge.

[*Sound the Alarm.*]

Nay *Corineus* stay and see Revenge,
 And feed thy Soul with *Locrine's* Overthrow:
 Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth,
 The roaring Drums summon the Soldiers,
 Lo where their Army glistereth on the Plains.
 Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*.
 And pour thy Plagues on cursed *Locrine's* Head. [*Stands aside.*
Enter Locrine, Estrild, Aslarachus, Sabren and their Soldiers
at one Door; Thrasimachus, Guendeline, Madan, and
their Followers at another.

Loc. What, is the Tiger started from his Cave?
 Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
 That thus she braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
 And hast thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
 Accompanied with these thy stragling Mates?
 Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
 And well deserveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, Traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
 With full pretence to seek thine Overthrow.
 What have I done that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
 What have I said that thou shouldst me reject?
 Have I been disobedient to thy Words?

Have

Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?
 Have I dishonoured thy Marriage Bed
 With filthy Crimes, or with lascivious Lusts?
 Nay it is thou that hast dishonour'd it,
 Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Lusts,
 Yieldest unto Affections filthy Darts.
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest fear,
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest Friend;
 Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful *Brutus* Laws,
 Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy self.

Est. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wise,
 And well would seem to make a Vestal Nun,
 How finely frames she her Oration.

Thra. *Locrine*, we came not here to fight with Words,
 Words that can never win the Victory,
 But for you are so merry in your Frumps,
 Unsheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
 That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?
 Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
 Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
 Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting Blade,
 And with my Sword, the Messenger of Death,
 Seal thee an Acquittance for thy bold attempts. [*Exeunt.*
Sound the Alarum. Enter *Locrine*, *Assarachus*, and a Sol-
 dier at one Door; *Guendeline*, *Thrasimachus*, at another:
Locrine and his Followers driven back.

Then *Locrine* and *Estrild* enter again in amaze.

Loc. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the Field,
Thrasimachus hath won the Victory,
 And we are left to be a Laughing-stock,
 Scoft at by those that are our Enemies.
 Ten thousand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
 Prevail against an hundred thousand Men.
Thrasimachus incenst with fuming Ire,
 Rageth amongst the faint-heart Soldiers,
 Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
 He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
 Close by the Banks of silver *Simois*. [*Sound the Alarum.*

392 *The Tragedy of Loerine.*

O lovely *Estrild* now the Chase begins,
 Ne'er shall we see the stately *Trojanus*
 Mounted with Coursers garnish'd all with Pearls,
 Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
 Unless as Captives we be thither brought.
 Shall *Loerine* then be taken Prisoner,
 By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
 Shall *Guendoline* captivate my Love?
 Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal hour,
 Ne'er will I view that ruthless Spectacle,
 For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-Axe,
 I'll cut in sunder my Accursed Heart.
 But O you Judges of the ninefold *Sey*,
 Which with incessant Torments rack the Ghosts
 Within the bottomless *Abyssus* Pits,
 You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
 Whose Will and Laws irrevocable stand,
 Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed Sin;
 Forget, O Gods, this foul condemn'd fault:
 And now my Sword, that in so many Fights [*Kisses his Sword.*]
 Hast sav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
 End now his Life that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that hateth still his Life.
 Farewel, fair *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
 Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miseries,
 Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-shine Eyes,
 But when we meet in the *Elysian* Fields,
 Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
 Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
 Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleasures,
 And welcome Death, the end of Mortal Smart,
 Welcome to *Loerine's* over-burthen'd Heart.

[*Throws himself abroad with his Sword.*]

Est. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Sighs,
 Stream forth your Tears from forth my watry Eyes,
 Help me to mourn for woe-like *Loerine's* Death,
 Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
 For mighty *Loerine* is bereft of Life.

O fickle Fortune, O unstable World,
 What else are all things, that this Globe contains,
 But a confused Chaos of mishaps?
 Wherein as in a Glass we plainly see,
 That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
 Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap:
 Ay, mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
 Since martial Locrine is bereft of Life.
 Shall *Estrild* live then after *Locrine's* Death?
 Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine's* Sword?
 O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
 Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul;
 Strengthen these Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
 That I may end my woful Misery.
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee.

[Kills herself.]

Sound the Alarm. Enter *Sabren*.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
 Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless Heart?
 My Father slain with such a fatal Sword,
 My Mother murder'd by a mortal Wound?
 What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Murderer*,
 Would not relent at such a ruthful case?
 What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony *Flint*,
 Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
 Lies slaughter'd in this foul accursed Cave;
Estrild, the perfect Pattern of Renown,
 Nature's sole Wonder, in whose beauteous Breasts
 All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inspir'd,
 Both massacred are dead within this Cave,
 And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet Love.
 Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
 This blessed Sword shall cut my cursed Heart,
 And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghosts,
 That they that live and view our Tragedy,
 May mourn our case with mournful Plaudites.

[Offers to kill herself.]

Ay me, my Virgins Hands are too too weak,
 To penetrate the bulwark of my Breast;

R 5

My

394 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death.
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleness,
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy Constancy,
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and the Soldiers.

Guen. Search, Soldiers, search, find *Locrine* and his Love,
Find the proud Strumper, *Humber's* Concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing Looks
To pale and ignominious Aspect.
Find me the Issue of their cursed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine's* only Joy,
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's Breast.
My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
Crying; Revenge my over-hasten'd Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamant Breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
Enjoy this Light; see where he murdered lies,
By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate:
And by him lies his lovely Paramour
Fair *Estrild*, goared with a dismal Sword,
As as it seems, both murdered by themselves,
Clasping each other in their feeble Arms,
With loving Zeal, as if for Company
Their discontented Corps were yet content
To pass foul *Styx* in *Charon's* Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendeline's* Wrath,
By violently cutting off her Life?
Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra's* Lives,
That every Hour she might have died a Death
Worse than the swing of old *Ixion's* Wheel,
And every Hour revive to die again,

As Titius bound to houseless Caucasus,
 Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap,
 And every Day for want of Food doth die,
 And every Night doth live again to die.
 But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice,
 Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in these Desarts reign,
 Cease off your hasty chase of Savage Beasts,
 Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Care,
 Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
 No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
 Care in my Heart so Tyrant like doth deal.
 You *Driades* and lightfoot *Satyri*,
 You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
 Your Closets leave with Heav'nly Beauty stor'd,
 And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks,
 You Savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,
 Come wail with me the martial *Locrine's* Death.
 Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrild's* Death,
 Ah loving Parents, little do you know
 What Sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
 Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
 Fortune I thank thee for this Courtesie,
 And let me never see one prosperous Hour,
 If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call,
 Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all,
 But in the midst of Fortune's good Success,
 Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain:
 When will that Hour, that blessed Hour draw nigh,
 When poor distressed *Sabren* may be gone.
 Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread.
 What art thou Death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?

[*Guendeline taking her by the Chin says,*

Guen. Yes Damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
 Tho' all the World should seek to save her Life,
 And not a common Death shall *Sabren* die,
 But after strange and grievous Punishments,

Short.

Shortly inflicted on thy Bastard's Head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed Streams,
And feed the Fishes with thy tender Flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That these thy Deeds shall be unpunished?
No Traitor, no, the Gods will venge these Wrongs,
The Fiends of Hell will mark these Injuries.
Never shall these blood-sucking masty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lastest home,
For I myself, in spite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former Destinies,
And that which *Locrine's* Sword could not perform,
This present Stream shall present bring to pass.

[She drowns herself.]

Guen. One Mischief follows on another's Neck.
Who would have thought so young a Maid as she,
With such a Courage would have sought her Death?
And for because this River was the Place
Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this fame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine*, our deceased Spouse,
Because he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He shall be buried in a stately Tomb,
Close by his aged Father *Brutus* Bones,
With such great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well befits so brave a Prince as he.
Let *Estrild* be without the shallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the dead,
Because she was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynevant*,
Where we will celebrate these Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb. *[Exeunt.]*

Are. Lo here the end of lawless Treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious Pride.
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and set their Broils abroad,
Let them be warned by these Premises,
And as a Woman was the only cause

That

That civil Discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet Peace and sweet Felicity,
And every Wight that seeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart. [Exit.

The End of the Eighth and Last Volume.



A N
I N D E X

Of the most Beautiful
THOUGHTS, DESCRIPTIONS,
SPEECHES, &c.

In SHAKESPEAR's Works.

A.

- A**bsence from a Mistress, the Pain of it, Vol. i.
Page 99.
Accusation (self) V 6. p 348.
Advancement (sudden) V 8. p 132. A Clown's
Behaviour on it, V 3. p 158.
Adversity, the Benefit of it, V 2. p 233; Forsaken by
Friends, V 3. p 292.
Advice to a Son, V 2. p. 366.
Advice of a falling Favourite to a Friend, V 5. p 169,
170.
Affliction, its regretted Life, V 3. p 203.
Age, a Hale Old-Age describ'd, V 2. p 236, 337.
Ages of Man, Satyrically describ'd, V 2. p 246.
Albion, a pleasant Description of it, V 8. p 351.

Am-

The INDEX.

- Ambition, the Vanity of it, V 3. p 392; reprov'd, V 4. p. 266, 267; forgetful of its Original, V 6. p 179. Soliloquy of an Ambitious Man, V 4. p 299; of a Man Ambitious, Deform'd and Cruel, V 4. p 388. V. 5. p 8.
- Ambuscade, a tender Scene between a Father and Son perishing by it, V 4. p 235, 236.
- Angel appearing in the Air, V 6. p 24.
- Apothecary, a poor one describ'd, V 6. p 79.
- Applause of the People shunn'd, V 1. p 207. V. 5. p 316, 317.
- Anger, a Moral Thought of it, V 5. p 115.
- Army, Defeat of one describ'd, V 7. p. 361, 362.
- Avarice pernicious, V 6. p 284.
- Authority, Pride in it censur'd, V 1. p 228; the false Dignity of it, p 231.
- Awe and Interruption of an Orator in making a Speech, V 2. p 131.

B.

- B**ailiff Satyrically describ'd, Vol. 1. pag. 312, 313.
- Bastardy, a Speech on it, V 7. p 15.
- Banishment from a Mistress, Complaints of it, V 6. p 54, 55.
- Banish'd General (*Coriolanus*) discovering himself to an Enemy, V 5. p 342.
- Ballad-singing describ'd, V 3. p 141.
- Battle threatn'd, V 3. p. 228. Night before a Battle finely describ'd, V 4. p 141. Preparations for a Battle, V 5. p 94, 95; Prayer of the D. of *Richmond* before a Battle, p 97. Battle describ'd, V 6. p 236.
- Bawd represented, V 1. p 209, &c. V 8. p 47.
- Beauty more instructive than Books, V 2. p 49.; Striking with Awe, V 4. p 245. a fine Image of it, V 6. p 23.
- Bees, a Description of them, V 4. p 105.
- Bluntness, see the Character of *Apemantus*, V 6. p 99; that of *Caska*, V 6. p 171, and that of *Kent*, V 7. p 11, &c.
- Boaster

The INDEX.

Baster ridicul'd, V 3. p 354.
 Bower describ'd, V 1. p 362.
 Britain, its Natural Strength, V 7. p 330; its Island, a
 beautiful Image of it, V 7. p 333; Description of it, V
 8. p 351.
 Britons, a Character of them, V 7. p 316.

C.

Cassandra, her Prophecy of the Ruin of Troy, Vol. 5. pag:
 230.
 Castle, a pleasant one describ'd, V 6. p 246.
 Challenge given and accepted, V 5. p 221.
 Change of Fortune from good to bad, V 5. p 79; a fine
 Image of it, V 7. p 328.
 Charm dissolv'd, V 1. p 55.
 Childhood, Innocence of it, V 3. p 80.
 Christmas Eve, a Tradition of it, V 6. p 307.
 Church-Man, a Factious one reprov'd, V 4. p 56. 61;
 Character of a haughty one, V 4. p 264; An Old Popish
 one Satyrically describ'd, V 8. p 330.
 Clamorous Woman describ'd, V 1. p 322.
 Clouds, their various Shapes, V 7. p 264.
 Cock-crowing, V. 6. p 307.
 Common People, their Fickleness, V 4. p. 384; Satyri-
 cally describ'd, V 5. p 301, 302; Their Votes scorn-
 fully begg'd p 331, 333; Their Ingratitude, V 6. p 164;
 differently mov'd, p 203, 205.
 Combat, single, V. 3. p 326, 391. V 7. p 85.
 Confusion represented, V 7. p 18.
 Conscience describ'd by a Villain, V 5. p 31, &c. guilty
 one, at Death, represented, V 4. p 310, 311.
 Constable and Watch, a humourous Scene of them, V 1.
 p 368, 385.
 Constancy the Proof of Virtue, V 5. p 214. Constancy
 unshaken, V 6. p 194, 195.
 Consolation rejected, a fine Speech, V 1. p 387, 388.
 Conjuring, a Mock Scene of it, V 8. p 300.
 Content preferable to high Birth, V 5. p 141.

Con;

The INDEX

- Conspiracy. *Brutus* artfully drawn into one by *Cassius*, V 6. p 166; Horror before executing it, p 189; A fine Thought on the Fear of its being discover'd, pag. 189.
- Corruption and Dangers of bad Times, V 4. p 294.
- Corruption of Justice, V 7. p 74.
- Counsel of Dying Men valuable, V 3. p 256.
- Courage superior to Fortune V 5. p 215. V 8. p 352.
- Court-Life. its Dangers, V 7. p 325.
- Courier describ'd, V 2. p 185.
- Cowards describ'd, V 1. p 390; A Scene of one, V 2. p 393.
- Coward, his false Bravery, V 2. p 410; discover'd, p 413, 421. Coward upraid, V 3. p 193, 194.
- Cowardise declaim'd against, V 5. p 310.
- Coxcomb, a conceited one describ'd, V 2. p 11, 64.
- Cranmer*, his Honesty, V 5. p 184, 185; His Prophetick Character of *Q. Eliz.* p 196.
- Creditor, Cruel. See the Character of the Jew in the Merchant of *Venice*, V 2.
- Croud at a Christning at Court, a humourous Scene of it, V 5. p 193.
- Crowns usurp'd, maintain'd by Violence, V 3. p 206; Vanity of a Crown, V 3. p 278; Resignation of a Crown by *Rich. II.* V 3. p 293 Cares attending a Crown, V 4. p 72.
- Crown unjustly obtain'd, a Speech on it, by *K. H.* IV. V. 4. p 74.
- Cruelty condemn'd, V 2. p 195. V 6. p 183. An Invocation of it, V 6. p 245.
- Cupid*, his Mock Titles, V. 2. p 31.
- Cynick Philosopher*, in the Character of *Apemantus*, V 6. p 99. &c. A fine Scene between him and *Timon* in Adversity, p 140, &c.
- Cydus*, the River, *Cleopatra's* Passage on it in State, V 7. p 214.

The INDEX.

D.

Dagger in the Air appearing to *Machbeth*, Vol. 6. Pag. 251.

Daughter, unnatural, V 7. p 26, 42, 45. Daughters Unkindness, a fine Complaint of it, V 7. p 47, 49, 52.

Day, Festival, V 3. p 192; Curses against it, p 193.

Dead body, a patherick Speech on it, V 4. p 304. V 6. p 200; Lamented over, V 7. p 253.

Death, most terrible in Apprehension, V 1. p 238; Fears of it finely express'd, p 240; invok'd, V 3. p 203; its Approach, p 230; King *John's*, p 234, 235; Of King *Henry*, the nearness of it finely imag'd, V 4. p 74; Of a brave Warrior, foretold, p 232; Expostulation of a General at the Point of Death, p 420. Death of Friends lamented, a Scene of it, V 5. p 40, 41; Of a young Lady, a fine Image of it, V 6. p 74; Speech of *Cleopatra* before her Death, V 7. p 282.

Deceit in Love, a Song of it, V 1. p 357.

Deeds (good) past, soon forgot, V 5. p 253.

Defiance, V 3. p 289.

Deformity, Soliloquy of it, V 4. p 389. V 5. p 8.

Delights, their short Continuance, V 6. p 43.

Desart describ'd, V 5. p 420.

Desolation of ones Country, V 4. p 171. V 6. p 286.

Despair, rejecting Consolation, a fine Speech, V 1. p 387, 388; Of a Mother for the loss of her Child, V 3. p 203. Despair, a fine Speech of King *Richard II.* p 277, 278; Of a Murderer on his Death-bed, V 4. p 311, 312.

Desperation, Expressions of it, V 4. p 13, 302, 339, 364. V 5. p 434, 435, &c. V 7. p 185, 268, 270. V 8. p 329, 383.

Dissolution of the World, a fine Image of it, V 1. p 50.

Disturb'd Mind describ'd by Gestures, V 5. p 160.

Discord among Generals, its Consequences, V 5. p 216.

Dominion of Man over Woman asserted, V 1. p 290.

The INDEX.

- Dover-Cliff*, a fine Description of it, V 7. p. 69, 70.
Dreams describ'd, V 6. p 21. an Ominous one, V 4. p 167. V 5. p 28. V 6. p 189.
Dream of Guilt, terrifying a Murderer, V 5. p 99.
Deeds despis'd, V 2. p 348.
Drowning, a Dream of it, V 5. p 28. *Drowning*, V 6. p 386.
Drunken Sailors, a Scene of them, V 1. p 38.
Drunken-Scene, V 7. p 125.
Duel, a Comical one, V 1. p 159, 161, &c.

E.

- E**arth, a Speech to it, by King *Richard II.* Vol. 3. page 274; Another by *Timon of Athens*, V 6. p 140.
Effeminacy in Love finely describ'd, V 5. p 203.
Effeminate Love shaken off, a fine Image of it, V 5. p 255.
Elizabeth (Queen) a fine Complement to her as a Vestal, V 2. p 96.
Embracing, V 2. p 122.
England, a short Description of its Island, V 3. p 175.
England, its Miseries and Disorders, V 3. p 222, 223; a Prophetick Character of it, V 3. p 236. Its Woes, V 3. p 257. Woes prophesied against it, V 3. p 291, 292.
England prais'd, V 8. p 154; corrupted by *France*, V 4. p 109; *English* Valour prais'd, V 4. p 103.
Excuses of false Friends to save their Money, V 6. p 116, 117, &c.
Execrations, of a Savage, V 1. p 15. 30. *Execrations* utter'd in Passion, V 4. p 13, 360, 361. V 5. p 12, 13. &c. V 8. p 372. *Execrations* of a Man abus'd by false Friends, V 6. p 132, 135, 138; of a Father against a Child, V 7. p 27, 28.
Execution, Speech before it; V 5. p 133, 135.
Extortion of a first Minister, V 5. p 165.
Extravagances (Prince *Henry's*) his Father's Fears of them, V 3. p 361. V 4. p 64, 74.

Extra-

The INDEX:

Extravagant Bounty censur'd, V 6. p. 134. &c.

F.

Fairies, Vol. 2. pag. 92, 93, &c; Their Employment, 99;
their Description of Night, 137, 138.

Fairy Queen in Love, V 2. p 108; fantastically describ'd,
V 6. p 20.

Falling in Love, V 2. p 177, 178, 180, 266, 367. V 3.
p 22, 25.

Falshood in a Lover, a fine Song of it, V 1. p 251.

Falstaff, His Character and Companions, V 1. p 139;

His Amours, p 167, &c; thrown into the Thames
p 175, 178; Beaten in Womens Cloaths, p 185.

His various Humours, See the 3d Vol the Play of
Henry IV. and Vol. 4. the 2d Part of *Henry IV.* His
liking of Men, a humorous Scene of it, V 4. p 49; His
Speech in praise in Sack, p 66. His Death, V 4. p 117.

Famine represented, V 8. p 18.

Fancy, its Variableness, V 3. p 8, 31.

Fat Woman comically describ'd, V 1. p 305.

Fatality, the Hypocrisie of pleading it in Excuse of Crimes,
V 7. p 18.

Father discovering himself to a Son after long Absence,
V 1. p 328; Grief for loss of a Daughter, V 1. p 387,
395; His Fondness of a Child, V 3. p 83; Reproach-
ing an extravagant Son, V 3. p 361; Bewailing his
Son kill'd in Battle, V 4. p 238, 239; Pleasure of a Fa-
ther in a Child, a fine Thought of it, V 5. p 197; Plea-
ding for a Son's Life, p 428; bewailing the Loss of
a Child, V 6. p 75; Grief for Murder of his Children,
V 6. p 288; Joy of a Father discovering his Daugh-
ter, V 8. p 64.

Favour of Men, momentary, V 5. p 59; deceitful, V 7.
p 367.

Favourites, their Abuse of the Prince's Power, V 4. p 61.

Favorite (*Wolsey*) his Decline, V 5. p 163, &c; insulted
by his Rivals, p 164; His Fall, an admirable Soliloquy,
p 167; His Advice to a Friend (*Cromwell*) p 169, 170;
His Death, p 175; Character, p 176.

Fear

The INDEX.

- Fears Ominous, V 5. p 423.
 Flattery, Hatred of it, V 5. p 317. 347; A fine Report of it, V 7. p 72.
 Flowers, several Kinds describ'd, V 3. p 127, 128; strew'd on a Grave, V 7. p 351, 353.
 Forgiveness express'd, V 1. p 54.
 Fortune, Change of it represented, V 5. p 79.
 Frailty of the noblest Minds, V 6. p 173.
 Frailty of Women, a Speech of it, V 6. p 312.
 Friends not to be trusted in the Affairs of Love, V 1. p 349.
 Friends, their Inconstancy, V 5. p 364; follow prosperous Fortune, V 6. p 95; False ones satyriz'd, V 6. p 103, &c. 131. And in the whole Play of *Timon of Athens*.
 Friendship in Youth, V 2. p 114.
 ——— Innocence of it in Childhood, V 3. p 80.
 Funeral Oration, (*Caesar's*) by *Anthony*, V 6. p 203.
 Future State, a fine Speech of *Hamlet's* concerning it, V 6. p 347.

G.

- G**ain, the Bias of the World, Vol. 3. pag. 190.
 Gaming, a Speech against it, V 8. p 328.
 Garden, compar'd to a State, V 3. p 286.
 General, viewing his Men before a Battle, V 4. p 141; Death of two gallant ones in the Field, describ'd, p 158; Dying of his Wounds, p 378, 420; Speech of one before a Battle, V 5. p 100; Another, p 102; His Popularity describ'd, p 325, 326.
 Ghosts of those he had murder'd appear to King *Richard III.* in a Vision, V 5. p 97.
 Ghost of *Julius Caesar*, V 6. p 221; Of *Banquo* appearing to *Macbeth*, p 268.
 Ghost appearing but not speaking, V 6. p 305, 307; Description of one, p 313. Ghost appearing, p 319. 366; Speech of the Ghost to *Hamlet*, p 321.

Good

The INDEX.

Good priz'd most when lost, *V* 1. p 382. *V* 2. p 435.
 Glory, a Comparison of it, *V* 4. p 191.
 Gold, its poisonous Nature, *V* 6. p 80; its Power and Qualities, p 135, 136, *V* 7. p 313.
 Grace at a Feast by *Timon of Athens*, *V* 6. p 131.
 Grave-Diggers, *V* 6. p 387.
 Great Men devour little ones, *V* 8. p 22. Greatness watch'd and censur'd by Multitudes, *V* 1. p 252.
 Grief feign'd, *V* 5. p 16, 24. Grief express'd in Gestures, *V* 7. p 329.
 Guilt of a Murderer terrifying him in Dreams; *V* 5. p 99.
 Guilt how discover'd, *V* 6. p 344. Guilt upbraided, a fine Scene between *Hamlet* and his Mother, p 365.

H.

Haunting of a Spirit, a Tradition of it, Vol. 1. pag. 187.
Hector, his Death lamented, *V* 5. p 293.
 High Stations, their Danger, *V* 5. p 26.
 Honour, wherein it consists, *V* 2. p 391; the Extravagant pursuit of it, *V* 3. p 328. *Falstaff's* Ridicule on it, *V* 3. p 384. Honours, their Uncertainty, *V* 8. p 156, 157, 171.
 Hope, Encouragement to it, *V* 2. p 383, 384; Its falseness, *V* 3. p 265.
 Horror and Consternation, *V* 5. p 426; Impressions of Horror, *V* 6. p 72. Horror describ'd, p 367.
 Horsemanship, *V* 6. p 384.
 Host of the Garter, a humorous Character, *V* 1. p 139, &c.
 Hounds, a fine Description, *V* 2. p 124.
 Housewife describ'd, *V* 3. p 125.
 Humility in Affliction a fine Image of it, *V* 3. p 300.
 Hunting describ'd, *V* 2. p 124. *V* 5. p 417.
 Husband accus'd of Unkindness, *V* 1. p 297; Humoreously declaim'd against, p 346; Faults of Husbands corrupt their Wives, *V* 7. p 172. Husband killing his Wife,

THE INDEX

Wife, *V* 7. p 177; An extravagant Husband describ'd, *V* 8. p 319. Reclaim'd by his Wife, p 121.
 Hypocrite, his Arts, *V* 5. p 27; His Description of himself, p 17, 69; Soliloquy of a Hypocrite, *V* 8. p 189.
 Hypocrisie, a Scene of it, *V* 5. p 64, 65.

I.

Jalousie, (See the Character of *Ford* in the Merry Wives of *Windsor*, Vol. 1. and *Othello*, *V* 7); *V* 3. p. 82, 84, 87; rais'd, an admirable Scene of it, *V* 7. p. 138, 145; A Soliloquy of it, *V* 7. p. 143; an Attempt to raise it, p. 304, 305.
 Ill News read in Looks, *V* 3. p. 213. *V* 4. p. 10. Ill News related, *V* 3. p. 233, 275, 276.
 Imagination, the Power of it, *V* 2. p. 128. *V* 3. p. 82; How vain to allay Sorrow, *V* 3. p. 253; Multiplying Sorrows, p. 264.
 Incantation, *V* 6. p 238, 274.
 Inconstancy of Fancy, *V* 3. p 31; Of Friends, *V* 5. p 364; Of Women, a Speech of it, *V* 6. p 312.
 Indolence of a Fellow under Condemnation, *V* 1. p 257, 259.
 Ingratitude of Children to Parents, *V* 4. p 73. *V* 7. p 43, 49, 52; to Benefactors. See the whole Play of *Timon of Athens*, *V* 6.
 Innocence of Friendship in Childhood, *V* 3. p 80.
 Insinuations by Gestures and imperfect Speeches, *V* 6. p 325.
 Insurrections, News of them brought to *Richard III.* *V* 5. p 88, 89.
 Invasion of *Rome* by *Coriolanus*, Rumours of it, and Conspiration of the People, *V* 5. p 373, 351; Intercessions of his Mother, Wife and Son to save the City; a fine Scene, p. 359.
 Joy for a sudden Happiness finely describ'd, *V* 2. p 182; A Scene of it finely describ'd, *V* 3. p 156; Of a Clown, for

The INDEX.

- for a sudden Advancement, *V* 3. p 158; Of a Father discovering his Daughter, *V* 8. p 64.
Irish Rebels characteriz'd, *V* 3. p 260.
Julio Romano, the *Italian* Painter, an Encomium on him, *V* 3. p 157.
Jupiter appearing and re-ascending, *V* 7. p 367.
Justice, a half-witted one describ'd, *V* 4. p 54.

K.

- K**ing's Life, of general Consequence. Vol. 6. pag. 361.
 Knowledge easier than Practice, *V* 2. 148.

L.

- L**AWS not executed encourage Licentiousness, Vol. 1. pag. 213.
 Liberty more valuable than Life. *V* 6. p 168.
 Life, its Vanity, *V* 1. p 236, 237; compared to a Play, *V* 2. p 246; mingled of Good and Ill, *V* 2. p 420; its tediousness *V* 3. p 205; almost spent, *V* 3. p 252; private, its Content and Quiet, *V* 4. p 331; A fine Thought on its Transitoriness and Vanity, *V* 6. p 295; private, its Safety and Advantages, *V* 7. p 325.
 Lightning, *V* 6. p 174. 175.
 Lifting of Men by *Falstaff*, a humorous Scene of it, *V* 4. p 49.
 Love, at first Sight, *V* 1. p 18; a fine Scene of it, p 35. The Folly of it, p 68; Irresolution in it, p 73; an humorous Description of a Man in Love, p 78. 356. 366; Its Passion and Cares described, p 88, 92, 93; Inconstancy in it, p 89, 91; not to be extinguish'd by Reasoning, p 93. Dissimulation of Women to their Lovers, p 97; Message ridiculous delivered, p 153; kindled by Virtue, p 229.
 Love-Fit a fine Description of it, *V* 1. p 232; A humorous Protestation against Love, p 341; Deceit in it, a Song, p 357; A Marriage-Hater caught with it, p 361; Humorous
 Vol. VIII. S

The INDEX.

morous Confession of it between two Lovers, p 384;
Humorous Confession of it, V 2. p 31; Song, p 43; Its
various Humour, p 76; Impatience in it, p 83. V 6
p. 50.

Lovers, Time flow to 'em, V 2. p 83.

Love Charms, V 2. p 84.

Love, its Perplexities, V 2. p 87; Vow of it, *ibid.* Descri-
bed, p 89, 238; Its Signs, p 258; Falling in Love, p
177, 178, 180, 266, 367. V 3. p 22, 25; Discover'd,
V 2. p 377. Love and Despair, p 378. Musick the
Food of it, V 3. p 7; Passionate Love, p 33. Love,
Confession of it in a Woman, V 5. p 247; Effeminate,
shaken off, a fine Image of it, p 255. Lovers their
parting, p 264; Its Contrarieties, V 6. p 12; Confes-
sion of it by a Maid, p 30; Profession of it, p 44. Lo-
ver, Speech of one over his Mistress suppos'd dead, p.
83, 84. Lovers Vows dangerous to be trusted, p 318.
Love, how won; a Narration of it by *Othello*, V 7. p
107; A Narration of it by *Desdemona* p 110; An In-
vective against it, p 112. Lovers, their parting, p 201,
294, 295.

Loyalty try'd, a Scene of it, V 6. p 282.

Lute, playing on it describ'd, V 5. p 427.

Luxury, V 2. p 298.

M.

MAdness, a fine Thought of it, Vol. 6. pag. 349; de-
scribed, V 6. p 375. V 7. p 67; Scenes of it, V 6. p
376, 379. V 7. p 72; counterfeited, V 6. p 334, 348.
V 7. p 53. &c.

Machiavell, a short Character of him, V 8. p 96.

Magical Power, V 1. p 12, 55.

Magistrate, his Duty to set a good Example, V 1. p 250.

Majesty, its Glory, V 3. p 275.

Man, his Dominion over Woman asserted, V 1. p 290;
his Life compared to a Play, V 2. p 446.

Marriage humorously declaim'd against, V 1. p 346, 347;
a comical one described, V 2. p 332; humorous Rea-
sons for it, p 374.

Masru-

The INDEX.

- Masculine Spirit in a Woman, *V* 6. p 245, 249.
 Masquerade, a pleasant Scene of it, *V* 1. p 347; Masque-
 rade, a Scene of King Henry VIIIth's, *V* 5. p 119.
 Match, a Similitude of the Persons, *V* 3. p 187.
 Mockness, *V* 6. p 248.
 Mercy, the Praises of it, *V* 1. p 226. *V* 2. p 197; Argu-
 ments for it, *V* 1. p 227, 228 &c.
 Melancholly, *V* 2. p 143. *V* 6. p 115; condemn'd, *V* 2. p 145;
 express'd in Gestures, *V* 6. p 185; misrepresenting things,
 p 227.
 Merit, the Foundation of Honour, *V* 2. p 172; Averse to
 Flattery, *V* 5. p 316, 317.
 Mermaid, *V* 2. p 96.
 Merchant, his Concern for his Goods at Sea, *V* 2. p 144.
 Merry Humour prais'd, *V* 2. p 145.
 Minister (chief) his Extortion, *V* 5. p 165; his Fall, an
 admirable Soliloquy, p 167.
 Mirth, *V* 2. p 83.
 Misery pitied, *V* 2. p 245.
 Mistress, her Virtues and Vices, a ridiculous Catalogue of
 them, *V* 1. p 103.
 Modesty, *V* 2. p 131.
 Mony, a handsome manner in borrowing it, *V* 2. p
 147.
 Moon-light, *V* 2. p 205, 206, *V* 6. p 30.
 Morning describ'd, *V* 1. p 399. *V* 2. p 119. *V* 6. p 33.
 60; a fine Image of it, p 308; Mornings approach,
 p 323.
 Mortality, Reflections on in by *Hamlet*, *V* 6. p 389, 390,
 392.
 Mother, pleading for a Son's Life, *V* 3. p 305. *V* 5. p
 402; lamenting the Murder of her Children, p 77;
 cursing her Son, p 82.
 Mourning, a vain Shew of Grief, *V* 6. p 310; for loss of
 Friends, unavailable, p 311.
 Multitude, their Inconstancy, *V* 4. p 23; Faction, the
 danger of encouraging them, *V* 5. p 342, 343; in-
 grateful, Execrations on them, p 357.

The INDEX.

- Murder, Fear and Horror in proposing it admirably describ'd, *V. 3.* p 201; Orders given for it, repented, p 213; and disown'd, p 216; Barbarous, a Scene of it, *V. 4.* p 416; another, p 429; the first conception of it, how horrid, *V. 6.* p 241; Horror and Alarm on Discovery of it, p 257; Omens of it, p 259; Discovered in Sleep, p 289; Self-murder, by what restrain'd, p 311, 347; Self-murder prevented by a Stratagem, *V. 7.* p 70; Self-murder, *Othello's* Speech before it, p 187.
- Murder'd Body, *V. 3.* p 223; Signs of it describ'd, *V. 4.* p 305; A Speech over *Cesar's* by *Antony*, *V. 6.* p 197, 199, 200.
- Murderer moved to pity, a fine Scene of it, *V. 3.* p 207, &c. Hated by him that employed him, p 311; On his Death-bed, his Guilt and Despair described, *V. 4.* p 310, 311, 312. Murderer finely described, *V. 4.* p 428, 429; His Soliloquy, *V. 4.* p 429. *V. 6.* p 247. His Terrors in committing the Fact, *V. 5.* p 31; His Remorse after the Fact, *V. 5.* p 75. *V. 6.* p 252, 253; A fine Speech by him of Repentance, *V. 6.* p 362.
- Murmurs preceding a Revolution, *V. 3.* p 216.
- Musick, *V. 1.* p 17. *V. 2.* p 96, 207, 208. Musick, the Food of Love, *V. 3.* p 7; its Power to allay Grief, a Song of it, *V. 5.* p 151.
- Mutiny and Rebellion describ'd, *V. 5.* p 120. Mutiny of Commons, *V. 5.* p 297, 298.

N.

- N**AVY describ'd, *Vol. 4.* pag. 122, 123.
- New-Moon, a fine Image of it, *V. 2.* p 83.
- Night describ'd by a Fairy, *V. 2.* p 137. Night and Morning, *V. 3.* p 275; Before a Battel, a fine description of it, *V. 4.* p 140.
- Its Horrors, *V. 4.* p 275, 312. *V. 6.* p 251, 360.
- Tempestuous, *V. 6.* p 174. *V. 7.* p 50.
- Coming on, *V. 6.* p 266.
- Nurse, the Impertinent trifling of one, *V. 6.* p 17, 41.

Oaths,

The INDEX.

O

- O**aths, a Security only among Cowards, *Vol. 6. pag. 181.*
 Old Age; *V 1. p 328; Disloyal, finely reprov'd, V 4. p 337.*
 Old Man talking of Times past, *V 2. p 371, 372.*
 Omens, *V 3. p 272. V 4. p 362. V 6. p 174, 175, 188, 306. V 7. p 262, 354; Before a Battel, V 6. p 224; Of Murder, V 6. p 259.*
 Ominous Sadness, *V 3. p 263, 264.*
 Oppression of Kings to their Subjects, dangerous to themselves, *V 3. p 261; Patience under it upbraided, V 6. p 344.*
 Opportunity not to be neglected, *V 6. p 219.*
 Orator, Awe and Interruption of him in making a Speech; describ'd, *V 2. p 131.*
 Outward show deceitful, *V 2. p 179, 180.*

P

- P**arting of Lovers, *Vol. 5. pag. 264.*
 Patience easily preach'd by those who are not in Affliction, *V 1. p 291, 388.*
 Passion, deaf. A Representation of it, *V 3. p 329; Starts of it finely drawn (in the Character of King Lear) V 7: p 26, 27, 42.*
 Passionate fit of an Usurer humorously describ'd, *V 2. p 170, 176.*
 Pastoral Life preferable to Greatness, *V 4. p 375.*
 Peace, humorously Satyriz'd, *V 5. p 346.*
 Phoenix, her Death and Resuscitation, *V 5. p 196.*
 Physick, the Knowledge of it commended, *V 8. p 39.*
 Pimp, cast off in Necessity, *V 1. p. 245; Describ'd in the Character of Pandarus, V 5. p 207, &c.*
 Pity, unavailing, express'd, *V 4. p 296. Pity mov'd, a fine Scene of it, V 3. p 208; V 6. p 206.*

The INDEX.

- Players, *V* 6. p 338, 340; Instructions to them, p 350.
 Poison, *V* 6. p 79.
 Pomp, its Vanity, *V* 4. p 148, 421.
 Pope, his Supremacy scorn'd, *V* 3. p 194.
 Popularity how gain'd, *V* 3. p 378, 379; Of a General,
 describ'd, *V* 5. p. 325, 326.
 Poverty describ'd, *V* 6. p 79. 80.
 Power, changes Mens Natures, *V* 6. p 178, 179.
 Poysoning describ'd, *V* 6. p 322.
 Praise (popular) shunn'd, *V* 1. p 207. *V* 5. p 316, 317.
 Praise to a Lady, *V* 3. p 128.
 Prayer of King *Henry V.* before a Battel; *V* 4. p 149;
 Of the Duke of *Richmond* before a Battle, *V* 5. p 97;
 Its force, *V* 6. p 362.
 Preconsideration, its use, *V* 4. p 21.
 Pride of Heart reprov'd, *V* 5. p 147. Pride declaim'd a-
 gainst by a proud Man, *V* 5. p 237.
 Princes, their Cares, *V* 5. p 30; Princely Nature, Marks
 of it, *V* 7. p 349.
 Prison, A Pathetick Speech of King *Richard II.* in Prison,
V 3. p 307.
 Promises of a Courtier, a fine Emblem of them, *V* 5.
 p 176.
 Prosperity, its frailty and falshood, *V* 3. p 295; follow-
 ed by Crowds, *V* 5. p 251; Drawing Friends, *V* 6.
 p 95.
 Prophecy to *Macbeth*, *V* 6. p 277.
Pyramus and *Thisbe*, acted by Mechanicks, *V* 1. p 90, &c.

Q

- Q**ualities in Men, only valu'd as useful to others,
Vol. 5. pag. 252.
 Quarrel of two Peers, *V* 3. p 240; Between two Friends
 (*Brutus* and *Cassius*) and Reconciliation, *V* 6. p 212;
 Quarrellsome Fellow describ'd, *V* 6. p 45. Quarreling,
 a Bastard-valour, p 126.

Rabble;

The INDEX.

R

- R**abble, a Scene of them ; Hang a Man for being able to write his Name, *Vol. 4. pag. 318.*
 Rabble mutinous, *V 5. p 297, 298, 301, &c. V 6. p 163; 164, 203.*
 Raillery, its cure, *V 2. p 78:*
 Reason, the return of it after a Charm dissolv'd, finely imag'd, *V 1. p 55.*
 Rebellion, *V 3. p 277.*
 Repentance, a fine Speech of it by a Murderer, *V 6. p 362.*
 Reputation, its value, *V 3. p 244; Of Women, how carefully to be preserv'd, V 6. p 316.*
 Revenge vow'd, *V 3. p 220; Speech on it, V 6. p 363; excited, p 375.*
 Revolution of Times, *V 4. p 45.*
 Ring given by a Lady to her Lover, a fine Acknowledgment of it, *V 2. p 182.*
 Robbery, committed by *Falstaff* and his Companions, *V. 3. p 334.*
 Roses, the White and Red united by *Henry VII. V 5. p 104.*
 Ruffians hir'd, *V 6. p 262.*
 Rumour, Character of it, *V 4. p 7, 8.*

S

- S**ACK, a Speech of *Falstaff's* in praise of it, *Vol. 4. pag. 66.*
 Sailors, their Hurry in a Storm, *V 1. p 3, 4, 5.*
 Sailors drunken, a Scene of them, *V 1. p 38.*
 Saturnine Disposition describ'd, *V 1. p 343.*
 Satyrical Railing in the Character of *Thersites*, *V 5. p 224. &c. in that of Apemantus, V 6. p 99. &c.*
 Satyrical Wit, a fine Reproof of it, *V 2. p 78.*
 Savage, Character of one finely drawn, *V 1. p 15, &c.*

Scolding

The INDEX.

- Scolding, *V* 2. p 312.
 Self-Murder, by what restrained, *V* 6. p 311, 347.
 Self-murder prevented by a Stratagem, *V* 7. p 70.
 Self-murder, *Othello's* Speech before it, *V* 7. p 187.
 Serenades useful to Lovers, *V* 1. p 106.
 Separation of Lovers, *V* 7. p 201.
 Servant's Love to his Master, *V* 2. p 236.
 Servant's Gratitude to his Lord in Adversity, a Scene of it;
V 6. p 148.
 Service, a blunt profession of it, *V* 7. p 21.
 Sharpers, a pack of them humorously drawn, *V* 1. p 134;
 139. 151. *V* 4. p 125.
 Shipwreck, *V* 3. p 9.
 Shipwreckt Man, *V* 8. p 21.
 Siege, preparations for it, *V* 3. p 180.
 Slander, a Speech on it, *V* 7. p 328.
 Sleep, a fine Expostulation with it, *V* 4. p 44.
 —Flying from Royal Beds, *V* 4 p 148; its Properties;
V 6. p 253.
 Soldiers of Fortune, *V* 3. p 176.
 —*Falstaff's* Soldiers, a humorous Description, *V* 3. p 375.
 Soldiers intimidated, their fighting describ'd, *V* 4. p 365.
 Solitude agreeable to the unfortunate, *V* 1. p 122.
 Son's Resemblance to his Father, *V* 3. p 177.
 Sounds in the Air by Magick, *V* 1. p 41.
 Sorrow, dumb Signs of it, *V* 3. p 191.
 Spendthrift describ'd, *V* 8. p 73, 99. 106.
 —Humorously reprov'd, *V* 8. p. 78.
 Spirit raising a Storm, *V* 1. p 11.
 —Confin'd by Magick, *V* 1. p 13, 14.
 —Mis-leading Men, *V* 1. p 51.
 —Rais'd by Magick, *V* 4. p 275.
 Spleen, *V* 2. p 143; condemn'd, p 145.
 Sponge, a Courtier compar'd to one, *V* 6. p 371.
 Stag weeping, *V* 2. p 234.
 Storm at Sea, *V* 8. p 36, 37.
 —A Clown's Description of one, *V* 3. p 116.
 Submission to the Multitude, hard to a generous Mind,
V 5. p 333, 353, 357.

Summer's

The INDEX.

Summer's Day finely describ'd, *V* 5. p 418. Summer, a Song on it, *V* 2. p 79.
Swimming describ'd, *V* 1. p 23.
Sycophant rallied, *V* 6. p 300.

T.

TAlc impertinently told by a Clown; Vol. 1. pag. 219.
Tears shed for ones Country, *V* 3. p 225; Tears, a fine Image of them, *V* 5. p 430.
Tempestuous Night, *V* 6. p 174. *V* 7. p 50.
Tempest of Wind, *V* 7. p 114.
Time, slow to Lovers, *V* 2. p 83; A Speech in the Person of it, *V* 3. p 118.
Tongue pluck'd out, *V* 5. p 430.
Traveller, Advice to one, *V* 6. p 317.
Trial by Combat, *V* 3. p 241, 247.
Trumpeter sounding, describ'd, *V* 5. p 267.
Tyrant upbraided, *V* 3. p 112. despis'd, *V* 6. p 168. 176; A fine Image of one, p 175; Compar'd to a Stag, *V* 8. p 209.

V.

VAlour excited, Vol. 4. pag. 102, 103, 123, 150.
Varlet, a railing Description of one, *V* 7. p 35, 36.
Vices of a Young Fellow humorously excus'd, *V* 8. p 74.
Victory describ'd, *V* 3. p 183.
Villain, Presages of him in Infancy, *V* 5. p 81; describ'd by himself, . p 455.
Virtues valuable only as useful to others, *V* 1. p 206.
Virtues drawing Enemies, *V* 2. p 236. Virtue preferable to Birth, p 390.
Vision of a Spectre describ'd, *V* 3. p. 114; Appearing to Queen Catherine, *V* 5. p 177. of a Dagger in the Air
27

The INDEX.

appearing to *Macbeth*, V 6. p 251. of Kings, his Successors, appearing to *Macbeth*, p 278.
 Uncertainty of Human things, V 8. p 242.
 Votes of the Common People scornfully begg'd, V 5. p 331. 333.
 Vows of Lovers dangerous to be trusted, V 6. p 318.
 Usurer. Character of one finely represented, V 2. p 151, &c. A passionate fit of one, humorously describ'd, p 170, 176.

W.

Walking in sleep; a Scene of it discovering Murder, Vol. 6. pag. 289.
 Wants, luxurious, censur'd, V 6. p 146.
 Want, Desperation under it, V 8. p 329.
 War, its Vicissitudes; Scenes of them, V 4. p 372, 373, 374; Its Miseries, V 4. p 128.
 Warlike Preparations, V 6. p 305.
 Weariness of the World, V 6. p 311, 337.
 Welch Parson, a humorous Character. See the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V 1.
 Widow, affected Grief of one, V 8. p 253, 254, &c.
 Widows, their fantastical Humour, V 8. p 311.
 Wife, Complaint for her Husband murdered, V 3. p 245.
 Wishes divided, V 3. p 199.
Windfor-Castle, a fine Benediction on it in a Speech to Fairies, V 1. p 197.
 Winter, a Song on it, V 2. p 80.
 Wit, Satyrical, a fine Reproof of it, V 2. p 78.
 Witches, in *Macbeth*, V 6. p 235, 237, 271, 274.
 Witches describ'd, V 6. p 237.
 Woes prophesied against *England*, V 3. p 291, 292.
 Woman, her Virtues and Vices, a ridiculous Catalogue of them, V 1. p 103.

Women,

The INDEX.

Women, their Dissimulation to their Lovers, V 1. p 79. their Frailty, p 234. V 6. p 312; Subjection to their Husbands, V 2. p 361; The Scarcity of good ones, V 2. p 375. A worthy Character of one, V 6. p 186; Their Reputation how tenderly to be preserved, V 6. p 316; Their Falshood, V 7. p 321. Woman satyriz'd, V 6. p 349. V 7. p 118.
Wonder describ'd, V 3. p 155.

F I N I S.

